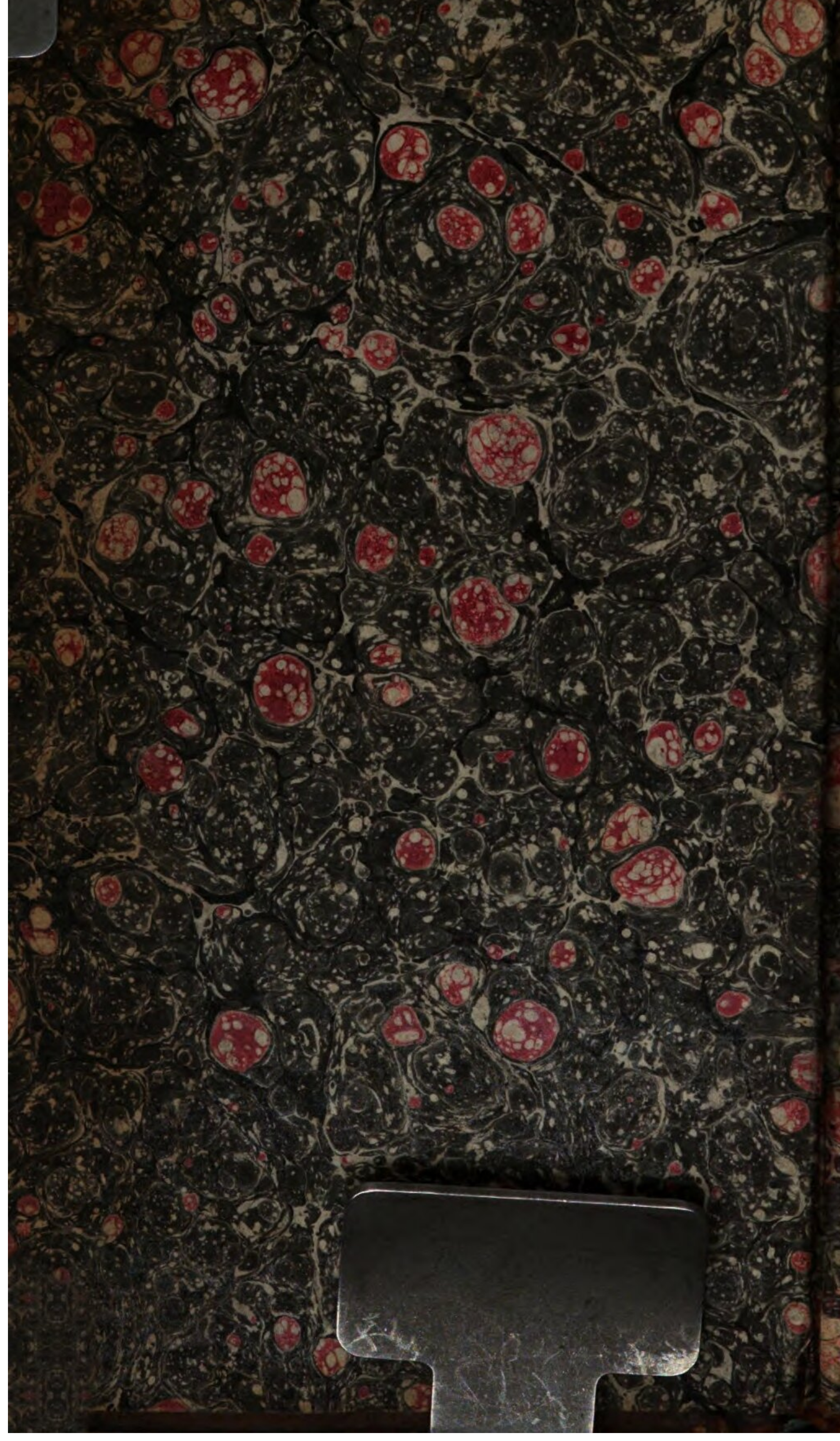








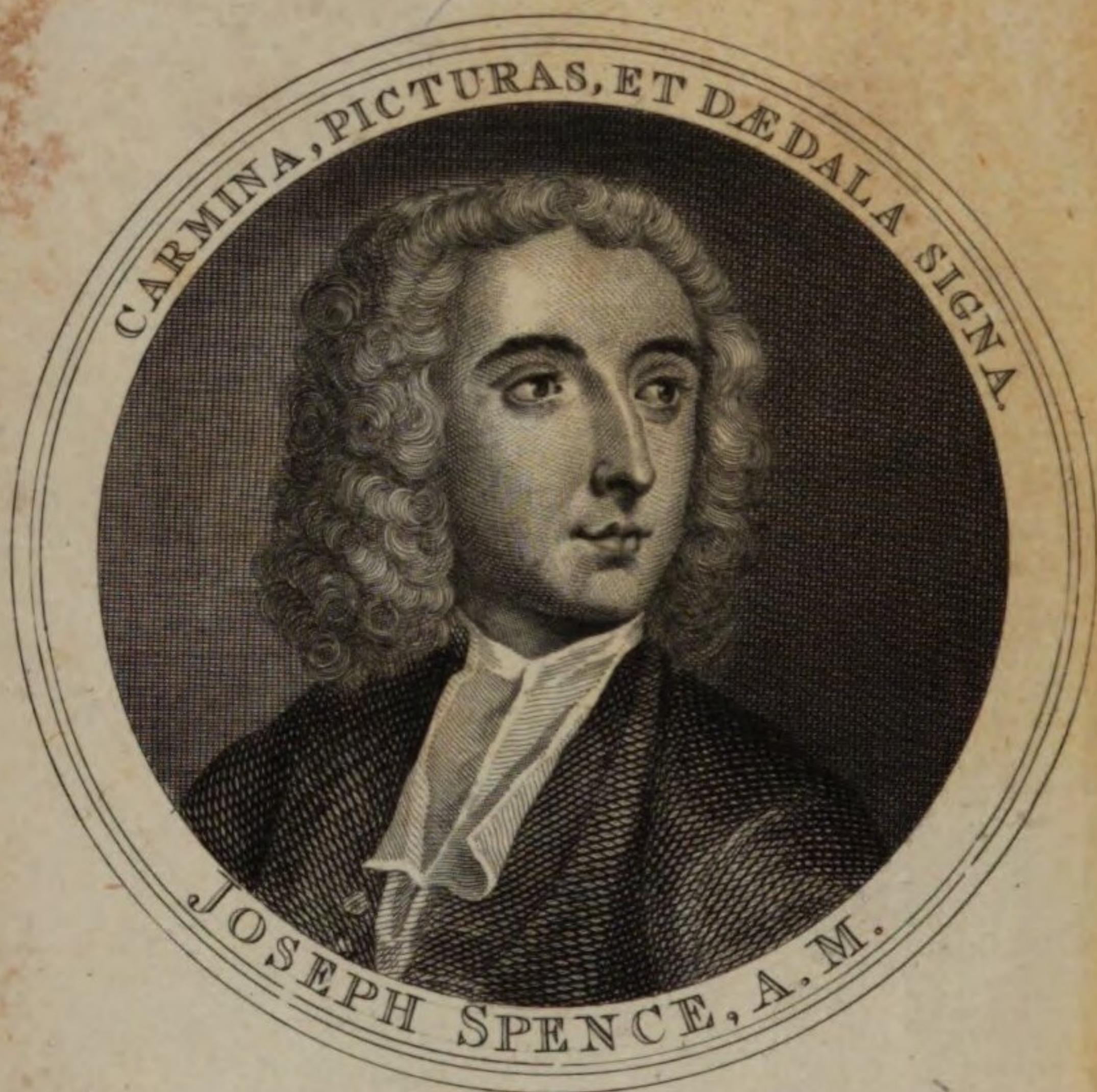
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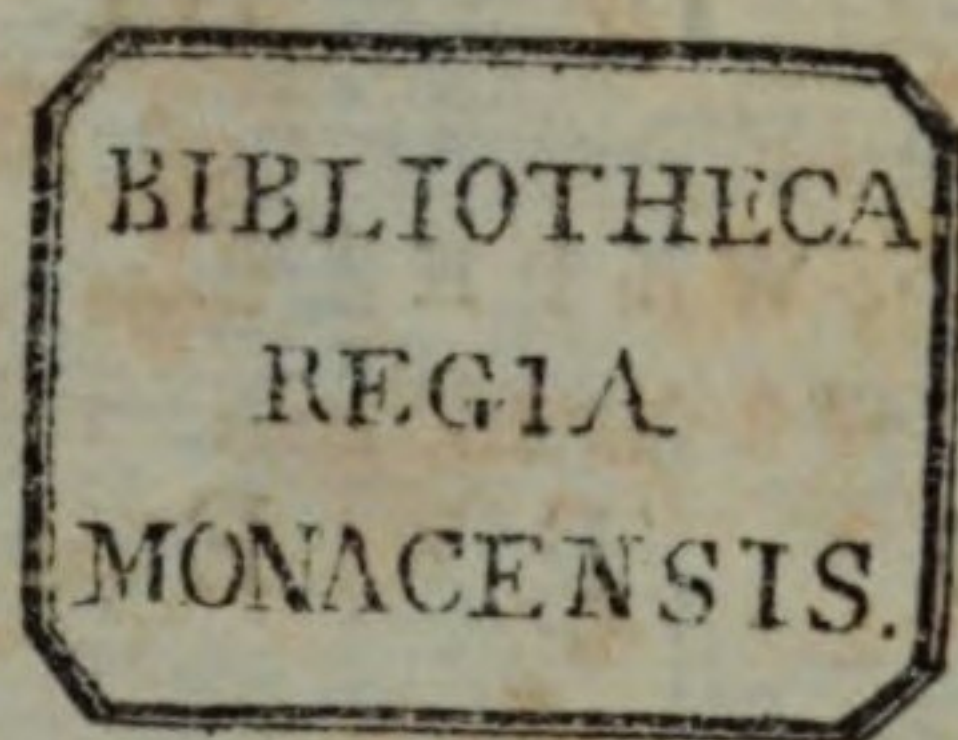
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A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS:
WITH
NOTES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL;
AND A COMPLETE POETICAL INDEX.

THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

L O N D O N:
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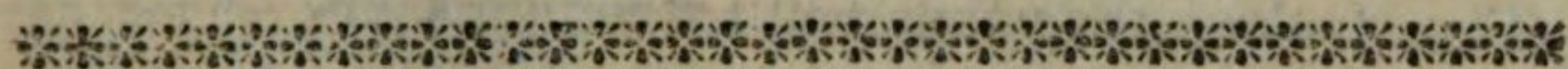
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SELECT COLLECTION

OF P O E M S

VOLUME VII

A S E L E C T
COLLECTION OF POEMS.



ON THE MARRIAGE OF
THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,
AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND*.

BY JOSEPH SPENCE†, M. A.

WHEN Nassau ey'd his native coasts no more,
And first discern'd fair Albion's whitening shore;
In that blest moment, while the friendly gales
Wait on his course, and stretch the swelling sails,
The deeps divide; and, as the waves uncloſe,
The Genius of the British ocean roſe.
Loose to the wind his ſea-green mantle flow'd,
And in his eyes unuſual pleaſure glow'd.

Awhile

* From the "Epithalamia Oxoniensia. Oxonii, 1734." K.

† This ornament of polite literature became first known to the learned world, by his "Essay on Pope's Odyssey," in 1726. He was fellow of New College, Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. Nov. 2, 1727. He was elected by the University poetry professor July 11, 1728; succeeding the Rev. Thomas Warton, B.D. father to Dr. Joseph Warton, now master of Winchester School, and Mr. Thomas Warton, author of "The History of English Poetry," and poetry professor; each of which three Professors were twice elected to their office, and held it for ten years, a period as long as the

Awhile he paus'd, to mark on Nassau's face
 The well-known features of the godlike race;
 Whose swords were sacred to the generous cause
 Of Truth, Religion, Liberty, and Laws:
 Then spoke; the winds a still attention keep,
 And awful silence hush'd the murmuring deep:

“ Proceed, great Prince, to our lov'd coast repair,
 Where Anna shines the fairest of the Fair:
 For thy distinguish'd bed the Fates ordain
 The royal Maid, whom Kings might court in vain;

statutes will allow. He wrote an account of Stephen Duck, which was first published as a pamphlet in 1731, and said to be written by “ Jos. Spence, Esq. Poetry Professor.” From this circumstance it has been supposed that he was not then in orders. But this is a false conclusion, as he was ordained in 1724; and left this pamphlet in the hands of a friend, to be published as soon as he left England, with a Grubstreet title, which he had drawn up merely for a disguise, not choosing to have it thought that he published it himself. It was afterwards much altered, and prefixed to Duck's poems. In 1736, at Mr. Pope's desire, he republished “ Gorboduc,” with a preface containing an account of the author, the earl of Dorset. He travelled with the present duke of Newcastle (then earl of Lincoln) into Italy, where his attention to his noble pupil did him the highest honour. He never took his Doctor's degree; but quitted his fellowship on being presented by the Society of New College to the rectory of Great Horwood in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1742. As he never resided upon his living, but in a pleasant house and gardens lent to him by his noble pupil, at Byfleet in Surrey, (the rectory of which place he had obtained for his friend Stephen Duck), he thought it his duty to make an annual visit to
 his

PRINCE OF ORANGE'S MARRIAGE. 3

The royal Maid, in whom the Graces join'd
 Her mother's awful charms, and more than female mind.
 The merits of thy race, the vast arrear
 That Britain owes, shall all be paid in her;
 In her he paid the debt for laws restor'd,
 For England sav'd by William's righteous sword.
 Immortal William!—At thy sacred name
 My heart beats quick, and owns its ancient flame.
 Still must I call to mind the glorious day,
 When through these floods the Hero plough'd his way,

his parish, and gave away many sums of money to the more distressed poor of Horwood, and placed out many of their children as apprentices. In June 1742, he succeeded Dr. Holmes as his Majesty's Professor of Modern History. His "Polymetis, or an Enquiry concerning the Agreement between the Works of the Roman Poets, and the Remains of the antient Artists, being an Attempt to illustrate them mutually from each other," was published in folio in 1747. Of Polymetis, a work of acknowledged taste and learning, Mr. Gray has been thought to speak too contemptuously in his Letters. Mr. Gray's chief objection is, that the author has illustrated his subject from the Roman, and not from the Greek Poets: that is, that he has not performed, what he never undertook; nay, what he expressly declared he did not undertake. A third edition appeared in folio in 1774, and an Abridgement of it has been frequently printed in octavo. I have seen a pamphlet with Spence's name to it in MS. as the author, called "Plain Matter of Fact, or, a short Review of the Reigns of our Popish Princes since the Reformation; in order to shew what we are to expect if another should happen to reign over us. Part I. 1748," 12mo. He was installed prebendary of Durham (the seventh stall), May 24, 1754;

B 2

To free Britannia from the Tyrant's chain,
 And bid the prostrate Nations rise again.
 Well-pleas'd I saw his fluttering streamers fly,
 And the full sails that hid the distant sky.
 High on the gilded stern, majestic rode
 The world's great Patriot, like a guardian God.
 This trident aw'd the tumults of the sea,
 And bade the winds the Hero's nod obey :
 Fond of the task, with this officious hand
 I push'd the sacred vessel to the land ; The

1754; and published in that year, "An Account of the
 "Life, Character, and Poems, of Mr. Blacklock, Student
 "of Philosophy of Edinburgh," 8vo; which was afterwards
 prefixed to his Poems. The prose pieces which he printed
 in "The Museum" he collected and published, with some
 others, in a pamphlet called "MORALITIES, by Sir Harry
 "Beaumont, 1753." Under that name he published "Crito,
 "or a Dialogue on Beauty," and "A particular Account of
 "the Emperor of China's Gardens near Peking, in a Letter
 "from F. Attiret, a French Missionary now employed by
 "that Emperor to paint the Apartments in those Gardens,
 "to his Friend at Paris;" both in 8vo. 1752, and both re-
 printed in Doddsley's "Fugitive Pieces." He wrote "An
 "Epistle from a Swiss Officer to his friend at Rome," first
 printed in "The Museum;" and since in the third volume
 of Doddsley's Collection. In 1758 he took a tour into Scot-
 land, which is well described in an affectionate letter to Mr.
 Shenstone, in a Collection of several Letters published by Mr.
 Hull in 1778, vol. I. p. 238. In 1759 he published "A Pa-
 "rallel, in the Manner of Plutarch, between a most cele-
 "brated Man of Florence (Magliabecchi), and one scarce
 ever heard of in England (Robert Hill the Hebrew Taylor),"
 12mo. Printed at Strawberry Hill.—West Finchale priory
 (the

The land of Liberty, by Rome enslav'd :
He came, he saw, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.

O may that Hero, and thy Anna's fire
To noblest deeds thy generous bosom fire,
And with their bright transmissive virtues grace
The great descendants of thy princely race !
Still may they all their great example draw
From her Augustus, and thy own Nassau !
May the fair line each happy realm adorn,
Bless future states, and nations yet unborn !"

JOSEPH SPENCE, *Fellow of New College.*

(the scene of the holy Godric's miracles and austerities, who, from an itinerant merchant, turned hermit, and wore out three suits of iron cloaths) was now become Mr. Spence's retreat, being part of his prebendal estate. In 1764 he was well portrayed by Mr. Ridley, in his admirable "Tales of the "Genii," under the name of "Phesoi Ecneps (his name backwards) dervise of the Groves;" and a panegyrical letter from him to that ingenious moralist, under the same signature, is inserted in "Letters of Eminent Persons," vol. III. p. 139. In 1764 he paid the last kind office to the remains of his friend Mr. Doddsley, who died on a visit to him at Durham. He closed his literary labours with "Remarks and Dissertation on Virgil; with some other classical Observations: by the late Mr. Holdsworth. Published, with several Notes and additional Remarks, by Mr. Spence," 4to. This volume, of which the greater part was printed off in 1767, was published in February 1768; and on the twentieth of August following, Mr. Spence was unfortunately drowned in a canal in his garden at Byfleet in Surrey. Being, when the accident happened, quite alone, it could only be conjectured in what manner it happened; but it was generally supposed to have been

6 MISCELLANY POEMS.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES,
AND PRINCESS AUGUSTA OF SAXE-GOTHA *.

BY MR. SPENCE.

WHEN pious frauds and holy pride no more
Could hold that empire which so long they bore;
From fair Germania's states the truth began
To gleam, and shed her heavenly light on man;
To Frederic † first, the Saxon Prince, 'twas given,
To nurse and cherish this best gift of Heaven.
Its growth, whilst young and tender, was his care,
To guard its blossoms from th' inclement air,
And dying, "May'st thou flourish!" was his prayer. }

Again, when fair Religion now had spread
Her influence round, and rais'd her captiv'd head;

been occasioned by a fit while he was standing near the brink of the water. He was found flat upon his face, at the edge, where the water was too shallow to cover his head, or any part of his body.—The duke of Newcastle possesses some MS. volumes of anecdotes of eminent writers, collected by Mr. Spence, who in his life-time communicated to Dr. Warton as many of them as related to Mr. Pope; and, by permission of the noble owner, Dr. Johnson has made many extracts from them in his excellent "Biographical Prefaces." N.

* From the "Gratulatio Academix Oxoniensis in Nuptias auspiciatissimas illustrissimorum Principum Frederici Principis Walliæ et Augustæ Principissæ de Saxo-Gotha. Oxonii, 1736." K.

† Frederic, Elector of Saxony, the chief Protector of Luther and the Protestant religion, died in the year 1520. S.

When

When Charles and Rome their impious forces join'd
 To quench its light, and re-enslave mankind;
 Another Frederic* first appear'd in arms,
 To guard th' endanger'd blessing from alarms.
 Ye Heavens! what virtues with what courage join'd!
 But join'd in vain!—See, vanquish'd, and confin'd
 In the deep gloom, the pious Hero lies,
 And lifts to Heaven his ever-streaming eyes.
 There, spent with sorrows, as he sunk to rest
 (The public cause still labouring in his breast),
 Behold, in slumber, to his view display'd,
 Rose the first Frederic's venerable shade!
 His temples circled with a heavenly flame;
 The same his flowing robe, his look the same.

“And art thou come? (the captive Warrior cries)
 What realms so long detain'd thee from our eyes?
 After such wars, such deaths and honours past,
 Is our great Guardian Chief return'd at last?
 Say, from yon heaven, so long desir'd in vain,
 Descends our Hero to our aid again?
 Now when proud Rome, her standard wide unfurl'd,
 Pours like a deluge o'er the trembling world;
 Fierce, her disputed empire to restore,
 And scourge mankind for ten dark ages more?
 Like me, Religion wears the Tyrant's chain;
 Prostrate like me, she bleeds at every vein:
 Oh! must we never, never rise again?”

“Dismiss thy fears, (the reverend Shade replies)
 Be firm, be constant, and absolve the skies.

* John Frederic, nephew to the former, taken prisoner by Charles V. and despoiled of his electorate by him in 1547. S.

§ MISCELLANY POEMS.

Dark are the ways of Heaven : let man attend :
 Soon will the regular confusion end.
 Soon shall thy eyes a brighter scene survey
 (Lo, the fleet hours already wing their way !)
 When, to thy native soil in peace restor'd,
 Once more shall Gotha see her lawful Lord.
 True to Religion, each successive son
 Shall aid the cause their generous fires begun.
 Even now I look through fate. O glorious sight !
 I see thy offspring as they rise to light.
 What benefits to man ! what lights divine !
 What Heroes, and what Saints adorn the line !
 And oh ! to crown the scene, my joyful eyes
 Behold from far a princely Virgin rise !
 'This, this is she, the smiling Fates ordain
 To bring the bright primeval times again !
 'The fair Augusta !—Grac'd with blooming charms ;
 Reserv'd to bless a British Prince's arms.
 Behold, behold the long-expected day !
 Fly swift, ye hours, ye minutes, haste away ;
 To wed the Fair, O-favour'd of the skies,
 Rise in thy time, thou destin'd Hero, rise !
 For through this scene of opening fate, I see
 A greater Frederic shall arise in thee !
 Then let thy fears from this blest moment cease,
 Henceforth shall pure Religion reign in peace.
 Thy royal race shall Albion's sceptre sway,
 And son to son th' imperial power convey :
 All shall support, like thee, the noble cause
 Of Truth, Religion, Liberty, and Laws."

This

This said, the venerable Shade retir'd :
 The wondering Hero, at the vision fir'd,
 With generous rapture glows ; forgets his pains,
 Smiles at his woes, and triumphs in his chains.

JOSEPH SPENCE, *Professor of Poetry,
 and Fellow of New College.*

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE*.

B Y M R. S P E N C E.

WHILST Phœbus' sons their mournful tributes
 And tune to grief the melancholy string ; [bring,
 Whilst others' tears in artful numbers flow,
 And speak the heart ambitious in its woe :
 How wilt thou sing, my Muse, the doleful lay,
 Speak common grief, yet in no common way ;
 The lyre how with distinguish'd sorrow strike,
 Or how sing different, where all feel alike ?

Wilt thou the melancholy tale pursue,
 Set Carolina's merits full in view,
 Declare her worth, the mighty sum repeat,
 Late Britain's glory, now her sad regret ?
 Small need of this to speed the falling tear,
 Oh teach not how to grieve, but how to bear !
 When flight's the pain, and sorrow gently wounds,
 Verse strives to pierce the soul with melting sounds :
 Full well the lays in mournful numbers flow,
 Where sounds supply the want of real woe —

* From "Pietas Academix Oxoniensis in obitum augustissimæ et desideratissimæ Reginae Carolinæ. Oxonii, 1738." K.

Not so when sacred Majesty is dead ;
 For, soon as Britain's guardian Genius fled,
 Grief took th' alarm — each bosom heaves a sigh ;
 See soft contagion catch from eye to eye !
 Silence can best a grief like this express,
 Description always shews true sorrow less.
 Or, should her great forefathers' worth be told,
 The glorious deeds of mighty chiefs of old ?
 Must Verse through lengths of backward ages trace
 Each Sage or Hero of her glorious race ?
 Alas, who knows not what high deeds they wrought,
 How well they conquer'd, and how greatly thought !
 What lyre for Britain's Queen hath not been strung,
 What praise unknown, or virtue left unfung ?
 Of nations blest, the pleasing subjects these,
 And gay suggestions of a mind at ease.
 'Tis past—no more the incense-bearing lays ;
 The Muse should bring her tears, instead of praise.
 'Tis thine to frame the slow grief-labour'd verse,
 And strew the sickening flowers around her hearse :
 Such ills demand a sorrow void of art ;
 Pomp would but ill besit a bleeding heart ;
 For goodness fled, and godlike merit lost,
 He best commends it, who laments it most.

Say then, how many grief-sick hearts deplore
 Britannia's Queen ; say, Virtue is no more ;
 With streaming eyes say Carolina fell—
 How good, how dear, a nation's tears will tell !

JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A. *Fellow of New College,*
and Professor of Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY MR. SPENCE.

ALREADY War had spread his wasteful flood,
And delug'd half the globe with British blood;
Rebellion next with so much fury reign'd,
Ev'n Victory mourn'd amidst her triumphs gain'd:
Yet, as unwarn'd by Heaven, our careless land
Play'd with the bolts that arm the Thunderer's hand.
To punish nearer the luxurious Lord,
Disease and Famine threat the wanton board;
Yet still, with loose debauch, they waste away
The night in pleasures, and in sleep the day.
Th' Almighty rose to dash their senseless mirth,
And to the centre shook the trembling earth:
A momentary pause their revels broke,
But the fear vanish'd sudden as the stroke.
Greatly incens'd, yet tenderly severe,
He gives this last sad effort of his care;
The wonted trial of his mighty hand,
Or to reclaim, or sink a guilty land.
Ev'n harden'd Egypt, long by judgments try'd,
Saw, and relented, when her first-born died:
Ev'n harden'd England, to reflection driven,
Remembering Frederic's virtues, thinks of Heaven:
Divided parties now consent to fear,
And Faction joins her undissembled tear.

* From the "Epicedia Oxoniensia in obitum celsissimi et desideratissimi Frederici Principis Walliæ. Oxonii, 1751." K.
In

In all these realms of sorrow, see where chief
 Augusta sits; the sovereign Queen of grief!
 What mighty anguish tears her tender breast!
 What heart-felt pangs! how variously distressed!
 Fondly she counts his many virtues o'er,
 Then mourns her loss, but mourns for Britain more.
 Paternal Love, and chaste connubial Truth,
 On her right hand, weep o'er the royal youth;
 Upon her left the mournful Arts appear;
 And drooping Science sheds the grateful tear.

Our patron Saint, to sooth the sinking dame,
 With aspect mild like Britain's Monarch, came.
 His arm upheld her, by her griefs oppress'd,
 Whilst thus the tutelary George address'd;
 And oft in speaking view'd her with an eye
 Of troubled love, and gentle majesty:

" 'Tis fit, Augusta, thus to vent your woe,
 And give the bursting tears a generous flow;
 When, prest with sorrow, and o'ercharg'd with grief,
 'Tis from the eyes the heart demands relief;
 But, O forbear t' indulge the pleasing pain!
 Though Heaven's great King afflicts, he heals again:
 Again he takes Britannia to his care;
 Sees England's sorrow, hears your generous prayer.
 The nation's crimes, that wak'd the wrath of Heaven,
 At length for princely virtues are forgiven.
 Then rise, and be yourself!—Beneath your wing
 Propitious shield your future patriot King:
 Great Britain's second hope with caution raise,
 And turn his steps from Error's mazy ways;

His

DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. 13

His course midst Pleasure's soft allurements steer;
 A nation's welfare hangs upon your care.
 See, to your aid a chosen band resorts!
 See Harcourt*, form'd for friendship and for courts;
 Stone†, learned, good, judicious, and polite,
 Instructed by each Grace to act or write:
 And Norwich‡, skill'd to lead, persuade, convince,
 Looks like a guardian Angel on his Prince.
 These, these attend, to watch his ripening years,
 T' assist his virtues, and allay your cares!

Yet, ere I part, this short advice be given,
 And well observe it, for it comes from Heaven.
 "Mark the true path to glory!—Teach his youth
 Religion, Virtue, Polity, and Truth.
 By the divine exemplar mould his mind;
 Wisdom and Goodness with Dominion join'd.
 These be your arts, and this your pattern be
 For godlike rule, an empire o'er the Free.
 All power to the public good direct;
 And form a King to bless, and to protect."

JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A. of *New College*,
Professor of Modern History.

* Simon earl Harcourt (so created in 1749) governor to his Majesty, then prince of Wales, which charge he resigned in 1752. His unfortunate death in 1777 is remembered with concern. For a farther account of him, see the "Gentleman's Magazine" for that year, p. 463. D.

† Andrew Stone, Esq. sub-governor, &c. D.

‡ Dr. Thomas Hayter, præceptor to the prince, and bishop of Norwich from 1749 to 1761. His lordship died bishop of London, January 8, 1762. D.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE II.
AND INAUGURATION OF GEORGE III*.

BY MR. SPENCE.

IN blooming majesty, and graceful state,
The royal youth Britannia's throne ascends;
Around, in solemn pomp, the Virtues wait,
And every Art, and every Muse, attends:
The heaven-born Maids with warmth divine inspire
His glowing breast, and fan the generous fire;
The humbler Arts his kind protection claim,
The vocal Choir, in many a tuneful lay,
Loud Pæans sing, and hail th' auspicious day,
Applaud his rising worth, and promise future fame.

When lo! with stately step, and awful mien,
HISTORY' advances to the regal seat;
Compos'd her motion, and her look serene,
Her vesture nobly plain, and simply great;
Truth leads her on; while loose and unconfin'd
Floats her full robe; and, waving in the wind,
In ample folds descends her sweeping train:
In her right hand a mighty Roll she bears,
Inscrib'd with everlasting characters, [in vain.
Which Fire, and Sword, and Storm, and Time, assault

* From "Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis in obitum serenissimi Regis Georgii II. et Gratulatio in augustissimi Regis Georgii III. Inaugurationem. Oxonii, 1761." K.

Then thus, unfolding wide th' eternal page :
 " Behold, young Prince, the mystic Roll that brings
 Back ancient Time, presenting each past age;
 That warns, instructs, nor deigns to flatter Kings :
 Of Patriots, Tyrants, here the names remain ;
 The good and great, the wicked, weak, and vain ;
 Recorded here to glory or to shame.
 Esteem'd, belov'd, admir'd, rever'd, ador'd ;
 Or fear'd, despis'd, detested, and abhorr'd :
 With awe behold ! for here shall stand enroll'd thy Name.

" But chief the fortunes of thine ancient race,
 Thy first regard thy country's annals claim :
 Impartial here their various actions trace,
 Here fix thy choice, and hence select thy fame.
 Say, would'st thou stand the mark of scorn and hate,
 Swoln with vain pride, with lawless power elate,
 A people's tyrant, and a minion's slave ;
 Or prais'd in story, and renown'd in song,
 The boast of every age, and every tongue,
 Be number'd with the good, the wise, the just, the brave ?

" Alfred behold, in either fortune great,
 In peace, in war ; great in his country's cause :
 Who first fix'd Britain's well-proportion'd state
 On the firm base of Freedom and of Laws.
 Mild, pious, just : ev'n then the scepter'd Sage
 Wak'd the rude Muse, and charm'd a barbarous age :
 Science regards him still with filial eyes ;
 My records boast no brighter, fairer name,
 None e'er hath risen to such un sullied fame :
 And wilt Thou fail my hopes ? shall none for ever rise ?
 " Let

“ Let each immortal Edward’s high renown,
 Let Maud’s * and Bolingbroke’s † illustrious heir,
 Prompt thee with regal worth to grace thy crown;
 But their ambition deem beneath thy care.

’Tis thine to reign (and greater canst thou be?)
 O’er willing hearts, in just obedience free.
 Their liberty gives lustre to thy throne:
 ’Tis thine to guard thy people, and to bless;
 In thine Eliza’s glorious reign express,
 Her virtues all transcribe; all her high deeds, but One ‡.

“ Nor, less intent ignoble paths to flee,
 See John usurp, and then disgrace the throne;
 Britain’s reluctant neck compell’d to free,
 To Rome’s base yoke he tamely bends his own.
 See peerless Edward’s weak degenerate son §,
 By lavish pride, and lawless power, undone.
 His haughty head see the last Henry raise,
 Stern, wilful, fierce; his ruffian hands imbru’d
 In Nobles, Patriots, Queens, and Martyrs blood;
 Staining the sacred Cause, that makes his only praise!

“ Mark well how, dazzled with th’ alluring guise
 Of boundless sway, Stuart’s deluded race,
 The phantom vain still glaring in their eyes,
 Plunge in th’ abyss of ruin and disgrace.

Not so Nassau: where Glory points the way,
 His eagle-eye fix’d on her genuine ray,

* Henry II. N.

† Henry V. N.

‡ The beheading of the Queen of Scots. N.

§ Richard II. N.

Right on he soars, nor veers from Freedom's cause :
 His country rescu'd from her deep distress,
 The hero flies to Britain's high redress, [laws.
 Supports her tottering shrines, and guards her injur'd

"He, the great pledge of vindicated Right,
 Religion, Laws, to Brunswick's chosen line
 Transmits ; secur'd from Faction's fell despite,
 The Bigot's rage, the Tyrant's claim divine.

Well have they fill'd their charge : nor thou dis-
 This fair succession of domestic fame. [claim
 With all thy grandfire's wreaths thy brows adorn !
 So shall my sons record thy deathless praise,
 And stretch the bright example's fostering rays
 To Patriots, Heroes, Kings, through ages yet unborn."

JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A.

Regius Professor of Modern History.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR PRESENT MAJESTIES*.

BY MR. SPENCE.

AT length the gallant Navy from afar
 Rises in prospect, with expanded wings
 Improving the kind gale, so long delay'd ;
 And wins in pompous pride her easy way
 To Albion's shore, charg'd with the precious freight

* From the "Epithalamia Oxoniensia, five Gratulationes in
 "augustissimi Regis Georgii III. et illustrissimæ Principissæ
 "Sophiæ Charlottæ Nuptias auspiciatissimas. Oxon. 1761." K.

13 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Of England's dearest hopes, and George's love.
 Not so desir'd, nor with such treasure fraught,
 Arrives the wealthy convoy from the coast
 Of Ceylon, or Golconda; laden deep
 With spicy drugs, barbaric gems, and gold.
 Nor he who circled in his daring course
 The globe entire, old Ocean's utmost round,
 Brought back so rich a prize, though with the spoils
 Of proud Iberia loaded he return'd;
 Or captive in his halbers when he dragg'd
 The vanquish'd Gallic fleets; as now he brings,
 More welcome, from Germania's friendly shores*.

Hail, kindred regions, dear parental soil,
 Saxonian plains! where deep Visurgis flows,
 Where Leina's † doubly-honour'd waters glide,
 Where mighty Albis draws his humid train!
 England to you with grateful homage pays
 Filial obeisance meet: to you she owes
 Her name, her tribes, her generous race: to you
 Her first, her latest blessings. Forth from you
 Issued our fires, old Woden's high-born sons;
 Great Woden deem'd a God, with uncouth rites
 By his rude offspring worship'd: they their course
 Adventurous steer'd to these alluring shores.
 First Hengist, valiant chief, nor yet less wise
 Than valiant: he the Cantian wold obtain'd,
 His new domain; yielded by social league,
 Or won by fair Rowena's conquering charms.

* Lord Anson had this honourable office. N.

† By the metropolis Hanover, and the university of Göttingen. N.

Next Ella, Cerdic, and th' intrepid race
 Of Anglians, from Eydora's northern stream,
 Pour'd in their numerous hosts : nor British prowess,
 Nor Merlin's spells, nor Arthur's puissant sword,
 Hight Caliburn, fam'd in romantic tale,
 Could long withstand th' impetuous onset bold
 Of our great fires in battle. Soon they rais'd
 On Britain's ruins seven imperial thrones ;
 Seven thrones conjoin'd at length in Cerdic's race :
 From whose high source the stream of regal blood,
 Through the long line of English Monarchs, flows
 Down to th' illustrious House of Lunenbourg,
 From ancient Brunswic nam'd, (Brunswic, the seat
 Primeval of Saxonian chieftains old),
 To George, great heir of Anglo-Saxon Kings.

And thou, Saxonia's brightest ornament
 Erewhile, now Britain's boast, and highest pride,
 Welcome to these congenial shores ; to this
 Ambiguous land, another Saxony.
 See thine own people, thy compatriot tribes,
 With heart-felt joy, and zealous loud acclaim,
 Thy blest arrival hail. Though sever'd long
 From their original soil, on foreign stock
 Though grafted, not degenerate : still within
 Works the wild vigour of the parent root.
 Rough, hardy, brave ; by force intractable,
 Or lawless rule ; patient of equal sway ;
 With civil freedom tempering regal power.
 Be this thy better country, nor regret
 Thy natal plains, though dear : here thou shalt find

What largely shall o'erpay thy loss. Lo! here
 Thy parent, brother, friend, all charities
 Compris'd in one, thy comfort, with fond wish
 Expects thee, scepter'd George, with every grace
 Adorn'd; yet more renown'd for virtue's praise,
 Faith, honour, in green years wisdom mature,
 True majesty with awful goodness crown'd.
 He shall allwage thy grief; his thoughtful breast,
 Studious of England's glory' and Europe's weal,
 'Thou in return shalt sooth, with tender smiles,
 Endearing blandishment, and equal love.
 Nor shall Heaven's gift, fruit of the genial bed,
 Be wanting; pledge of public happiness
 Secure; dear source of long domestic joys.
 Here shalt thou reign a second Caroline;
 Diffusing from the throne a milder ray,
 Soft beauty's unexpressive influence sweet.
 Prompt to relieve th' oppress'd, to wipe away
 The widow's tears, to call forth modest worth,
 To cherish drooping virtue, patroness
 Of Science and of Arts, friend to the Muse,
 Of every grateful Muse the favourite theme.

Hail, sovran lady, dearest dread! accept
 Ev'n now this homage of th' officious Muse,
 That on the verge extreme of Albion's cliff
 With gratulation thy first steps prevents,
 Though mean, yet ardent! and salutes thine ear
 With kindred accents in Teutonic lays.

JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A.
Regius Professor of Modern History.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRESENT PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY MR. SPENCE.

HAIL to the sacred day, that gives an heir
To Britain's throne, and opes th' extended view
Of glories yet remote ! th' auspicious day,
Now crown'd with recent honours, nor before
To Britons unendear'd, that saw matur'd
In full event great Nassau's glorious plan ;
Religion, Freedom, on the solid base
Of Law erected ; and th' important charge
Consign'd to Brunswic's chosen race ; a line
Of patriot Kings, ordain'd to guard secure
The rich deposit, and to latest times
Inviolatè the blessing to convey.

Thrice happy Britain ! by th' encircling seas
Divided from the world ; in arts, in arms,
Pre-eminent : but, far above the rest,
In the high privilege of legal sway,
Distinguish'd : where the civil powers triform,
Of various aim, in union meet combin'd,
Each tempering each in just degree, hold on
Their steady course, and tend to one fix'd point,

* From the " Gratulatio solennis Universitatis Oxoniensis
" ob celsissimum Georgium Fred. Aug. Walliæ Principem,
" Georgio III. et Charlottæ Reginae auspiciatissimè natum.
" Oxonii, 1762." K.

The general good. As in this mundane frame,
 Adjusted by th' all-wise Arch-builder's hand,
 Each rolling sphere, wandering in regular maze,
 Prime or attendant; every part, each grain,
 Each atom, with due poise, and moment due,
 Adds his conspiring influence, and attracts,
 Attracted; while the great superior orb,
 All-cheering fount of light, himself obeys
 The general impulse: he from his high state
 With undiminish'd majesty descends,
 Revolving round the common central goal
 With solemn pace, and joins the mystic dance.

O fairest form of well-built polity,
 By ancient sages sought in vain, unknown
 To foreign climes, Britain's peculiar boast!
 O justly dear to all thy sons; of all
 Regardful! safe in thy protection rests
 The lowly cot: nor less the regal throne
 Stands firm by thee, and owns thy guardian care.
 By thee secure the sceptre of the main,
 From sire to son transmitted, shall descend
 Through Brunswic's line; nor know the frequent change
 And sad vicissitude that still attends
 Tyrannic rule unblest. There dark Distrust,
 Pale Jealousy, and Fear with haggard look,
 For ever dwell; while lurking Fraud her snares
 Spreads through the guarded dome; and close Cabal,
 Shunning day's dreaded eye, o'er danger broods.
 See, where, immur'd in cheerless state unseen,
 Sits the proud Eastern despot; fear'd of all,

Himself.

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Himself most infecure : no kindred near,
 No friend as his own soul ; from all the joys
 Of social life sequester'd : a dark void
 Surrounds the desert throne, distain'd with blood
 Of brethren, rivals deem'd ; congenial blood,
 Dire offering, at Suspicion's horrid shrine
 Pour'd out, the tyrant's guardian deity ;
 Preposterous, who in frantic fear destroys
 His best supports, and with blind confidence
 Against his own bare bosom arms his slaves *.



But learn, ye Britons, with observance due,
 With holy estimation, and deep awe,
 Your country, your religion, to revere,
 Your laws, your liberty. Ye princes, learn,
 That not the vain acquist of boundless sway,
 Too big for man to wield, for angel's grasp
 Too big ; but fair equality of rule,
 But Power obedient to the rein of Law,
 To Reason, Justice, Faith, true greatness gives,
 Gives true authority to Kings. Here fix
 The butt of your ambition ; hither aim
 Your whole intent. Be this your majesty,
 Your strength : in this your safety stands ; in this
 Your happiness, your virtue, and your praise.

JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A.

Regius Professor of Modern History.

* The Editor has been informed that some lines which followed this in the original MS. were omitted by the publishers of the Oxford Collection. N.

THE THREE FIRST STANZAS OF THE TWENTY-
FOURTH CANTO OF DANTE'S INFERNO,
MADE INTO A SONG.

IN IMITATION OF THE EARL OF SURREY'S STILE.

BY MR. SPENCE.

WHEN, in the opening of the youthful year,
Sol in Aquarius bathes his glistering ray;
In early morn the fields all white appear,
With hoary frost is cover'd every spray:
And every herb and every grafs is shent,
All in the chill imprisonment ypent.
The mean-clad swain, forth issuing from his cot,
Looks sadly all around the whitening waste;
And grieves that his poor sheep, by Heaven forgot,
Can find no food, no tender green to taste:
He beats his breast as one distract, or mad,
And home returns, with pensive look and sad.
There silent grieves. Then once again looks out,
And sees the groves and meads quite alter'd are:
The Sun has cast his melting rays about,
And every green appears more fresh and fair.
Then hope returns, and joy unknits his brows,
And forth he leads his flock, the tender grafs to browse.
Thus when my fair-one views me with disdain,
My heart is sunk within me, sad and dead;
My spirits yield, and all my soul's in pain;
I sit and sigh, and hang my drooping head:
But if she smile, my sadness melts away, [gay.
Each gloomy thought clears up, and I'm all blithe and

C O M-

C O M P L A I N T S
OF THE SLOWNESS AND NEGLIGENCE
OF THE MESSENGER OF HERNE.

B. Y. J. D. M. A.

IMITATED FROM "LE MESSENGER DU MANS,"

OF THE LATE FATHER DU CERÇEAU*.

IT is not interest, nor the love of fame,
Which makes me now thus importune the skies;
To Memory's shrine I cannot urge a claim,
Nor gold with dazzling lustre blinds my eyes:
My soul, from both these groveling passions free,
Such vulgar sentiments shall never learn;
All that I wish is speedily to see
The long-expected Messenger of Herne.

Already more than twenty times the day
Has, in its turn, succeeded to the night,
Since I in grief have languish'd life away :
Already have I seen the taper's light
Full twenty times the fading day succeed;
Yet can I not by day nor night discern,
Slow hobbling on his ancient jaded steed,
The tortoise-footed Messenger of Herne.

* In his "Poesies," two volumes 12mo. Paris, 1772. D.

Languid I pine, and my extreme distress

My senses lost, or half-distracted, show :

“What ails you,” cry my friends, “we cannot guess:

“You are, you long have been, we know not how.”

Were but the cause, the fatal cause, reveal’d

Of this my cruel, my extreme concern ! —

And why not ? — No, it must remain conceal’d

From all, except the Messenger of Herne.

What Fiend, what Dæmon, with malicious hate,

Can on the road so long have stopp’d his course ?

What secret enemy, what envious Fate,

To part us two exerts such hostile force ?

These dire delays no longer can I bear,

His punishment no farther I’ll adjourn ;

Life and its comforts are not worth my care,

Unless I see the Messenger of Herne.

Fancy each day affords a short relief,

Bringing his wish’d-for image to my eyes,

And, doubled by my past and present grief,

My heart-felt woes in long succession rise :

Yet still I hope for all my cares to find

A soothing balm when night’s still shades return :

Ah ! no ; when Sleep’s soft chains my senses bind,

In dreams I see the Messenger of Herne.

Whene’er, my mind’s disturbance to appease,

Some favourite Greek or Roman bard I chuse,

His image interrupts my studious ease,

And makes me all my Greek and Latin lose.

Strive

Strive all I can, no pleasure I enjoy,
 I know not what to do, nor whither turn;
 To count the minutes is my sole employ,
 Which thus delay the Messenger of Herne.

Without disguise my weakness I confess;
 The tenderest lovers, boldly I advance,
 For their fair nymphs have done and suffer'd less:
 No Cyrus, boasted hero of romance,
 For the dear object of his hopeless love,
 E'er sigh'd so much, or felt his bowels yearn,
 Like me, who night and day dire torments prove,
 Mourning thy absence, Messenger of Herne.

Each traveller, or stranger, whom I spy,
 With looks impatient unawares I greet,
 And "Surely you have seen him, Sir," I cry,
 "Tell me, I pray, when we again shall meet?"
 If 'whom I mean' he asks, with brow severe
 His ignorance I both admire and spurn,
 Persuaded that, like me, each mortal here
 Thinks of the tardy Messenger of Herne.

'Great news, great news,' I hear the hawkers roar;
 Eager I listen, and with speed I run;
 "What, what's the matter?" Trifling, nothing more
 Than a sea-victory by Rodney won.
 "Ah! what are wars or victories to me?"
 Indignant I reply, with visage stern,
 "Of France and Spain you talk, of land and sea,
 But never of the Messenger of Herne."

Guessing

Guessing the cause of my profound despair,
 A traveller, whose heart with goodness glow'd,
 At length inform'd me, with a pleasing air,
 That some miles off he saw him on the road.
 I point him out to every passer-by,
 And both admire and envy Mr. Nairn,
 While, with an elevated voice, I cry,
 "Blest mortal! he has seen the Messenger of Herne."

I act the beggar at my gate all day,
 And sit, or stand, supported by the wall,
 And whoe'er comes, or whoe'er goes away,
 I see, observe, and closely question all.
 As this thought only through my mind can pass,
 The slightest noise, Dan Fairman's flail or churn,
 His cackling drake, and ev'n his braying ass,
 Are deem'd by me the Messenger of Herne.

When will this charming Messenger arrive?
 When will his bells loud-tinkling greet my ear?
 When shall I see him all superbly drive,
 Lashing his lazy steeds with thong severe?
 Echo attends me, answering groan for groan,
 From all the woods, and cliffs, and heaths of fern;
 Will you remain insensible alone,
 O stony-hearted Messenger of Herne?

Ah! when at Sturry you engag'd with care
 My two dear caskets speedily to bring,
 Why did you make me many a promise fair,
 Slow Messenger, deserving of the string?

I well

I well remember, nor can you gainsay,
 You swore it too, as witness Dr. Burn,
 That you would bring them ere the seventh day :
 Are these your oaths, false Messenger of Herne ?

What can you dare to offer in excuse ?
 Can aught excuse a negligence like thine ?
 Invent some subterfuge ; in self-abuse,
 And in my own deception, I will join.
 For you some tender sentiments remain,
 My tears would ev'n bedew your funeral urn.
 Just Heaven ! such weakness how can I retain
 For that vile rogue, the Messenger of Herne !

O speak, and let me hear you something say,
 The cause at least of this strange absence show ;
 Tell me, whence sprung this barbarous delay ?
 Did we not all expect you long ago ?
 What, did your jades sink founder'd in the mire ?
 Have you been robb'd, or did your cart o'erturn,
 And bruise you ?—Would it had !—But you're a liar,
 O most perfidious Messenger of Herne !

Say, rather, that by every ale-house sign
 Allur'd, and stopping on the road to swill,
 Where'er you lik'd the brandy, beer, or wine,
 Your only care was your fat paunch to fill.
 Say, of my caskets that you thought no more
 Than if they both had been at Bannockburn,
 Drinking all day with many a rogue and whore,
 Fit comrades for the Messenger of Herne !

My

30 MISCELLANY POEMS.

My rage in future nothing shall suspend,
 Perish you must, your doom is now decreed ;
 To sighs or prayers no longer I attend,
 To slighted mercy vengeance must succeed.
 A felon's fate at Woolwich you shall share,
 Chain'd in a hulk, and scourg'd from stem to stern ;
 So shall each tardy Messenger beware,
 Warn'd by your doom, slow Messenger of Herne !

Haste, hither haste, obedient to my call,
 With snakes and scorpions arm'd, ye Furies three,
 Haste, hither haste, from Pluto's dreary hall,
 Alecto, Megara, Tisiphone !
 Some new unheard-of punishment devise !
 In lakes of sulphurous fire you sinners burn,
 Whose crimes are less enormous in my eyes,
 Than those which brand the Messenger of Herne.

What have I said, by vengeance led away ?
 My passions let me curb, my rage restrain,
 And some indulgence tenderly display,
 At least till both my caskets I regain :
 So Prudence bids, so Reason's laws require ;
 Then let the hangman his due wages earn,
 And straight by cord, or axe, or penal fire,
 Dispatch the lazy Messenger of Herne.

Myself alone I justly can accuse :
 But, should the Messenger of Herne transgress
 Again, and dare my mercy to abuse,
 May tar and feathers be my constant dress,

ON THE MESSENGER OF HERNE. 31

To Boston banish'd, may I to Alface
With gypsies trudge, or beg my bread to Berne,
Or (worst of evils!) may I take his place,
And be myself the Messenger of Herne!

ON THE SUDDEN, BUT UNEXPECTED, ARRIVAL
OF THE MESSENGER OF HERNE.

FROM THE SAME. BY W. J.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. D.

MOV'D by my tears, at length the Gods incline
My heart-felt woes to pity and to spare,
For prone to mercy are the powers divine,
And ever mov'd by penitence and prayer.
Cease then, ah! cease, ye torturing stings of woe,
Which made my warm blood boil, my bowels yearn;
Ah! cease, ye sighs, to heave; ye tears, to flow;
This day will bring the Messenger of Herne.

He comes, he comes! Herne's genuine son, all hail!
Exult, my heart, enjoy the rapturous day:
But ah! perhaps 'tis some inventive tale,
Forg'd to deceive, and chase my cares away.
The dear delusion still will calm my grief,
Though Truth the fact denies with visage stern;
Yet still those dear ideas give relief,
Which you inspire, lov'd Messenger of Herne!

Methinks,

Methinks, through Fancy's aid I fondly trace
 His noble gait and awe-commanding mien,
 Paint him with matchless air and matchless face,
 Through Fancy's aid, for him I ne'er have seen:
 Yet still methinks his charming form I see,
 Like some carv'd Satyr on a collier's stern,
 And cry, "Such is, or sure such ought to be,
 "Your likeness, beauteous Messenger of Herne!"

Though short and thick, yet graceful is his size,
 Straight is his hair, his visage passing praise;
 His nose, of purple hue, would well suffice
 For thrice three men in these degenerate days:
 Face like a knife, a mouth from ear to ear,
 Black fangs that grin, and hollow eyes that burn,
 And back so round, we think a tortoise near,
 When you approach, fat Messenger of Herne!

What means that murmuring noise? The joyful sounds
 Still onward seem in louder notes to roll;
 Hark! how the air with gladsome shouts rebounds,
 Sweet to my ear, but sweeter to my soul!
 Dire doubts avant! — I know the tidings well,
 Well as proud Ulster knows the lakes of Erne:
 Though yet unseen, my nose the truth can tell,
 For noses know the Messenger of Herne.

Fame with her trumpet stalks the village round,
 And loud proclaims the rapturous tale of joy;
 No more the taylor on his board is found,
 New scenes enchant, and nobler thoughts employ:

Behold the butcher's mastiff stands at bay,
 And the fair milk-maid leaves her cow and churn,
 Loud neigh the horses, and wise asses bray,
 To welcome thee, wise Messenger of Herne!

What Dæmon, envying the sublime embrace,
 Thus throngs the street, to thwart my great design?
 Ah! is there one, ev'n one of mortal race,
 Who longs to see him with a love like mine?

Away, ye vulgar crowd! — I rage, I rave,
 Fierce as in battle glows the half-arm'd kerne;
 Yet small the toil, when for reward I crave
 A fight of thee, dear Messenger of Herne!

So much expected, and bewail'd so long,
 The hero comes, and glads my longing soul:
 His bells sound sweeter than a Linley's* song,
 Loose to the winds his tatter'd garments roll.

I know thy bells, I know their jingling sounds,
 And thy rich belt of curious work discern:
 As girths enclasp thy steeds, so one furrounds
 Thy bloated paunch, big Messenger of Herne!

His glorious presence brightens all the scene,
 Glad as returning suns to Greenland's shore,
 He cheers the village, and he cheers the green,
 And lowering sorrow fills the place no more.

Enrapt I stand; but, as with noon-tide light
 O'erpower'd, away my aching eyes I turn,
 Unable to sustain thy dazzling sight,
 O most refulgent Messenger of Herne!

* It may be unnecessary to name "Mrs. Sheridan." N.

A numerous throng incircles his tir'd steeds,
 Smugglers and waggoners, a motley fry !
 But as the Victory all ships exceeds,
 So does my hero all the rest outvie :
 He comes triumphant, as, in years of yore,
 Marlborough was wont from conquest to return,
 So, the furrounding mob exalted o'er,
 Majestic shines the Messenger of Herne.

Though thron'd in state, 'midst shouts that rend the skies,
 With unexampled modesty he stands,
 Oft nods with many a smile, and loudly cries,
 " Here, take thy packet from thy servant's hands."
 Talks of the fleet to those who ask for news ;
 " D'Eftaign's at Cadiz, and Franklin in Auvergne :"
 And wilt thou still a smile, a look, refuse
 To me, obdurate Messenger of Herne ?

Fair Hostess of the Lion's wide domains,
 At once the pride and envy of the town,
 You, whose thrice happy kitchen oft contains
 This mighty Messenger of high renown ;
 Prepare, prepare, set ope your portals wide,
 To roast, to boil, and bake, be your concern,
 Display your store, your cupboard's silver pride,
 To welcome home the Messenger of Herne.

He comes, he comes ! his visage well I know,
 That source of all my joy, and all my care :
 'Tis he ! I see him plain, I see him now ;
 Scarce rapture's rising tumults can I bear.

Yes,

Yes, scarce my breast the swelling joy sustains,
 Myself to prostrate at his feet I burn,
 But awe, or something stronger still, restrains,
 Or I would kiss thy feet, sweet Messenger of Herne!

Yet I with trembling awe approach, and fain
 Would hold his stirrup — but my hands essay'd

(O strange to tell!) to find it all in vain,
 For this great horseman scorn'd the stirrup's aid.

But swift around they flock, around they fly,
 'Swift as our fathers fled from Bannockburn':

I gaze with wonder, while their hands untie
 Thy bundled carcase, Messenger of Herne!

While thus the mob throng round with busy face,
 Asking of war and peace, of France and Spain,
 And when the Admiral again will chase
 'The frighten'd Spaniard from the conquer'd main,'
 I pass the crowd, and, as I pass, I see

The 'Squire, the Vicar too, and Mr. Nairn,
 Then low my homage pay, with bended knee,
 To that great man, the Messenger of Herne.

A speech I purpos'd, learned, loud, and long,
 Most aptly fram'd to suit the glorious day;
 But ah! some secret spirit stopp'd my tongue,
 The hero aw'd my eloquence away:

The fault is venial — for ev'n he who dares
 Harangue the states of Brittany or Berne,
 Would shake with all my terrors, all my fears,
 Should he harangue the Messenger of Herne.

I try to speak in vain — by fear with-held
 And shame-fac'd diffidence, all mute I stand,
 'Till, by some secret power at length impell'd,
 With faltering voice my caskets I demand.
 "Here, take them," he replied, "the charge a crown."
 'Sure, 'tis too much, with ease your wealth you earn:
 Yet still I'll pay it, and my joy will own,
 Blest ev'n in paying thus the Messenger of Herne.'

"What joys are these!" some critic here will cry,
 His black brows scowling dire with many a frown,
 "Joy to be cheated thus! On him would I
 Bestow a crabstick rather than a crown."

Well, use it then, but know, Sir, that before
 I thought like you, and so did Dr. Burn,
 But, gazing on his face, our rage was o'er,
 And we forgot thy cheats, O Messenger of Herne!

But cease the shameful plaint, th' opprobrious strain,
 Wake, gentle Muse, and swell the note of praise,
 For these two caskets, which I now regain,
 He safely kept for nine long lingering days.
 What matters whether slow or swift he be?

Safe as the Monk's box in thy pocket, Sterne,
 My caskets were — whate'er is brought by thee
 Is safe, thou trusty Messenger of Herne!

At length my darling caskets I regain,
 So long expected, and so long deplor'd,
 These themes of pleasure now, but once of pain,
 Unhurt, unpilfer'd, are at length restor'd.

Approach,

Approach, ye clerks, and dames of high renown,
 And you, ye fots, your ale-house clubs adjourn,
 Behold fidelity 'till now unknown,
 Behold the faithful Messenger of Herne!

Proud domes of Herne, ah! safe this treasure keep,
 At once the pride and envy of the plain;
 Let Margate and her tawdry sons go weep,
 And smuggling Dover swell the plaintive strain:
 Did George but know his talents, speed, and grace,
 From his court-post he Winton's 'Squire* would spurn,
 And in his stead (a gainful change!) would place
 The all-accomplish'd Messenger of Herne.

But as expos'd great talents always stand
 To Envy's shafts, and Rancour's dire design,
 (And there are climes in this unpolish'd land,
 Of baneful influence to deserts like thine)
 Beware those instruments of vengeful power,
 Such as on Borsal hill, 'midst brakes of fern,
 Exalt the murderous Knight†; in evil hour
 Left thou too swing, fam'd Messenger of Herne!

Dire loss to us! his history's foul disgrace,
 How have I wept when Fate foretold his end!
 Herne, thou would'st lose the pride of all thy race,
 And I, more hapless I, should lose a friend!

* H. P. Esq. Letter-carrier to his Majesty. D.

† A smuggler, hanged in chains for murder. See "The Gentleman's Magazine" for 1780, p. 197. D.

Where 's Turpin *? where 's Maclaine *? They fell,
they died,

They sunk due victims to the yawning urn,
And thus must fall, fair Kent, thy lasting pride,
Thus, thus must fall the Messenger of Herne!

To frame the solemn dirge and funeral strains
Be mine; I'll paint his fame in colours strong,
His tomb shall long employ (if one he gains)
The painter's pencil and the poet's song.
Or from a doggrel verse, inscrib'd by me
On some near way-post, travellers shall learn,
That, high-suspended on that fatal tree,
Crows fatten on the Messenger of Herne.

Much-honour'd pair! the pride of all our plains,
Forgive the trifling lay, which dares invade,
With idle warblings and with tuneless strains,
The bower of Genius and the classic shade!
Forgive me, though these weak and artless lays
Lame all the verses, all the sense o'erturn,
Ah! think that I but imitate the ways
Of that great man, the Messenger of Herne!

* Two notorious highwaymen. N.

SKAITING,

S K A T I N G. — A P O E M.

B Y W. J.

WHEN tempests howl, and when the cold winds blow,
And streams congeal'd to ice forget to flow;

The task be mine by Reason's rules to guide

The bold adventurers o'er the solid tide;

Those dauntless youths in danger's hour to spare,

Nymphs of the wave, and Naiads, be your care;

Whilst I, to guide their venturous steps along,

Explain the rules, and form th' instructive song.

When o'er the busy town, and o'er the plain,

In dreary state stern Winter holds his reign,

If then the white moon dart a brighter gleam,

Or tipt with azure be th' aspiring flame,

If the stars glitter, if the earth be spread

With glistening splendor, firm beneath the tread,

When forth from Lapland's waste and Norway's coast

The God of Tempests calls his horrid host,

Touch'd by his sceptre cold, oft Ocean's God

Submissive bends, and owns the powerful rod;

Whilst silent streams the chilling influence own,

Forget their course, and harden into stone.

But ere with bold step o'er the stream you go,

What arms these deeds demand you first should know.

A narrow slip of steel the skaiters claim,

Temper'd by art, and harden'd in the flame;

With a smooth edge be form'd the farther end,

This, like the bending sickle curv'd, ascend;

D. 4.

Then

Then fix'd on wood, beneath the feet around
With many a knot secur'd, be firmly bound.
Nor thou, the not dishonest bond to wear
Refuse, nor round each leg the thong to bear;
Then seek the lakes, where throng the jocund train
To strike with dextrous foot the glittering plain.
Yon stripling fears o'er paths unknown to stray
'Till the white furrow marks the beaten way,
Slow he proceeds, with wary caution sure,
Where the track'd path-way shews the road secure:
But yon bold compeer for some rural prize,
See, with what art he twists! how swift he flies!
Not with such swiftnefs, though the goal in sight,
Though strain'd each nerve, and call'd forth all his might,
Flies, whilst fierce hope beats high in every vein,
The conquering courser o'er the smoaking plain.
'Tis thus when wintery blasts deform the scene,
And the swoln lakes disdain their banks of green,
When the tir'd eye, with aching view, in vain
Darts fruitless glances o'er the lengthening plain,
Mynheer proceeds, the open country yields
A boundless way, o'er rivers, lakes, and fields;
High o'er his head the well-stor'd pannier thrown,
He bears the produce of his cot to town;
His sons, a numerous train, their fire succeed
With step less skilful and unequal speed.
But mark yon youth! with what triumphant force
Mark how he urges swift his matchless course!
See how he winds his pliant limbs, and how
With well-dissembled fear he bends him low!

Hangs

Hangs o'er the pool in circling poize, amain,
Then skims the watery way, and scowers the plain.
Him the pleas'd females view with wondering eyes,
Admire his active feats, and gape surprise,
How he with speed so swift, with stroke so strong,
Flies o'er the untouch'd stream, and lightly skims along.
Think not this task is small, the labour light,
Unless, whene'er you stop your hasty flight,
You firmly fix your heel, or should you stray
From where the furrow'd circle winds its way,
Or should your ancles with too rapid force
Join, and the worn ice intercept your course,
Your faithless foot shall press the plain no more,
And the long laugh shall spread from shore to shore.
Your heedless course o'er untrack'd ways to take
Dare not, nor venture o'er the brittle lake,
Nor venture where the latent spring distills,
Nor where the heap'd snow swells to icy hills;
Tempt not these dangers, lest with crashing roar
It gape destruction, and be safe no more;
Tempt not these dangers, lest, alas! too late
You see your error, and would fly from Fate.
Meanwhile fair Zephyr's gales and falling rains
Free the glad earth from Winter's icy chains,
Impatient of their bonds, the rivers roar,
They heave, they burst their shackles from the shore,
Then the sad youths retire with wishful eye,
Sighing retire, and mourn their ravish'd joy:
Th' unwilling youths retire, they homeward go,
Leave the lov'd lake with sorrowing step and slow,
With

With sighs they bid their sports a long farewell,
Regret th' unwelcome warmth, and blame the gale:
Not so the native of the Northern plain,
Where Frost and Winter hold eternal reign,
No kindly showers refresh the wastes below,
No balmy gales, no genial zephyrs blow.
Those realms of ice disdain the fiercest ray,
The warmth of Summer, and the blaze of Day.
Tell then, O Muse, for oft the Muse has past
O'er Norway's plains and Lapland's boundless waste,
Whilst, long delay'd, the partial lamp of light
Has cheer'd with notes of joy the lengthen'd night,
Bade wildly sweet the melting measures move,
And sung of war, of friendship, and of love:
Tell then the means by which those plains are crost,
How strays the native o'er those realms of frost?
How winds he there his wondrous way? and how
Climbs with unerring step the mountain's brow?
What kind aid wafts him swift as Eurus' gales
O'er pathless deserts, and o'er icy vales?
What power conducts, O tuneful Goddess, say,
Who points the passage; and who wings the way?
'Tis you; O faithful servant, true and tried,
Your master's friend, his guardian, and his guide,
O rapid Rein-deer, by your aid he goes
O'er icy mountains, and eternal snows,
To you, though long delay'd, and lingering long,
Flows the due verse, and flows the promis'd song,
You all his pains and labours more than share,
Promote his pleasure, and partake his care.

'Tis

'Tis through your aid the boundless plain is past,
 Whilst songs of joy deceive the dreary waste;
 Call'd by the voice of Love, the deserts o'er,
 Swiftly you waft him to his Orra Moor*:
 You cheer your master in the hour of toil,
 And make the face of Melancholy smile;
 Possess'd of you, so great your power to bless,
 The shivering boor forgets his wretchedness,
 And all the terrors which his land deform,
 Th' unvarying winter and th' unceasing storm.
 Possess'd of you, O subject of my strains,
 He covers not the joys of happier plains.
 And if perchance some travell'd stranger, led
 By Fortune, seek his hospitable shed,
 When on the hearth at eve their fire they raise,
 And wake with eager breath the latent blaze,
 And when around gay mirth and jests prevail,
 He pays his kindly host with many a tale,
 And tells of various lands and happy swains,
 The neighbours of the sun, and fertile plains:
 He hears, unenvying, while the tale is told
 Of groves which glow with vegetable gold,
 Of flowers whose potent fragrance scents the gale,
 Of self-sown crops, and fruits untaught to fail,
 Of smiling seas which hush'd in silence sleep,
 Where never storms disturb the tranquil deep;
 And of bright suns unconscious of decay,
 Which give, unveil'd by clouds, unceasing day.
 But bless'd with you, O subject of my song,
 Joy cheers your master all his woes among.

* See the Spectator, vol. V. No. 366. J.

Unenvied all the blifs which Fate retains
 For favour'd Europe and her filken swains,
 And idly vain and paſſing light they ſeem,
 Your ſervices are luxury to him :
 And if, in thought's moſt ſober hour, his view
 Upward he lifts, and thinks that praiſe is due,
 He thanks kind Heaven the moſt for having given
 him you.

T H E M O R N I N G.

T O A M Y N T A.

HAIL, to the light, the day, and thee, my dear ;
 Thee, my deluding, amorous, midnight dream,
 Though abſent, to my ſoul thou 'rt always near,
 My night's laſt thought, and now my morning theme.
 As ſweet and comforting as breaking day,
 Thy pleaſing form's now preſent to my view ;
 All gloomy thoughts like darkneſs fly away,
 Thou and the breaking day are clear and new.
 Birds never loſe the morning : why ſhould we
 Waſte in dull ſleep more moments than we ought ?
 Thus ſtill I 'll riſe to meet the day and thee,
 So lovers by the wakeful birds are taught.
 Are taught to ſing and love, thus we below
 Praſtiſe th' employment of the bleſt above ;
 Divines and Poets join to let us know
 Their work and pleaſure are to ſing and love.

SURREY TRIUMPHANT:
OR THE KENTISH-MENS' DEFEAT.

A NEW BALLAD;

BEING A PARODY ON CHEVY-CHACE*.

BY J. DUNCOMBE, M. A. 1773.

“ — — — — Vicisti, et victum tendere nummos

“ *Cantiaci vidêre —*” VIRG. *ÆN.* xii. variat.

“ And swift flew the cricket-ball over the lawn.” ANON.

*G*OD prosper long our harvest-work,
Our rakes and hay-carts all!

An ill-tim'd cricket-match *there did*

At Bishopsbourn *befall.*

To bat and bowl *with* might and main

Two Nobles *took* their *way*;

The hay *may* rue, *that is* unhous'd,

The batting of *that* day.

The

* “ The greatest modern Critics,” says Mr. Addison, (*Spectator*, N^o 70), “ have laid it down as a rule, that an “ Heroic Poem should be founded upon some important pre-
“ cept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country
“ in which the Poet writes;” and then proceeds to shew that the plans of the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and *ChevyChace*, are “ all formed in this view.” In humble imitation of those great masters, the author of the following Parody begs
leave

The active Earl of Tankerville

An even bet *did make,*

That in Bourn paddock he would cause

Kent's *chiefest* hands to quake;

To see the Surrey cricketers

Out-bat them and out-howl.

To Dorset's Duke the tidings came,

All *in* the park of Knowle :

Who sent his Lordship present word,

He would prevent his sport.

The Surrey Earl, not fearing this,

Did to East-Kent resort;

With ten more masters of the bat,

All chosen men of might,

Who knew full well, in time of need,

To aim or block aright.

[From Marsh and Weald, their hay-forks left,

To Bourn the rustics hied,

From Romney, Cranbrook, Tenterden,

And Darent's verdant side :

leave to observe, that he has a farther view than merely tracing the outline of a most beautiful original, and indulging an innocent pleasantry, which has strict truth for its foundation; it being his intention to convey, at the same time, a moral precept of no small importance to his country neighbours, which the reader may collect from several of the stanzas.—All the words printed in Italics are taken from Chevy-Chace. D.

Gentle

Gentle and simple, 'squires and clerks,
 With many a lady fair,
 Fam'd Thanet *, Fowell's beauteous bride,
 And graceful Sondes * were there.]

The Surrey sportsmen chose the ground,
 The ball did *swiftly* fly;
On Monday they began to play,
 Before the grass was dry;

And long ere supper-time they did
 Near fourscore notches gain;
Then having slept, they, in their turn,
 Stopp'd, caught, and bowl'd amain.

The fieldmen, station'd on the lawn,
Well able to endure,
 Their loins with snow-white fatten vests
That day had guarded sure.

Full fast the Kentish wickets fell,
 While Higham house and mill,
 And Barham's upland down, *with shouts*
Did make an echo shrill.

Sir Horace † from *the dinner went,*
To view the tender ground;
Quoth he, "This last untoward shower
"Our stumps has almost drown'd:

"If that I thought, 'twould not be dry,
"No longer would I play."
With that, a shrewd young gentleman
Thus to the Knight did say: "Lo!

* Two amiable peereffes, now no more! D.

† Mann, knight. D.

“ *Lo ! yonder doth the sun appear,*
 “ *And soon will shine forth bright,*
 “ *The level lawn, and slippery ground*
 “ *All drying in our sight ;*

“ *Not bating ev’n the river banks*
 “ *Fast by yon pleasant mead.”*
 “ *Then cease disputing,*” Lumpey said,
 “ *And take your bats with speed :*

“ *And now with me, my countrymen,*
 “ *Let all your skill be shown,*
 “ *For never was there bowler yet,*
 “ *In Kent or Surrey known,*

“ *That ever did a bale dislodge,*
 “ *Since first I play’d a match,*
 “ *But I durst wager, hand for hand,*
 “ *With him to bowl or catch.”*

“ *Young Dorset, like a Baron bold,*
 His jetty hair undrest,
 Ran foremost of the company,
 Clad in a milk-white vest :

“ *Shew me,*” he said, “ *one spot that’s dry,*
 “ *Where we can safely run ;*
 “ *Or else, with my consent, we’ll wait*
 “ *To-morrow’s rising fun.”*

The man that first did answer make,
 Was noble Tankerville ;
 Who said, “ *To play, I do declare,*
 “ *There only wants the will :*

“ *Move*

- "Move but the stumps, a spot I'll find
 "As dry as Farley's * board."
 "Our records," quoth the Knight, "for this
 "No precedent afford.
 "Ere thus I will out-braved be,
 "All hazards I'll defy:
 "I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
 "And so not yet am I.
 "But trust me, Charles, it pity were,
 "And great offence, to kill
 "With colds or sprains these harmless men,
 "For they have done no ill.
 "Let us at single wicket play,
 "And set our men aside."
 "Run out be he," reply'd the Earl,
 "By whom this is deny'd!"
 Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,
 Bartholomew was his name,
 Who said, "I would not have it told
 "On Clandon-down for shame,
 "That Tankerville e'er play'd alone,
 "And I stood looking on:
 "You are a Knight, Sir, you an Earl,
 "And I a Vicar's son:
 "I'll do the best, that do I may,
 "While I have power to stand;
 "While I have power to wield my bat,
 "I'll play with heart and hand."

* The master of the ordinary. D.

The Surrey bowlers *bent their backs,*
Their aims were good and true,
 And every ball that 'scap'd the bat,
 A wicket overthrew.

To drive the ball beyond the booths,
 Duke Dorset *had the bent;*
 Woods, mov'd at length *with mickle pride,*
The stumps to shivers sent.

They ran full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
 And many a ball that mounted high,
 Ne'er lighted on the ground.

In truth, *it was a grief to see,*
And likewise for to bear,
 The cries of odds that offer'd were,
 And flighted every where.

At last, Sir Horace took the field,
A batter of great might;
 Mov'd like a lion, he awhile
 Put Surrey in a fright:

He swung, *till both his arms did ach,*
 His bat of season'd wood,
 'Till down his azure sleeves the sweat
 Ran trickling like a flood.

"Hedge now thy bets," said Tankerville,
 "I'll then report of thee,
 "That thou art the most prudent Knight
 "That ever I did see."

Then

SURREY TRIUMPHANT. 35

Then to the Earl the Knight reply'd,

“ Thy counsel I do scorn ;

“ I with no Surrey-man will hedge,

“ That ever yet was born.”

With that, there came a ball most keen,

Out of a Surrey hand,

He struck it full, it mounted high,

But, ah ! ne'er reach'd the land.

Sir Horace spoke no words but these,

“ Play on, my merry men all ;

“ For why, my inning's at an end ;

“ The Earl has caught my ball.”

Then by the hand his Lordship took

This hero of the match,

And said, “ Sir Horace, for thy bets

“ Would I had miss'd my catch !

“ In sooth, my very heart doth bleed

“ With sorrow for thy sake ;

“ For sure, a more good-temper'd Knight

“ A match did never make.”

A 'Squire of Western Kent there was,

Who saw his friend out-caught,

And straight did vow revenge on him

Who this mischance had wrought :

A Templar he, who, in his turn,

Soon as the Earl did strike,

Ran swiftly from his stopping-place,

And gave him like for like.

Full sharp and rapid was the ball,
 Yet, *without dread or fear*,
 He caught it at arm's length, and straight
 Return'd it in the air :

With such a vehement force and might,
 It struck his callous hand,
 The sound re-echo'd round the ring,
 Through every booth and stand.

So thus were both these heroes caught,
Whose spirit none could doubt.

A Surrey 'Squire, *who saw*, with grief,
The Earl so quickly out,

Soon as the Templar, with his bat,
Made of a trusty tree,

Gave such a stroke, as, had it 'scap'd,
 Had surely gain'd him three ;

Against this well-intended ball
His hand so rightly held,

That, ere the foe could ground his bat,
 His ardour Lewis quell'd.

This game did last from Monday morn
Till Wednesday afternoon,

For when Bell Harry rung to prayers*,
The batting scarce was done.

With good Sir Horace, there was beat
Huffey of Ashford town,

Davis, for stops and catches fam'd,
 A worthy Canon's son ;

* At Canterbury Cathedral. D.

And

*And with the Mays, both Tom and Dick,
Two hands of good account,
Simmons was beat, and Miller too,
Whose bowling did surmount.*

*For Wood of Seale needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For if he e'er should play again,
It must be on his stumps*.*

*And with the Earl the conquering bat
Bartholomew did wield,
And slender Lewis, who, though sick,
Would never leave the field.*

* One of this poor man's legs was bound up, and it is feared must undergo an amputation. As the stanza here parodied has been injudiciously substituted in the later copies of Chevy-Chace, printed in 1524, the sense at the same time being so burlesqued that the Spectator dared not quote it, the original stanza, in which that absurdity is avoided, is here added from the "Old Ballad of Otterburn," printed in the reign of Henry VI. together with a parody, that the reader may take his choice:

ORIGINAL.

"For Witherington my heart was woe,
"That ever he slain should be;
"For when both his legs were hewn in two,
"Yet he kneel'd, and fought on his knee."

PARODY.

"For bare-footed Wood my heart was woe,
"That his leg bound up should be,
"For if both his legs should be cut off,
"He would kneel, and catch on his knee." D.

White, Yalding, Woods, and Stevens too,
 As Lumpey better known,
 Palmer, for batting *well esteem'd*,
 Childs, Francis, and 'Squire Stone.

Of byes and overthrows but three
 The Kentish heroes gain'd,
 And Surrey victor, on the score,
 Twice seventy-five remain'd.

Of near three *hundred* notches made
 By Surrey, eight were byes ;
The rest were balls, which, boldly struck,
 Re-echo'd to the skies.

Their husbands' woful case that night
Did many wives bewail,
Their labour, time, and money lost,
But all would not prevail.

Their sun-burnt cheeks, though bath'd in sweat,
They kiss'd, and wash'd them clean,
 And to that fatal paddock begg'd
 They ne'er would go again.

To Sevenoak town *this news was brought,*
Where Dorset has his feat,
That, on the Nalebourn's banks, his Grace
 Had met with a defeat.

"O heavy news !" the Rector said,
 "The Vine can witness be,
 "We have not any cricketer
 "Of such account as he."

Like

Like tidings, in a shorter space,

To Barham's Rector came,

That in Bourn-paddock knightly Mann

Had fairly lost the game.

"Now rest his bat," the Doctor said,

"Sith 'twill no better be,

"I trust we have, in Bishopshourn,

"Five hands as good as be.

"Yet Surrey-men shall never say,

"But Kent return will make,

"And catch or bowl them out at length,

"For her Lieutenant's sake."

This vow full well did Kent perform,

After, on Sevenoak Vine;

With fix not in, the game was won,

Though White got fifty-nine:

For Miller, Wood, and Dorset then

Display'd their wonted skill:

Thus ended the fam'd match of Bourn,

Won by Earl Tankerville.

God save the King, and bless the land

With plenty and increase;

And grant henceforth that idle games

In harvest-time may cease!

COLIN AND COLINET.

A PASTORAL POEM.

BY A. H. JUNIOR.

HARD by a gently purling stream,
Beneath a beechen shade,
The one, that sav'd from Phœbus' beam,
The other pleasant made,

Along a lonely tufted wood
Where trackless was the way,
A lowly thatch-roof'd cottage stood,
Where Colin pip'd his lay :

Far in a distant meadow green,
That smil'd with many a flower,
His tender flock he watch'd unseen,
And sung from hour to hour ;

Heedless of all, but shepherd's care,
In innocence he smil'd,
Of purest joys his daily fare,
And Mirth his time beguil'd.

Ah ! simple Colin, hadst thou known
What Fate prepar'd to bring,
Another feeling thou would'st own,
Another theme would'st sing !

Far in a neighbouring valley liv'd
A virtuous happy pair,
Whom no rude pangs of conscience griev'd,
And Colinet their care :

On her had Nature shower'd its charms,
 And Virtue fix'd her ray,
 Her beauty safe from rude alarms,
 And innocent as gay;

With envious eye the maidens leer'd,
 And some would e'en despair,
 And many a swain had sued unheard,
 'Till one preferr'd his prayer:

Nor Colin knew not Colinet,
 Nor Colinet the swain,
 'Till each by chance at noon-day met
 And felt a mutual pain.

Two simple lambs forsook her care,
 And wander'd far away,
 With Colin's flock his joy they share,
 And listen to his lay.

Two days she fought, and blew her reed
 With shrillest note to call;
 As many days with him they fed,
 Nor heard her pipe at all:

The third,—ah! happy day!—at dawn
 She skimm'd the flowery dale,
 Her oaten pipe fill'd every lawn,
 But tears, nor pipe prevail;

'Till Colin heard her distant note,
 And answer'd to her moan;
 And instant blew his warbling lute,
 That breath'd but love alone.

Swift to the sound, each gladly came,
 And happily were met,
 Said he, "Young Colin is my name,"
 And she, "I'm Colinet;

Two lambs I seek, that far have stray'd,
 And left their peaceful home;
 For them both eve and morn I've pray'd;
 Ah! whither could they roam?"

"Fair nymph, two lambs has Colin found,
 At brink of yonder rill,
 With me they fed till thy lute's sound
 Re-echoed o'er the hill.

Conscious they knew thy friendly call,
 And each would skip and play,
 On me no more they smil'd at all,
 Nor listen'd to my lay."

Then by the hand he led the maid,
 To where they listening stood;
 And each around his mistress play'd,
 A mistress kind and good.

Home she return'd with joyful face,
 But pensive oft', and slow:
 A modest blush suffus'd new grace,
 And bade soft tears to flow.

Down on the grass poor Colin sat,
 Nor either glee he sung,
 He heav'd a sigh to dubious fate,
 His lute neglected hung.

Next

Next day, I know not how it fell,
Each flock would graze hard-by;
The next,—alas! I cannot tell,
They haply came more nigh.

To Colinet he tun'd his flute,
To Colin oft' he sung;
No more he strove to hide his lute,
That once neglected hung.

Their joy dispell'd each evening fear,
And silenc'd every knell,
Another tale would Netta hear,
Another, Colin tell;

Too soon returning dusk came on;
Too short this welcome day,
The night her starry robe put on
The silver moon her sway.

At home, suspecting anxious Doubt
Had brooded thousand ills;
Affection thus finds Sorrow out,
The heart with anguish fills!

Each fearful tongue, too oft would ask,
What she would e'en refuse,
As oft she shunn'd the painful task
So oft' they shun excuse;

The father gravely fought reply,
And talk'd of Virtue's laws;
The daughter told with heart-felt sigh,
That Colin was the cause!

Next

Next day would Lobin tend his flock,

And Colinet should stay ;

Ah ! who can tell this woeful shock,

Or think, how long this day !

But Colin found the good old man,

And told his amorous tale,

With anxious fear both pale and wan ;

But tears at last prevail ;

“ I ’ve got, said Colin, twenty sheep,

A cot, a dog, a reed,

A bed of skins whereon I sleep,

On milk and cheese I feed.

For Colinet my all, I vow,

A little store I ’ll make,

And she shall milk my lowing cow,

And oaten bread shall bake !”

At night old Lobin took his way,

Full glad to tell his tale,

And tender blessings close the day,

For Colin’s tears prevail.

Some pleasures give superior joy

Than sleep can ever prove,

And mutual passions seldom cloy ;

These are the gifts of love.

Next morn, th’ indulgent parents went,

Young Colin soon to find ;

Another way their lass they sent,

But she would lag behind :

With

With faltering step poor Colin flew,
 To hear his dubious fate;
 But soon his gladdening pipe he blew,
 And call'd his lovely mate:

Says Lobin Clout, "Unto thy store,
 Here 's five young fruitful ewes,
 Be good, and I will promise more!"—
 And much his fondness shews:—

Then joining hands, the lad and lass
 Each vow'd a mutual flame,
 And Fortune thus had brought to pass
 A joy too high to name.

A blessing, father, mother, give,
 Which smiling Heaven ordains;
 In mutual love they envied live,
 The pattern of the plains.

O N A N O L D G A T E
 E R E C T E D I N C H I S W I C K G A R D E N S .

B Y M R. P O P E .

N O T P R I N T E D I N H I S W O R K S .

O Gate, how cam'st thou here?
Gate. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
 Batter'd with wind and weather.
 Inigo Jones put me together.
 Sir Hans Sloane
 Let me alone:
 Burlington brought me hither.

EXTEMPORE, BY MRS. HIGHMORE*,

ON SEEING A GATE CARRIED BY TWO MEN
THROUGH LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. 1743.

O Gate, where art thou going?
But it was not so knowing
As yonder Gate,
That talk'd of late.
So on it went, without reply;
At least I heard it not, not I!

ODE TO MELANCHOLY†.
TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY
WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN THE BREAST.

I.

HENCE, ye Follies, light and vain!
Hence, with Pleasure's firen train!
But come, thou Goddess sage and holy,
Sable-vested Melancholy!

* Wife of Mr. Highmore the painter, and daughter and heiress of Mr. Anthony Hiller of Effingham in Surrey. She died in the year 1750. D.

† The Author professes to have had in his eye that beautiful song of Beaumont in the "MAD LOVER," which breathes the very soul of poetry, and may possibly have the merit of suggesting the idea of "IL PENNEROSO."

"Hence all ye vain delights,

"As short as are the nights

"Wherein ye spend your folly,

"There's nought in this life sweet,

"If man were wise to see't,

"But only Melancholy;

"Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,

"A sigh that piercing mortifies, &c."

Come with sadly-plaintive sigh,
With folded hands, and heaven-ward eye;
With streaming tears that ceaseless flow,
And all the solemn suite of woe.

Here let pale-ey'd Sorrow mourn
O'er Kunigunda's honour'd urn;
Here empty all her stores of grief,
To bring a bursting heart relief.

No woes ideal court thy aid;
No love-lorn grief for faith betray'd:
Ah no! 'tis Nature heaves the sigh,
'Tis Nature bathes the filial eye.

II.

Mother of Musings, hear me tell
How valued, and how wept she fell;
How great, how good, and how serene
She liv'd superior to the sense of pain.

By Reason's and Religion's aid,
In keenest tortures undismay'd,
She own'd unerring Wisdom's hand,
And bow'd obedient to his dread command.

Oppression knew not to controul
Her native dignity of soul;
Unmov'd her conscious virtue bore
The fiercest shocks of Fortune's tyrant power.

With more than female tenderness,
She triumph'd ev'n amid distress;
With more than manly fortitude,
Look'd up to Heaven, and "saw that all was good."
Midst

'Midst every hope and comfort lost,
 A CHRISTIAN'S name was all her boast:
 This could all other wants supply,
 By this she dar'd to live, nor fear'd to die.

Unruffled in the hour of death,
 To heaven she pour'd her latest breath;
 She crown'd her character, and said,
 "Such is thy will, and be that will obey'd!"

III.

Teach me, Goddess, hence to scan
 With thee the frail estate of man;
 With thee remark this reptile vain,
 Mouldering to kindred dust again!

Teach me that life's an empty name,
 The baseless fabric of a dream;
 A weather-beaten skiff that's driven
 To make the grave — its destin'd haven.

Teach me to hope, by Virtue's lore,
 Soon to meet that form once more;
 And, like th' Arabian bird, to rise
 From kindred earth to kindred skies.

These pious truths, O Goddess, tell,
 And I with thee will chuse to dwell;
 And own, in spite of noise and folly,
 "There's nought so dainty sweet as lovely Melan-
 "choly *."

1760.

* A line of Beaumont's.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
THE PRINCESS ROYAL WITH
THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.
BY MR. ROBERT LOWTH,
(NOW LORD BISHOP OF LONDON).

DILECTAM Veneri purpureus facem
Optatus thalamis Hesperus extulit :

Prodit Virgo ; decoro

Prodit pulchrior Hespero :

Æqualis comitum subsequitur cohors ;

Læto Sponsus adest cum Juvenum choro ;

Lætis rite Puellæ

Respondent Juvenum modis.

JUV. Quid, Virgo, metuis ? cur cupidum Tui
Dejectas lachrymis sparsa genas times ?
Vanos mitte timores,
Splendentesque oculos leva.

PUEL. Quid tantum properas † ? num Tibi languida
Subrepat subitus, Sponse, sopor ? Torus
Maturatur ; ocellos
Paulum somno hebetes leva.

JUV. Felix conjugio, Virgo ! Tuum in sinum
Mollem Nassovium illustre genus venit ;
Quo non clarius ullum
Nomen fama canit vetus.

* From the " Epithalamia Oxoniensia in illustrissimorum Principum Gulielmi Caroli Henrici Arausionensis, Annæque Britannicæ Nuptias. Oxonii. 1734." K.

† Vid. Theocr. xviii, 9. N.

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E

PUEL.

PUEL. Felix conjugio, Sponse! ita me male
 Di perdant, Veneri si quid adhuc tuæ
 Par, aut mane resurgens
 Sol, aut viderit occidens.

JUV. Nassavum patriorum æquat honoribus
 Heroum Auriaci plurima sanguinis
 Virtus, atque tuendæ
 Libertatis amor ferox.

PUEL. Major foeminea laude amat arduas
 Explorare vias Anna scientiæ,
 Efformata capacem
 Maternis animum artibus.

JUV. At nunc Vos aliò mollis Amor vocat;
 Faustis ite avibus: mox date mutui
 Charum pignus amoris
 Spem magnæ Puerum domus.

PUEL. Aut quæ jam referat parvula primulum,
 Pulchellis oculis, ore venustulo,
 Pulchros Matris ocellos,
 Rîsus Matris amabiles.

ROB. LOWTH, A. B. *Coll. Novi Socius.*

ON THE DEATH OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY THE SAME.

ENOUGH of fruitless plaint, and sorrows vain.
 If yet the tuneful verse, and heavenly strain,
 Could Nature's course and Fate's strong purpose stay,
 And give new spirit to the lifeless clay, The

* From the "Epicedia Oxoniensia in Obitum celsissimi &
 desideratissimi Frederici Principis Walliæ. Oxonii. 1751." K.

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DEATH. 67

The Muse, well-skill'd in every charm of sound,
Had drawn thy listening oaks in crowds around;
Thy streams, O Isis, had forgot to flow,
And her sweet song had bent the powers below.

But still 'tis hers, nor fabulous the claim,
To crown with deathless praise the hero's name;
To trace each feature of the godlike mind,
Friend to the world, and favourite of mankind;
Prompt to relieve, and to prevent distress,
Who felt no greater blessing than to bless;
Patron of Arts; who bade Britannia spread
More wide her sails, and Commerce lift her head:
And still more bright within the narrower line,
Blest shade! thy pure domestic praise shall shine,
Where to one point in mingled lustre ran
The rays of Husband, Father, Friend, and Man.
The verse shall live: and through the length of time
Reach every future age, and distant clime;
The fair example other realms adorn,
And warm to virtue princes yet unborn.
Hence tears undue from foreign eyes shall flow;
Hence kindred hearts shall learn to sooth their woe:
The Sire's great soul, in each hard moment tried,
Shall yield to Heaven, and say, "I'm satisfied:"
The brother's voice the just applause shall join;
"Such was my Frederick's praise, and such be mine."
This ev'n Augusta shall sustain to hear,
And mix with tender joy the silent tear;
While the dear objects of her cares around
Shall pant, exult, and tremble at the sound;

The sacred name their eager thoughts shall raise,
And fire each little breast to reach his father's praise *.

But thou, young Prince, whom kinder fates approve,
Whom George embraces with a father's love,
Britain's chief care; since Heaven's severe decree
Has fix'd too soon our second hopes on thee;
Be thou the first to catch the generous fire;
Assert thyself, and give us back thy fire:
With sacred arts intent to store thy breast,
To bid thy Britain, and the world be blest;
Studious by great, by gracious acts, to move
Their loud acclaim, but more to win their love.
And know, that monarchs were by Heaven design'd
The guardians, and the parents of mankind:
Victims of power, devoted to the throne,
To make the cares of multitudes their own:
Lost to themselves; to private joy, and ease,
The hopes, the fears, the very griefs that please;
By others' wants, and others' woes oppress'd;
But in the public good supremely blest'd.
Be this thine aim: nor think true greatness lies
In regal pomp, the gaze of vulgar eyes;
The cumbrous trappings of imperial state:
Be wise, be just, be good, and thou art great.
But far, far banish'd from thy young desires
Be Conquest's charms, and fierce Ambition's fires,
The rage of wanton Power, and lawless Sway!
Hear thou the Muse, for Truth inspires her lay.

* The propriety of the two first paragraphs will appear when the Reader is acquainted that this was the concluding poem of the Collection. N.

Nature,

Nature, emerging from the Flood, began
 To spread o'er earth a second race of man :
 With equal steps advancing, human Pride
 Rais'd unappall'd her head, and Heaven defied.
 Th' Almighty saw, displeas'd : and to pursue
 With well-weigh'd vengeance the presumptuous crew,
 Against themselves he turn'd their impious rage,
 And bade Ambition waste the rising age.
 From deepest hell uprose th' aspiring fiend ;
 Havock and Spoil her horrid steps attend ;
 Dire Lust of war puff'd up with noise Fame ;
 Low-minded Fraud, and proud Oppression came :
 Last, but most hateful of th' infernal train,
 Foul Slavery crouch'd, and patient dragg'd her chain.

To rouse the lion in the hardy chace,
 To quell the tiger's wide-destroying race,
 Had been the hero's task ; the sylvan spoil
 Adorn'd his triumph, and repaid his toil.
 Now dire Ambition urg'd his eager mind
 On nobler game, the chace of human kind.
 Forth from his wilds, and from the savage prey,
 A fiercer monster, Nimrod, took his way :
 The furious hunter, great in lawless might,
 Led his rude bands to rapine, rage, and fight :
 Aw'd with new fears, before his wasting sword
 The nations trembled, and confess'd their Lord.
 Then rose, mid streams of blood and hills of slain,
 The first proud Babel of tyrannic reign.

Yet Pride unquell'd her bold assaults renew'd ;
 Vengeance as oft the daring crime pursu'd ;

As oft Ambition wav'd her flaming rod :
Some chief went forth, the dreadful scourge of God.
If storms unequal to the guilt were found,
If dearth in vain had breath'd destruction round,
Earth whelm'd whole cities in her bursting womb,
Plague swept whole nations to the crowded tomb;
Nor yet proud man obey'd : th' Almighty fire
Then bar'd his arm, and rising in his ire,
Aim'd high the blow : — but dropping from his hand
His own red lightning, and three-forked brand,
To Philip's son, or Cæsar's sword consign'd
The task, more sharply to chastise mankind ;
Rous'd dire Mohammed's fierce fanatic rage ;
Loos'd the mad Swede to lash an impious age ;
Bade some wild Hunn their boasted arts confound,
Or some vain Louis vex the nations round :
Who still, returning from th' ensanguin'd plain,
With carnage gorg'd, and reeking from the slain,
Found Conscript Slaves the trophied arch to raise,
Crowds to admire, and venal bards to praise.

Let no such frantic thirst thy soul enflame
Of hateful glory and of guilty fame.
Britain from thee no such mean triumphs craves :
Britain disdains a subject world—of slaves.
To make the welfare of mankind her care ;
To conquer but to save, redress, and spare ;
Right, public faith, and commerce to maintain,
Join distant lands, and open all the main ;
Science to spread ; to cherish arts of peace ;
To bind in one free state all human race ;

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DEATH. 71

To curb th' oppressor, and th' oppress'd to raise :
Such Britain's boast, and such her monarch's praise.
With conscious pride the Nine approach the throne,
Resound his praises, and advance their own.

Nor thou, young Prince, the sacred choir disdain :
Wisdom brings up, though Pleasure lead the train.
With gentlest hand the Muse shall form thy youth,
Bid Science smile, and smoothe the brow of Truth ;
Point the rough way to Virtue's steep abode,
Make plain th' ascent, and strew with flowers the road.
In her bright mirror to thy wondering eyes
Shall mystic forms, and pleasing shadows rise :
There thou the Fair, the Good, express'd shalt see ;
What to pursue shalt learn, and what to flee ;
How Passions torture and debase the mind ;
How Virtue blesses and exalts mankind ;
See her confess'd in native beauty shine,
And in thy life transcribe the fair design.
Then shall the Muse record thine honour'd name,
And crown those virtues, she inspir'd, with fame.

Nor scorn her aid, nor thou thy smile refuse :
The Muse shall grace thy reign ; do thou protect the
Muse.

ROBERT LOWTH, M. A. of New College,
Professor of Poetry.

O D E *.

VANÆ fit arti, fit studio modus,
 Formosa Virgo, fit speculo quies;
 Curamque quærendi decoris
 Mitte, supervacuosque cultus.

Ut fortuitis verna coloribus
 Distincta vulgo rura magis placent,
 Nec invident horto nitenti

Divitias operosiores :

Blandoque fons cum murmure pulchrius
 Obliquat ultro præcipitem fugam, et
 Inter reluctantes lapillos

Ducit aquas temerè sequentes :

Ut fontium inter murmura & arborum
 Lenes fusurros dulce sonant aves ;

Et arte nulla, gratiores

Ingeminant sine lege cantus :

Nativa sic Te gratia, Te nitor

Simplex decebit, Te veneres Tuæ:

Nudus Cupido suspicatur

Artifices nimis apparatus.

Ergo fluentem Tu, male sedula,

Ne sæva inuras semper acu comam ;

Neu sparsa odorato nitentes

Pulvere dedecores capillos ;

* A translation of this beautiful Ode has been already printed in vol. VI. p. 21.—The Editor has been favoured by a Friend with a correct copy of the original. N.

Qua

Quales nec olim vel Ptolemæia
 Jactavit Uxor ; fidereo in choro
 Utcunque devotæ refulgent
 Verticis exuviæ decori ;
 Nec Diva Mater, cum similem Tuæ
 Mentita formam, & pulchrior aspici,
 Permittit incomptas protervis
 Fusa comas agitare ventis.

E P I T A P H, B Y B P. L O W T H,

TO THE MEMORY OF A DAUGHTER,

IN THE CHURCH OF CUDDESDEN, OXFORDSHIRE

CARA, vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,
 Et plusquam natæ nomine cara, vale !
 Cara Maria, vale ! at veniet felicius ævum,
 Quando iterum tecum, fim modo dignus, ero.
 “ Cara, redi,” læta tum dicam voce, “ paternos
 “ Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi !”

TRANSLATION, BY J. DUNCOMBE, M. A.

DEARER than daughter, parallel'd by few
 In genius, goodness, modesty, adieu !
 Adieu, Maria !—till that day more blest,
 When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest !
 “ Come then,” thy Sire will cry, in joyful strain,
 “ O come to my paternal arms again !”

ON THE DEATH OF K. GEORGE I.

AND INAUGURATION OF GEORGE II*.

BY GLOSTER RIDLEY†, AFTERWARDS D. D.

HER public loss let learned grief bemoan
 In foreign pomp, to British ears unknown;
 (Though justly due such rich display of woe
 To him, whose bounty taught those tears to flow)

While

* From "*Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis in Obitum fere-
 nissimi Regis Georgii I. et Gratulatio in augustissimi Regis
 Georgii II. Inaugurationem. Oxonii, 1727.*" K.

† This worthy Divine was descended collaterally from Dr. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who was burnt in the reign of Queen Mary. He was born at sea, in the year 1702, on board the Gloucester East Indiaman, to which circumstance he was indebted for his christian name. He received his education at Winchester school, and from thence was elected to a fellowship at New College, Oxford, where he proceeded B. C. L. April 29, 1729. In those two seminaries he cultivated an early acquaintance with the Muses, and laid the foundation of those elegant and solid acquirements for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished, as a Poet, an Historian, and a Divine. During a vacation in 1728, he joined with four friends (Mr. Thomas Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of Kildare, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Eyre, Mr. Morison, and Mr. Jennens) in writing a tragedy called "*The Fruitless Redress,*" each undertaking an act on a plan previously concerted; and when they delivered in their several proportions at their meeting in the winter, few readers would have known that the whole was not the production

While in less finish'd strains the ravish'd breast,
 Full, and impatient of it's royal guest,
 Swells to discharge the cumberous joy, nor stays
 To deck with foreign spoils it's native lays.
 Proud of untutor'd numbers, void of art,
 True Britons speak a language from the heart.

And

duction of a single hand. This tragedy, which was offered to Mr. Wilks, but never acted, is still in MS. in the hands of his family; with "Jugurtha," of which a specimen shall be given in p. 82. Dr. Ridley in his youth was much addicted to theatrical performances. Midhurst in Suffex was the place where they were exhibited; and the company of gentlemen actors to which he belonged consisted chiefly of his coadjutors in the tragedy already mentioned. He is said to have performed the characters of Marc Antony, Jaffier, Horatio, and Monefes, with distinguished applause, a circumstance that will be readily believed by those who are no strangers to his judicious and graceful manner of speaking in the pulpit. Young Cibber, being likewise a Wykehamist, called on Dr. Ridley soon after he had been appointed chaplain to the East India Company at Poplar, and would have persuaded him to quit the church for the stage. For great part of his life he had no other preferment than the small college living of Weston Longueville in Norfolk, and the donative of Poplar in Middlesex, where he resided. To these his college added, some years after, the donative of Rumford in Essex. "Between those two places the curricule of his life rolled (as he expressed it) for some time almost perpetually upon post-chaise wheels, and left him not time for even the proper studies of œconomy, or the necessary ones of his profession." Yet in this obscure situation he remained in possession of,

And now most just our homage, who obtain
 From you, great Sir, our powers of speech again;
 From hence let every British Muse employ
 Her loosen'd tongue in grateful songs of joy;

With

of, and content with, domestic happiness; and was honoured with the intimate friendship of some who were not less distinguished for learning than for worth: among whom, it may be sufficient to mention Dr. Lowth (now Bishop of London), Mr. Pitt, Mr. Spence, and Dr. Berriman. To the last of these he was curate and executor, and preached his funeral sermon. In 1740 and 1741 he preached eight Sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture, which were published in 1742, 8vo. In 1756 (it is said) he declined an offer of going to Ireland as first chaplain to the duke of Bedford; in return for which he was to have had the choice of promotion, either at Christ Church, Canterbury, Westminster, or Windsor. His modesty inducing him to leave the choice of these to his patron, the consequence was that he obtained no one of them all. In 1763 he published the "Life of Bp. Ridley," in quarto, by subscription, and cleared by it as much as bought him 800 l. in the public funds. In the latter part of his life he had the misfortune to lose both his sons, each of them a youth of abilities. The elder, James, was author of, 1. "The Tales of the Genii;" 2. a humorous paper called "The Schemer," first printed in the London Chronicle, and since collected into a volume; 3. "The History of James Lovegrove, esq;" and some other literary performances. Thomas, the younger, was sent by the East India Company as a writer to Madras, where he was no sooner settled than he died of the small pox. In 1765, Dr. Ridley published his "Review of Philips's Life of Cardinal Pole;"

and

With generous pride and honest scorn refuse
 T' import the flatteries of a Roman Muse.
 To Albion's King when we our homage pay,
 Shall slaves instruct a Briton what to say?
 Shall

and in 1768, in reward for his labours in this controversy, and in another which *The Confessional* produced, he was presented by Archbishop Secker to a golden prebend in the cathedral church of Salisbury (an option), the only reward he received from the Great, during a long, useful, and laborious life, devoted to the duties of his function. At length, worn out with infirmities, he departed this life in 1774, leaving a widow and four daughters, of whom the only married one (Mrs. Evans) has published several novels. He was buried at Poplar; and the following Epitaph, written by his learned and worthy friend the present Bishop of London, is inscribed upon his monument:

“ H. S. E.

GLOSTERUS RIDLEY,

Vir optimus, integerrimus;

Verbi Divini Minister

Peritus, fidelis, indefessus;

Ab Academiâ Oxoniensi

Pro meritis, et præter ordinem,

In sacrâ Theologiâ Doctoratu insignitus.

Poeta natus,

Oratoriæ facultati impensius studuit.

Quam fuerat in concionando facundus,

Plurimorum animis diu infidebit;

Quam variâ eruditione instructus,

Scripta ipsius semper testabuntur.

Obiit tertio die mensis Novembris,

A. D. 1774, Ætatis 72.”

Shall we their venal honours ranfack o'er,
 And George in Cæfar's borrow'd fame adore ?
 Rich of himself he casts a purer blaze ;
 Nor shares with tyrants a divided praise.
 The sweets of freedom were to Rome unknown,
 The growth and produce of this clime alone.
 Then, England, conscious of thy happiness,
 What thy heart dictates, let thy tongue express :
 Break into joy, pour forth thy untaught praise,
 Through all thy tribes long-echo'd pæans raise :
 Yon crouded scene of present joys explore,
 Then view unnumber'd blessings yet in store,
 And live with pleasure future ages o'er.

Two poems by Dr. Ridley, one styled "Jovi Eleutherio, or
 "an Offering to Liberty," the other called "Psyche," are
 in the third volume of Doddsley's Collection. The sequel of
 the latter poem, intituled "Melampus," with "Psyche" its
 natural introduction, is now printing by subscription, for the
 benefit of his widow. Besides the Sermons abovementioned,
 nine others by him are enumerated in Gent. Mag. 1774.
 p. 508, and 554. His transcript of the Syriac Gospels,
 on which he had bestowed incredible pains, were put into
 the hands of Professor White ; who has published them with
 a literal Latin Translation, in two volumes 4to. Oxford, at
 the expence of the Delegates of the press. The MSS. Co-
 dex Heraclensis, Codex Barsalibæi, &c. (of which a parti-
 cular account may be seen in his Dissertation "De Syri-
 acarum Novi Fœderis versionum indole atque usu, 1761.",
 were bequeathed by Dr. Ridley to the Library of New Col-
 lege, Oxford. Of these ancient MSS. a fac-simile specimen
 was published in his Dissertation above mentioned. A copy
 of "The Confessional, with MS. Notes by Dr. Ridley,"
 was in the library of the late Dr. Winchester. N.

ON THE DEATH OF K. GEORGE I. 79

In you, great Sir, such numerous gifts display'd,
Shine forth, we seem to want no further aid :
Yet from your Virtue, pious Queen, arise
Such hopes, we number Heaven with our allies.
Britons securely hope deserv'd success,
While George shall reign, and Caroline shall bless.

GLOSTER RIDLEY, *Fellow of New College.*

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY,
FROM DR. RIDLEY TO MR. SPENCE,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, B. IV. ODE XII.

NOW, waiting on the Spring, soft gales
Smooth the rough waves, and fill the sails,
The fields are green ; the river flows,
Disburthen'd of its ice and snows.

Now does the nightingale return,
In sadly pleasing notes to mourn
Th' unhappy boy too rashly slain !
And wakens all her griefs again.

The shepherds, stretch'd the grass along,
Indulge the chearful pipe and song ;
Pan, patron of Arcadian swains,
Well-pleas'd, might listen to their strains.

Heat brings on drought : yet, friend, scot-free
Think not to quench your thirst with me.
You are so us'd with lords to dine ! —
—I can't afford it : — earn your wine.

Clap

Clap in your pocket prose or verse,
And freely then my hoghead pierce:
Drink, till new warmth inspire our hopes
To laugh at Grand Monarques and Popes.

On terms like these if you consent,
Haste here, and bring th' equivalent:
I am no lord; nor think it fit
To sell my wine for less than wit.

Come, let the press stand still a day:
True wisdom must have some allay,
To make it sterling; time and place
Give Folly's self a pleasing grace.

O N A N U R N*,
DUG UP AT NORTH ELMHAM IN NORFOLK†,
IN AN OLD ROMAN BURIAL GROUND.

B Y D R. R I D L E Y. 1743.

T H E G H O S T S P E A K S.

TRIFLING mortal, tell me why
Thou hast disturb'd my urn?

Want'st thou to find out what am I?

Vain man, attend and learn!

To

* This urn was given by Dr. Ridley to George Steevens, esq. and it still (1780) remains in the hands of a Friend. N.

† North Elmham is famous for the many urns dug up there, and many are supposed to be yet in the earth. The ruins of the old palace still remain at this place, and the scite of the cathedral is visible. See "British Topography," vol II. p. 30. Weston and its rector, and North Elmham, are mentioned in Whaley's "Journey to Houghton," vol. VI. p. 188. N.

What glittering honours or high trust
 Once dignified me here,
 Were characters imprest on dust,
 Which quickly disappear.

Nor will the sparkling atoms show
 A Clodius* or a Guelph :
 Vain search ! if here the source thou'dst know
 Of nobles or thyself.

The mould will yield no evidence,
 By which thou may'st divine,
 If lords or beggars issued thence,
 And fill'd the ancient line.

Learn then the vanity of birth,
 Condition, honours, name ;
 All are but made of common earth,
 The substance just the same.

Bid Avarice and Ambition view
 Th' extent of all their gains ;
 Themselves and their possessions too
 A gallon-pot contains.

Haste, lift thy thoughts from earthly things
 To more substantial bliss,
 And leave that groveling pride to kings,
 Which ends in dirt like this.

Let Virtue be thy radiant guide,
 'Twill dignify thy clay ;
 And raise thy ashes glorified,
 When suns shall fade away.

* One of the most noble and ancient families in Rome. R.

To know what letters spelt my name,
Is useless quite to thee;
An heap of dust is all I am,
And all that thou shalt be.

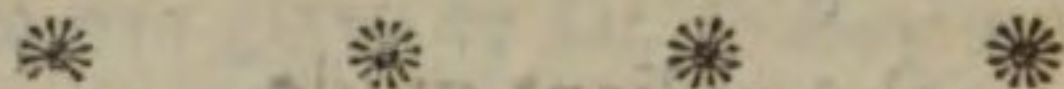
Go now, that heap of dust explore,
Measure its grains, or weigh;
Canst thou the titles which I bore
Distinguish in the clay?

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS

FROM JUGURTHA, A PHILOSOPHICAL DRAMA,

B Y D R. R I D L E Y.

JUGURTHA's wealth has poison'd half the state.
Our consuls sell the majesty of Rome
For base Numidian counters. The bought senate
Let out their mercenary votes for hire,
Slaves to a foreign prince, an African;
And move as he directs. Our generals,
Like Brennus, cast their swords into the scale
To be weigh'd down by gold. Alas! my Sylla,
It almost grieves me to be called a Roman.



WHILE passions guide us, 'tis by chance, not choice
That we do well. 'Tis splendid vice at best,
Or accidental virtue.

* See some other specimens of Jugurtha, in Gent. Mag.
1774, p. 555. N.

ON A COUNTRY VICAR*
 CARRYING HIS WIFE BEHIND HIM,
 TO VISIT HIS PARISHIONERS.
 BY MR. —, OF BRAZEN NOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN fouthern climes there lies a village,
 Where oft the vicar, fond to pillage,
 Sallies with gun aloft on shoulder,
 (Orlando's self could ne'er look bolder)
 With which, well ramm'd with proper cartridge,
 He knocks down apples, or a partridge;
 And whilst o'er all his neighbours' ground,
 Striding, he throws his eyes around,
 Surveying, with a look most blithe,
 The growing riches of his tithe,
 Minds not the game for which he's beating;
 But, to prevent his flock from cheating,
 Looks in each yard with jealous eye,
 With care examines every stye,
 Numbers the cows, observes their udders,
 And at the dread of losing shudders.
 " His composition's low; the butter
 " From so much milk"—he can but mutter.
 He counts the poultry, large and fine,
 " Forty and five, then four are mine."
 But when the vernal season came,
 And took him from pursuit of game,
 A sudden thought of his condition
 Induc'd him to an expedition;

* Mr. Fawkes, Vicar of Orpington, &c. See p. 88. N.

An expedition of great moment,
Which sing I must, let what will come on 't.
Scratching his head one day in strong fort,
Then turning short upon his consort,
“ My joy, quoth he, now things are dearish,
To make some visits in the parish
I think can never be amiss;
As for my reason, it is this:
Some farms, you know, lie very distant,
At which I seldom am a vis'tant;
And, now the shooting season's over,
Cannot so readily discover
If any sharp or filching wight
Should cheat us of our lawful right;
Nor have we any means to hear how
Soon they expect a sow to farrow.
Besides, my dearest, should they cheat us,
We shall get something when they treat us;
And save at home the spit and pot;
A penny sav'd 's a penny got.”

While thus, with all his oratory,
He labour'd through the pleasing story;
Ma'am by his side was all attention,
Delighted with his good invention;
Admir'd, and prais'd, then seal'd his bliss
With joyous matrimonial kifs.
And soon the loving pair agreed
By this same system to proceed;
And through the parish, with their how d' ye,
Go to each gaffer and each goody.

‘Twas

'Twas then resolv'd, that first of all
 They pay a visit at E—t Hall;
 And William 's order'd, to save trouble,
 To get a steed that carries double.
 A neighbour's palfry, small and pretty,
 Is borrow'd for the use of Kitty.
 All things provided, out they stalk;
 Poor Dobbin wishes them at York;
 Then mount and sally in great state,
 William before, behind them Kate;
 When thus he entertains his spouse
 With observations on each house,
 Each field and orchard, as they ride,
 Looking and pointing on each side;
 Remarking whence his profits rise,
 And where he gets the best supplies.
 ' That house is manag'd ill, my dear,
 It scarce affords a pig a year:
 ' This orchard 's good, but, were it wider,
 ' Twould yield a hoghead of good cyder."
 With joy he shews where turnips grew,
 And tells what profits thence accrue;
 But looks with envy on each stubble,
 That nothing pays for vicar's trouble.
 Pleas'd, she admires the lambkins play,
 And loves them—when she 's told they pay.

Suppose them now arriv'd; my dame
 Runs out, enquiring how they came;
 Welcomes them in, and, after all her
 Forms are gone through, she shews her parlour.

“ Pray, Madam, take a dram ; the weather
 “ Is cold and damp, and I have either
 “ Good rum or brandy, plain or cherry ;
 “ A glafs will make you warm and merry.”

Next on the board the tea-things rattle,
 And introduce a world of prattle.

“ Your china’s pretty, I declare ;
 ’Tis pity ’tis fuch brittle ware.”—

“ Your tea is to your mind, I hope”—

“ Exceeding good”—“ Pray one more cup.”

“ Your toast is very nice ; I ’ve eat
 Till I ’m afham’d.”—“ Another bit :

The butter, Ma’am, is fresh and sweet,

Although I fay ’t, that should not fay ’t.”

After removing all the clutter

Of china, tea, and toast and butter,

Pipes and tobacco come, and beer

Preserv’d through many a rolling year ;

And currant-wine, and punch, fit liquor

To elevate the heart of vicar.

At Loo the ladies take a game,

All but my notable old dame ;

She has not time to feat her crupper,

She ’s fo intent on getting fupper.

At length it comes, a fpare-rib, large

Enough to cover a fmall barge ;

Or for (the fimile to drag on)

A tilt for any carrier’s waggon ;

Attended by a brace of chicken,

But twelve months old, for lady’s picking :

A link

A link of sausages, that seem
A boom design'd for some strong stream.

“Your chicks are very fine.”—“You flatter;
I wish they were a little fatter.

But I have two shut up, design'd
For you, Ma'am.”—“You're extremely kind.”—

‘And soon (my sow is very big)
I hope to send you a fat pig.’

(The vicar inward smil'd, to see
His scheme succeed so happily.)

And last an apple-pye appear'd,
In earthen bowl, with custard smear'd.

The cloth remov'd, the chearful glass
Begins to circulate apace :

The landlord, waxing brisk and mellow,
Becomes a hearty jovial fellow ;

And now with liquor grown full ripe,
‘Parson, you shall take t' other pipe.’—

“We must not stay; 'tis late, Sir”—‘No’—
“Well, one half pipe, and then we go.”

The pipe and liquor out, they start,
And homeward speed, with joyful heart.

He triumphs in his good success;
And she applauds his nice finess.

THE VICAR'S REPLY.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES*, M. A.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

RHYMES! blefs me! doggrel, I fuppofe,
 Penn'd by fome fon of Brazen Nofe;
 Some ftarveling bard, or curate thin,
 Whofe bones have elbow'd out his fkin;

And

* This ingenious poet, a native of Yorkfhire, had his fchool education at Leeds, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Cookfon, vicar of that parifh, from whence he was tranfplanted to Jefus College, Cambridge, where he took the degrees in arts. Entering early into holy orders, he fettled firft at Bramham in Yorkfhire, near the elegant feat of that name (Mr. Lane's), which he celebrated in verfe, in 1745, in his Poems. His firft poetical publications were Gawen Douglas's, "Descriptions of May and Winter Modernifed." Remov- ing afterwards to the curacy of Croydon in Surrey, he recom- mended himfelf to the notice of Abp. Herring, then refident there on account of his health, to whom (befides other pieces) he addreffed an Ode on his recovery in 1754, printed in Mr. Dodfley's Collection. In confequence, his Grace collated him in 1755 to the vicarage of Orpington with St. Mary Cray, in Kent; and Mr. Fawkes lamented his patron's death in 1757 in a pathetic Elegy ftyled Aurelius, firft printed with his Grace's "Seven Sermons," in 1763. He married about the fame time Mifs Purrier of Leeds. In April 1774, by the late Dr. Plumptre's favour, he exchanged his vicarage for
 the

THE VICAR'S REPLY. 39

And jogg'd him to provoke his Muse
 An honest vicar to abuse,
 Because he looks a little sleek,
 With belly fair, and rosy cheek,
 Which never but in men abound
 Of easy minds, and bodies found.
 This vicar lives so blithe and happy,
 With daily roast-meat, and ale nappy;
 With dogs to hunt, and steeds to ride,
 And wife that ambles at his side;
 Who loves no hurries, routs, nor din,
 But gently chucks her husband's chin.
 These blessings, altogether met,
 Have put lean curate in a pet,
 As meagre wine is apt to fret.
 And so this bard ecclesiastic
 One day presum'd in Hudibrastic,

the rectory of Hayes. He was also one of the chaplains to th^e Princess Dowager of Wales. He published a volume of Poems by subscription in 8vo, 1761; the "Poetical Calendar 1763," and "Poetical Magazine 1764," in conjunction with Mr. Woty; "Partridge-shooting, an Eclogue, to the Honourable Charles Yorke, 1767," 4to. and a "Family Bible," with notes, in 4to, a compilation. But his great strength lay in translation, in which, since Pope, few have equalled him. Witness his fragments of Menander (in his Poems); his "Works of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, and Musæus," 12mo, 1760; his "Idylliums of Theocritus," by subscription, 8vo, 1767; and his "Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius," by subscription also (a posthumous publication completed by the Rev. Mr. Meen of Emanuel College Cambridge) 8vo, 1780. He died August 26, 1777. D. One

One day in Lent, un-eating time,
 To prick his genius into rhyme;
 The wind fresh blowing from the south,
 And Indian vapours from his mouth:
 For smoking aids this dry divine;
 Puff follows puff, and line succeeds on line.
 His lines by puffs he 's wont to measure;
 He rhymes for drink, and puffs for pleasure.
 And as he labours for a joke,
 Out comes a puff, that ends in smoke.
 Lo! swelling into thought he fits;
 Wrapt in the rage of rhyming fits;
 Fits which are seldom known to fail,
 When full blown up with bottled ale.
 But puffy cyder 's better still,
 It always works his doggel mill;
 By which, 'tis plain to all mankind,
 His mill for verses goes by wind.
 Encourag'd thus with bouncing liquor,
 He points his wit against the vicar;
 Then grows satiric on his wife,
 The very meekest thing in life;
 And next on cunning-looking Kitty,
 And calls her palfry, not Her,—pretty.
 But why, sad poet, should you fall
 On the good woman of E—t Hall?
 Because you did not taste her supper,
 You hit her hard upon her crupper.
 Next time that I and spouse ride double,
 To save your Muse, and you too, trouble;

And

And keep my horse from being hit
With any of your waggish wit;
I'll take you in my hand along,
And thus prevent some idle song;
Cram you with custard till you choak,
And fill with punch, and not with smoke.
Mean while, to prove my honest heart,
Step down direct, and take a quart.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V. IMITATED.

TO DR. HAWKESWORTH.

BY MR. FAWKES*.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

IF you, dear Sir, will deign to pass a day
In the fair vale of Orpington and Cray,
And live for once as humble vicars do,
On Thursday I'll expect you here by two.
Expect no niceties with me to pick,
But Bansted mutton, and a barn-door chick.
My friends with generous liquors I regale,
Good port, old hock, or, if they like it, ale;
But if of richer wine you chuse a quart,
Why bring, and drink it here—with all my heart.
Plain is my furniture, as is my treat,
For 'tis my best ambition, to be neat.

* If my limits would have allowed it, I should gladly have added Mr. Fawkes's Parody of the City and Country Mouse, from Mr. Duncombe's Horace. N.

Leave then all fordid views, and hopes of gain,
 To mortals miserable, mad, or vain;
 Put the last polish to th' historic page,
 And cease awhile to moralise the age.
 By your sweet converse chear'd, the live-long day
 Will pass unnotic'd, like the stream, away.
 Why should kind Providence abundance give,
 If we, like niggards, can't afford to live?
 The wretched miser, poor 'midst heaps of pelf,
 To cram his heir, most madly starves himself—
 So will not I—give me good wine and ease,
 And let all misers call me fool that please.
 What cannot wine? it opens all the soul;
 Faint hope grows brilliant o'er the sparkling bowl:
 Wine's generous spirit makes the coward brave,
 Gives ease to kings, and freedom to the slave:
 Beraus'd in wine, the bard his duns forgets,
 And drinks serene oblivion to his debts:
 Wine drives all cares and anguish from the heart,
 And dubs us connoisseurs of every art.
 Whom does not wine with eloquence inspire?
 The bowzy beggar struts into a squire.
 This you well know—to me belongs to mind
 That neatness with frugality be join'd;
 That no intruding blab, with itching ears,
 Darken my doors, who tells whate'er he hears.
 Two Duncombes *, each a poet, with me dine,
 Your friends, and decent Colman †, a divine:

* William Duncombe, Esq. and his son the Rev. J. Duncombe. N.

† Now D. D. and Master of C. C. C. Cambridge. D.

There's room for more; so, to complete the band,
Your wife will bring fair Innocence * in hand.
Should Cave † want copy, let the teaser wait,
While you steal secret through the garden gate.

1755.

TO DR. REDMAN ‡, WHO SENT THE AUTHOR
A HARE, AND PROMISED TO SUP WITH HIM.
BY THE REV. DR. COWPER ||.

QUI leporem mittis contingis cuncta lepore;
Condiat O leporem, te veniente, lepos!
Digna etenim, Redmanne, Jove est lepidissima cœna,
Quæ sic tota tua est et lepus atque lepos.

IMITATED BY MR. FAWKES.

A Hare you in season presented to us,
And with fine Attic salt you will season your puffs:
'Tis a jovial treat—worthy Jove, I declare,
For the sauce and the supper will suit to a hair.

* The name of a very agreeable young lady. D.

† Printer of the Gentleman's Magazine. N.

‡ Jones Redman, M. A. of whom, see vol. VI. p. 304. N.

|| John, eldest son of Judge Cowper, rector of Berkhamsted,
Herts, Patentee for making out commissions of bankruptcy,
one of K. George the Second's chaplains, and afterwards
Dean of Durham. D.

ON READING MR. FAWKES'S
TRANSLATIONS OF THE GREEK POETS.

B Y A. H. J U N I O R.

FAWKES, to thy classic fame new trophies rise,
And various tongues applaud thy venturous song,
To thee the strains of gratitude belong,
To thee, the laurels of thy bold emprise!
See Apollonius' venerable shade
To thee commits his Argonautic lyre,
To sing how Jason caught th' heroic fire,
And how the threatening flood Medea stay'd!
Hail, Apollonius of a later day!
Hail, blithe Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, hail!
Each at thy birth, propitious, mark'd thy way,
And smooth'd thy paths thro' Cray's sequester'd vale:
Around thy grave may flowers spontaneous spring,
May Fairies dance, and Philomela sing!

A B L U S H. B Y T H E S A M E.

FAIR Youth's associate, Nature's darling child,
Thou mark of Innocence, and bliss refin'd,
Soft, not inanimate, not dull, though mild,
Though anxious, pleas'd; exalted, though reclin'd!
Such is the blush, the native hue of love,
Such is th' effect of hope's uncertain state,
Such is the language, mutual passions move,
And such the modest mark of dubious fate!

Ill-fated Man, that tread'st this chequer'd way,
 Without the blush of Youth's half opening flower;
 Neglected Modesty scarce views the day,
 And shrinks appall'd at threatening storms that lour.
 Sweet blush of youth, yet tinge my ripening cheek,
 My ripening heart maturer virtues find,
 Still thou approve whate'er my tongue shall speak
 And guard the blossoms of my opening mind!

O N S Y M P A T H Y,
 B Y A. H. J U N I O R.

OH! thou whose gentle and complacent power,
 Can calm the lover's or the mourner's pain,
 Thou who canst sooth the sadly silent hour,
 And modulate the lonely plaintive strain;
 Oh! quickly come, and, with thy friendly care,
 The baneful troubles of mankind survey;
 Oh! come, and all thy tender balms prepare
 'To chear their woes with thy enlivening ray:
 Oft' when reflection fills the busy mind,
 With mutual thoughts the panting breast inspire,
 As notes of concord, distant, yet conjoin'd,
 In sweet vibration strike the different lyre!
 Thy falling tears the rudest woes divide,
 And seek to bear a portion of our grief:
 'Tis thou that humblest Sorrow's big-swoln pride,
 And to the anguish'd heart afford'st relief!

T H E

THE VHCARRAGE.

BY A. H. JUNIOR.

SILENT the strains, that mark the din of war,
 Silent the ditties of unwelcom'd love;
 Hark, where I lead the chearful Muse from far,
 And sing the joys that every heart may prove.

Far in a land, unknown to public view,
 With many a hill and fertile dale around,
 Where lives the charm of constancy so true,
 And mild benevolence is ever found;

With matron zeal, the Church erects her head,
 And fearful peasants crowd beneath her wing;
 From ruder claims of papal influence sped,
 Their weekly orisons they loudly sing.

When clos'd the duty of each matin song;
 Within the porch, along the church-yard way,
 In sidelong ranks, behold the rustic throng
 Bow to their pastor as they homeward stray.

At gentle distance from this goodly scene,
 A towering yew-tree spreads her lofty shade;
 Ah, lonely yew!—more chearful days thou'lt see,
 When good Philemon join'd thee in the glade;

Here, half immur'd, the work of various hands,
 White as fair Albion smiles the goodly scite,
 Open the hospitable door-way stands,
 And leads where Charity renews delight:

De-

Delight that smooths the anxious brow of Care,
That owns, Humanity, thy heaven-blest power,
That from detraction every fault would spare,
And kind relief would grant in every hour.

Vain are the stores that lofty Learning piles,
Forgot the strains that flow from Fancy's lyre;
Vain are they all, till adverse Fortune smiles,
And Peace lights up her hospitable fire!

Such is the pastor, such his dear-lov'd mate,
In every blessing, Virtue gives, they share;
Silent when Fortune bursts in fullen fate,
And careful each untoward thought to spare.

Look, where the copious store of Plenty's horn
Greets the 'rapt eye, on every bending spray!
Hark where the jocund woodnotes of the morn
Welcome their lord, and sing the new-born day.

See, to the left, replete the finny race
Gambol along amid th' untroubled pool;
No barbed steel, of man the dire disgrace,
Dives through this dell, to mark its sanguine rule.

Tall stands each bark aloft, and threatens the sky,
Free from the axe of interest or pride,
Here timid songsters for sure refuge fly,
And here their sorrows in contentment hide.

Snug, where a corner mark'd th' adapted place,
Rais'd from the glebe, a haystack peeps to view,
Near where the stable, but another space,
Cheers the soft nature of a servant true.

93 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Now to the garden take your wonted way,
 There Nature smiles, by Art's increase amaz'd,
 There grateful stores in every bed survey,
 By H——'s * care and B——'s * tuition rais'd.

Lov'd walk of youthful promising delight,
 Where Annama oft skimm'd the wandering page,
 Where oft she studied every maxim right,
 And where she cull'd the flowers of many a sage.

Lo, to that arbor green encircled round
 With nuts' broad palm, and plumbs' empurpled hue,
 The jasmine fair and wild shrub here are found,
 And deadly nightshade, beauteous to the view.

To thee, cool seat of genius, low I bend,
 To thee who, silent, heard our various tale,
 To thee, the seat of Virtue and my Friend,
 To thee, where rapture breathes in every gale!

These are the charms that every heart may prove,
 These are the blessings Innocence affords,
 Where Peace, commix'd with gratitude and love,
 Laughs loud, contented, at the Miser's hoards—

Ah! give me these, and give as choice a wife!
 Then take the meaner pageantry of things,
 Source of each woe, and harbinger of strife,
 Nurs'd by the pride and the caprice of kings!

* Two gardeners. H.

HEROIC

HEROIC EPISTLE
FROM DE LA POLE, DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
TO MARGARET QUEEN OF HENRY THE SIXTH.

B Y W. J.

A R G U M E N T.

The Duke of Suffolk, being at the instance of the Commons banished the realm, embarks for France, but is taken in his passage by a pirate, who, bringing him back to the English coast, beheads him. Before his death, he is supposed to write the following lines to his paramour Queen Margaret. The incidents are chiefly taken from the first and second parts of Shakspeare's historical plays of Henry the sixth.

OH Royal Margaret, from the Kentish strand
Receive these tokens of thy Suffolk's hand,
And may kind Love the sacred charge convey,
And love-born Zephyrs waft it on its way
To thee, thou pride, thou pleasure of my life,
Thou more than friend, than sister, or than wife!

At this sad hour, left friendless and alone,
With my lost greatness all my friends are flown.
Ah, fickle greatness! and ah, friends unkind!
Faith, friendship, duty, vanish into wind!
Say, will my pen prove faithful to my woes,
And the sad story of my grief disclose,
This last sad scene of all my sorrows tell,
And bid the darling of my soul farewell?

When pass'd the dread decree which bade me roam,
For five long years, an exile from my home;
And when Oppression sanctify'd by Might,
And Rapine, hallow'd by the name of Right,
Had seiz'd with impious hand my fair domains,
My native forests, and paternal plains ;
And when keen Malice, watchful to destroy,
Raz'd my proud domes, once fill'd with mirth and joy ;
Firm and unmov'd the dreadful tale I hear,
Nor think the mighty ruin worth a tear.
Lamp of my life ! I shed for thee alone
The frequent tear, and heav'd the ceaseless groan.
Still present to my soul, in act to part,
Thy dear idea clung around my heart ;
Ah ! had not there thy image been enshrined,
That heart had danc'd all lightly as the wind :
Scorn paid with scorn, I then had left the land,
And courted pleasure on another strand.
Pride of thy sex ! believe me, whilst I swear
Thou wert alone the cause of all my care ;
I swear by all my former feats of arms,
And by an oath more sacred, by thy charms.

I go, sad exile, (such the stern decree !)
For five long years from happiness and thee ;
To pass the night in woe, and waste away,
In sad complaints and vain, the lengthening day :
For to the stranger in a friendless land
Time counts the tedious hours with sparing hand.
His lazy sands almost forget to run,
And the long lingering year rolls slowly on,

The

The lagging months in sad succession flow,
The day too lingers, and the hours move slow.

But oh, my Queen, if Suffolk still be dear,
Still harsher notes than these must grate thy ear,
For Fate's dire laws, unknowing to relent,
Pronounce a harsher doom than banishment !
For me no more soft smiling Hope prepares
The treasur'd joy to calm my present cares.
No more my Hero hangs the friendly light
To guide her true Leander through the night ;
Life's fickle sea tempestuous gales deform,
And, my light lost, I perish in the storm.

Brief be the tale—All hopes of pardon o'er,
I fought with sorrowing step the Kentish shore :
Grief my companion, Fortune was my guide,
With heavy heart I scal'd the vessel's side :
Th' attendant crew with ready hands unbind
The spreading sails, and stretch them to the wind ;
And the swift vessel, loosen'd from the strand,
Flies from the sinking hills and lessening land ;
To Gallia's coast we plough'd the smiling main,
And ah ! we all but gain'd the friendly plain ;
When lo ! a pirate mark'd our hasty flight,
And swiftly chas'd us, unprepar'd for fight ;
And now, to reach in peace the friendly shores,
The bending sailors ply their equal oars,
And every art is tried, and every sail
Expanded waves to catch the fleeting gale :
But all in vain to reach the friendly shores
The bending sailors ply their equal oars,

And every art is tried, and every sail
Expands in vain to catch the fleeting gale :
The swift pursuer o'er the watery waste
Urges his course, and, with increasing haste,
Approaching near prepares the missile fight,
And furious force arrests our fruitless flight ;
Close by our side, the leader gave the word,
With vengeful rage the ruffians haste on board.
Though unprepar'd for war, our numbers few,
Yet still we strove against the lawless crew ;
Awhile th' unequal conflict we maintain,
Then sink o'erpower'd beneath the conqueror's chain :
The ruthless ruffians with vindictive breath
Pour bitter threats on all, and menace death,
But chief to Suffolk, as his happier hand
Had maim'd the leader of the ruffian band.
Rous'd by their threats, impatient of the wrong,
I bore but little, nor that little long ;
Rashly I told them, for my rage burst forth,
My rank, my name, my titles, and my birth :
But those gay pageants all unuseful prove,
Nor rank regard they, nor can titles move.
Those envied honours, impotent to fame,
Heighten'd their fury, and increas'd their flame.

Now whilst his lot each wretched captive mourns,
To Kent's dread shore the bounding bark returns.
Flush'd with success, each nerve the robbers strain,
Hoist the broad sail, and measure back the main ;
And soon we view, for well they plied their oars,
The rising mountains, and approaching shores,

Th

Th' approaching shores we view with anxious eye,
Drop the vain tear, and heave the fruitless sigh.

Whilst in dumb sorrow on the deck I lay,
And cast a long glance o'er the watery way,
Th' unfeeling leader wounds my anguish'd ear
With many a foul reproach and many a sneer,
Arraigns my warlike deeds, insults my name,
Nor spares th' unfeeling wretch my Margaret's fame;
Then, pointing to the strand, he cries, "'Tis nigh,
That is thy destin'd port, prepare to die!"

I heard unmov'd, and now th' increasing gales
Propitious blew, and fill'd the swelling sails,
Near and more near we draw, we gain the strand,
And the sharp keel divides the yellow sand.

A cliff there is, which rears its rocky steep
In awful state, and trembles o'er the deep,
Scarce can the wanderer on the beach below
Lift his tir'd eye to gain the mountain's brow,
For oft from mortal view thick vapours shroud
Its misty top, and wrap it in a cloud;
What time with rising ray the Lord of light
In Eastern climes exalts his banners bright,
Or when, more mild, in purple tints array'd,
Forth from the West he casts a lengthening shade.

Here must I fall, fast by the rolling main
(Nor was the mutter'd spell * pronounc'd in vain,

* *Bel.* Tell me what fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

So. By water shall he die, &c.

See Shakspeare, 2d Part of Henry VI. A. 1. S. 3.

When rose th' infernal spirit, whilst by night
 The forcerefs plied th' unutterable rite),
 Here bid adieu to crowns, to cares, and strife,
 To Margaret and to joy, to love, and life,

But ere my body, on the cold beach spread,
 Is mangled thrown, and number'd with the dead,
 Let me, to sooth my sorrows, let me cast
 One parting view on all my pleasures past,
 Nor will my fate deny this transient stay,
 Nor will my Margaret blame the lengthen'd lay.

In youthful bloom I plac'd my sole delight
 In warlike exercise and feats of fight;
 And, more mature, I left the list'd plain,
 And sought renown in tented fields to gain;
 But when to Tours, thy residence, I came,
 Unnumber'd beauties fann'd my rising flame;
 I gaz'd in speechless rapture on thy charms,
 Forgot the tented plain, the feats of arms,
 Forgot the list'd field, the marshal'd host,
 And all the warrior in the lover lost.

Thus I, who 'scap'd the sword and javelin's power,
 Launch'd by the foe in danger's darkest hour,
 Who 'scap'd th' embattled war and ambush'd fight,
 Who 'scap'd dire force by day, and fraud by night,
 Undaunted by the woes that wait on arms,
 Fall, vanquish'd fall, the victim of thy charms.

Oh vale of Tours, and Loire, mæandering flood,
 On whose green bank my Margaret first I view'd,
 Oh lovely stream! and oh enchanting grove!
 How often have you heard my tale of love!

Mæan-

Mæandering Loire! how often hast thou seen
 This faded form upon thy banks of green,
 Seen me with folded arms and visage pale,
 Seen my despair, and heard my hapless tale!
 And she, the nymph that holds her airy reign
 'Mid the steep rocks that tremble o'er the plain,
 Lone Echo, musing maid, was wont to stray
 Where'er I went, the partner of my way;
 Whether I wander'd by the neighbouring tide,
 Or vent'rous climb'd the mountain's cultur'd side;
 Or whether choice my wandering steps invite,
 To where, unenvious of the mountain's height,
 Of lordships wide and princely treasures vain,
 The Benedictine * rears his stately fane:
 Aloft in air the gorgeous mansion springs,
 And towers disdainful of the pomp of kings:
 Where'er I wander'd, still the nymph was nigh,
 Answer'd my griefs, and gave me sigh for sigh.

* Marmoutier, a noble convent of Benedictines of the regulation of St. Maur. This magnificent structure stands about half a league from Tours, on the banks of the river Loire, by the side of the cliff which skirts the river almost from Blois to Tours, and its lofty spire rises above the height of the rock. Amongst numerous treasures, it boasts the relics of St. Martin the patron Saint of Tours, and a ring of our Henry the Second, to whom Touraine, and most of the adjoining provinces which are watered by the Loire, belonged. The abbacy of this convent is annexed to the Archbishopric of Tours; the declivities of the rock, adjoining to this fabric, are famous for producing many excellent wines, the chief of which are exported at Bourdeaux. J.

With what delight, amid the landscape gay,
 The slow stream winds his pleasurable way,
 With such delight my life's smooth current roll'd,
 By fate allow'd my Margaret to behold.
 And, ah ! so sad, so languid, and so slow,
 When doom'd by Fate thy presence to forego !
 Whilst in mute wonder on thy face I gaze,
 Dire doubts distract, alarm me, and amaze ;
 I think, I pause, and many a scheme revolve,
 Till at the last I fix'd my firm resolve ;
 Soon was my plan propos'd, and soon approv'd,
 I woo'd for Henry, for myself I lov'd,
 And gave, in change for thee, thy fire to reign
 O'er fertile Anjou, and the fields of Maine.
 Then straight, for love like mine ill brook'd delay,
 To England's court I bent my hasty way,
 And soon the tale to Henry's ear convey'd,
 Whilst soft persuasion gave me all her aid ;
 He heard the oft' told tale with favouring ear,
 And sigh'd in secret for the pictur'd fair :
 I mark'd the gradual growth of young desire,
 And added fuel to the rising fire ;
 I nurs'd the flame, and, when maturer grown,
 I urg'd the timorous King that flame to own,
 When the proud barons, insolent and vain,
 Thy rank, thy country, and thyself disdain,
 And when the noisy crowd, still prone to strife,
 Scorn'd the bought nuptials, and the dowerless wife,
 " Hence with the idle tale, enrag'd I cried,
 Kingdoms are well exchang'd for such a bride,

It

It now alone remains to waft her o'er
From Gallia's coast to England's happier shore."

I spoke. Th' attendant lords, with zealous care,
And costly art my princely train prepare;
Soon in her port my gallant vessel rode,
And soon receiv'd with joy her precious load.
And soon my beauteous queen was wafted o'er
From Gallia's coast to England's happier shore.

When bright in all her charms my Margaret came,
Faction was hush'd, and Pride forgot to blame,
Thy beauty was the theme of every tongue,
Was prais'd by grave and gay, by old and young;
That winning air, that heavenly smile, disarms
E'en Envy's self, enamour'd of thy charms;
She dwells in rapture on thy faultless face,
Majestic mien, and more than mortal grace.

How did thy charms thy Suffolk's bosom move!
How deeply did he drink the draught of Love!
For not the crown that bound thy beauteous brow
Woke my warm wish, or drew the venal vow:
I scorn'd the pageant toys, for, blest'd with thee,
Ah, what were sceptres, what were crowns to me!
Nor gorgeous crowns, nor regal sceptres move;
I listen'd only to the voice of Love.

But now, alas! far other thoughts arise,
Far other scenes distract my closing eyes!
For, ah! the ruthless ruffian chides my stay,
And envious Death denies this short delay;
Denies me longer on the theme to dwell:
More lov'd than life, my beauteous Queen, farewell!

T O M R. H I G H M O R E.

B Y M R. J O H N S H A R P*,

HIGHMORE, my breast what raptures fill,
When I survey thy godlike skill,
Godlike, that can create at will!

When, fraught with majesty, our eyes

Behold thy finish'd monarch † rise,

Pleas'd at the near approach, we find

Meekness and majesty combin'd.

To Phidias thus the thundering god

Displayed his heaven-commanding nod,

And bade him give to men a Jove,

To claim their reverence and their love.

That graceful air, that winning mien,

Declares our much lamented queen ‡.

When aged Philips' || looks are view'd,

All must pronounce him great and good.

Fair Pamela's exalted name

We thought her life had given to fame,

But now the virtuous fair, we see,

Gains immortality from thee.

Yet here, great painter, I 've descry'd

A subject to thy art deny'd;

Thy art, thy tints can never trace

The heavenly beauties of that face.

* Of whom, see vol. VI. p. 90. N.

† K. George II. D.

‡ Caroline. D.

|| Lieutenant-general. D.

Less dignity in George is seen,
 Less grace in his lamented queen :
 To her thy Pamela must yield,
 And conquer'd Philips quit the field.
 That angel form, that angel mind,
 With each superior charm refin'd,
 How can a pen of mine command,
 When they elude a Highmore's hand?

1748.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

BY MR. JONATHAN SHIPLEY,

NOW BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

O Blivion wraps not in her silent shade
 All human labours. Virtue blooms a flower,
 That Time's rough hand shall never violate.
 Still Caroline shall live in faithful verse,
 Sweet nurse of Memory, and in the voice
 Of grateful Britain. These shall testify
 How well her calm impartial rule supplied
 A monarch's absence ; these commemorate
 Her soul contemplative of peaceful Truth
 And Nature ; mindful midst the pomp of courts
 Of wise retirement, and the silent grove.

She stretch'd through lengthening shades thy spacious
 Delightful Richmond, and the terrass rais'd [walks,
 Of regal grandeur, whence the eye discerns

Fair

Fair Thames with copious waters winding flow
 Midst pastures, spreading herds, and villages
 Of aspect neat, and villas wrapt in shades :
 Fair scene of chearful peace ! the lovely sight
 Frequent she view'd, and blest'd the honour'd reign
 Of her great confort, provident and mild.
 Now wander'd musing through the darkening depth
 Of thickest woods, friendly to solemn thought :
 Now o'er broad lawns fair opening to the sun.
 Nor midst her rural plans disdain'd to mix
 The useful arable, and waving corn
 With soft turf border'd, and the lowly cot,
 That half appears, in branching elms obscur'd.
 Here Beauty dwells, assembled from the scenes
 Of various nature ; such as oft inflam'd
 With rapture Grecian bards, in that fair vale,
 Theſſalian Tempe, or thy favourite foil,
 Arcadia, erst by awe-struck fancy fill'd
 With wandering forms, the woodland deities,
 Light nymphs and wanton satyrs, faintly seen
 Quick glancing through the shade at close of eve,
 Great Pan, and old Silenus. Hither led
 By solitary grief, shall George recall
 Th' endearing manners, the soft speech, that flow'd
 From his lov'd confort, virtue mix'd with love,
 Prudence, and mild insinuating sense :
 But chief her thoughtful breast, of counsels deep
 Capacious, nor unequal to the weight
 Of government. Such was the royal mind
 Of wise Eliza, name of loveliest sound

ON QUEEN CAROLINE'S DEATH. 111

To British ears, and pattern fair to kings :
 Or she who rules the sceptre of the North
 Illustrious, spreading o'er a barbarous world
 The light of arts and manners, and with arms
 Infests th' astonish'd Sultan, hardly now
 With scatter'd troops resisting ; she drives on
 The heavy war, and shakes th' imperial throne
 Of old Byzantium. Latest time shall found
 The praise of female genius. Oft shall George
 Pay the kind tear, and grief of tender words
 To Caroline, thus oft lamenting sad :

“ Hail, sacred shade ! by me with endless woe
 Still honour'd ! ever in my breast shall dwell
 Thy image, ever present to my soul !
 Thy faithful love, in length of years mature :
 O skill'd t' enliven time, to soften care
 With looks and smiles, and friendship's chearful voice !
 Anxious, of thee bereft, a solitude
 I feel, that not the fond condoling cares
 Of our sad offspring can remove. Ev'n now
 With lonely steps I trace the gloomy groves,
 Thy lov'd recesses, studious to recall
 The vanish'd bliss, and cheat my wandering thoughts
 With sweet illusion. Yet I not accuse
 Heaven's dispensation. Prosperous and long
 Have been my days, and not unknown to fame,
 That dwells with virtue. But 'tis hard to part
 The league of ancient friendship, to resign
 The home-felt fondness, the secure delight,
 That Reason nourish'd, and fair Fame approv'd.”

JONATHAN SHIPLEY.

O N

ON LE MOINE'S PAINTING,
 OF THE ANNUNCIATION, AT WINCHESTER CHAPEL.
 BY DR. RIDLEY*.

THE pencil's magic force I sing,
 Be present all ye tuneful powers;
 Let every Muse assistance bring.
 And open her poetic stores :
 Come, all ye charms of verse, and let my lays
 Be perfect, as the subject of my praise.
 Let every grace my speech combine,
 Let elegance with strength unite,
 To furnish out the great design,
 And place it in the fairest light.
 Then like the beauteous piece shall be my song,
 Bright without blaze, and with correctness strong.
 But, oh ! Le Moine, what powerful skill
 Thy pencil's lively strokes can trace ?
 Who can the hardy task fulfil,
 And imitate each nameless grace ?
 Who so expressly, with such rich design,
 As thou dost Nature's works, can copy thine ?
 Who can like thee, with daring hand,
 The bright ætherial herald paint,
 Descending at his God's command,
 To hail with joy the virgin saint !
 Should angels e'er again their heaven forsake,
 Surely this form they would delight to take.

* I have been favoured with a transcript of this and the following unpublished poems of Dr. Ridley, by a Friend to whom I had shewn the account given of him in p. 74. N.
 How

How does the beauteous figure please,
 Form'd by thy pencil's nicest care!
 Behold with what a graceful ease,
 Lightly it seems to hang in air!
 Whilst his expressive hand aloft he rears,
 And, by his action, speaks the news he bears.

The Virgin, bending to the earth,
 With reverence the great guest receives,
 Hears of Messiah's glorious birth,
 And, rapt with ecstasies, believes:
 How plainly do we read each thought exprest!
 How her eyes shew th' emotions of her breast!

See o'er her sacred face display'd
 A doubtful glimpse of joy appears,
 Which faintly dawns, then seems to fade,
 Corrected by an awful fear:
 Thus often a fair sky uncertain lours,
 Begins to shine, and then descends in showers.

Who then can worthily admire
 That artful hand, that skill divine,
 Which thus makes contraries conspire,
 And disagreeing passions join?
 Love, fear, joy, grief, in sweet confusion thrown,
 Are by thy pencil blended here in one.

Thus gather'd to the crystal glass
 Repair the many-colour'd rays,
 Together through the convex pass,
 And weave themselves into a blaze;
 Till, at the last, the various dies unite,
 And form one undistinguish'd stream of light.

Thou wonderful painter, whence this art,
 From whence this power didst thou derive,
 Thus, like Prometheus, to impart
 Breath to thy work, and bid it live?
 How could'st thou thus the pointed form inspire,
 But that, like him, from heaven thou steal'st thy fire!

Still, as I gaze, fresh charms arise,
 New beauties open to my sight,
 Distract me with the sweet surprise,
 And dazzle with excess of light:
 I think this moment I have view'd them o'er,
 But the next moment see as many more.

Oh! may the piece, unhurt by age,
 To latest years preserve its grace!
 Never may Time's devouring rage
 Thy noblest work, Le Moine, deface!
 But thus the firm memorial let it stand
 Of Burton's * generous mind, and thy creating hand!

VERSES ON PRAYER.

BY DR. RIDLEY.

PRAYER is the manna, the celestial bread,
 By which our hungry souls are daily fed,
 Through life's wide wilderiness, by this sustain'd,
 We reach the heavenly Canaan's promis'd land.
 Bring then thy choicest lays, aspiring Muse,
 This glorious subject of my verse I chuse:

* The picture was given to the chapel at Winchester by
 Mr. Burton. N.

The

The various motions of the mind declare,
How Heaven itself is storm'd by fervent prayer,
And all th' artillery of that peaceful war.

And first Contrition does the soul employ,
That pleasurable pain, that grief of joy;
Affliction's waters are of bitter kind,
And grate the tender palate of the mind;
But when God's grace, that Tree of Life, is cast
Therein, the streams forget their nauseous taste.
First on his knees the humble sinner falls,
And to the Lord for gracious succour calls;
He prays his God to melt his frozen soul,
To break his heart, and make, by breaking, whole;
He prays his God to strike the friendly blow,
That from a rock once more the streams may flow.
The volume of his life is now display'd,
And every page impartially survey'd;
And now upon the ground behold him roll,
Expressing thus the posture of his soul;
Shame o'er his face her scarlet mantle spreads,
And his torn heart with inward anguish bleeds;
His eyes of tears a grateful tribute bring
From sweet Sincerity's pure crystal spring;
Deep from his breast the struggling groans arise,
And ardently he breathes the incense of his sighs.
The whole man labours in this heavenly war,
And every look, and gesture, is a prayer;
God's grace he still continues to implore,
Still he receives, yet still he sues for more;
Still meekly fervent is his prayer address,
Still he asks pardon for the cold request;

With tears he mourns the dryness of his eyes,
And, sighing deep, laments his want of sighs.
His grief is with an eye of pity seen,
And sweet-tongu'd Mercy speaks the leper clean.
The native pureness of his soul returns,
The angels triumph, the apostate mourns.

And now for Praise he does his soul prepare,
Seraphic Praise, that heaven of heavens in prayer !
Great God ! what holy raptures does he prove !
How melt before the sacred fire of love !
'Twas thus, with wondering gratitude oppress'd,
He would have spoke the fulness of his breast:

“ O righteous Lord ! who sitt'st enthron'd on high,
Look down, and view me with a gracious eye ;
Accept the mighty tribute that I bring,
A mite of praise to Heaven's eternal King.
Greatly I long, and ardently I burn,
To make a nobler and more large return ;
But hence each thought of retribution 's vain
That thou art God, and I ignoble man :
But oh ! what bright ideas shall I find
To represent thy image to my mind !
Can thought conceive the King of Heaven and Earth
That has in matter its plebeian birth ?
And shall a word, a transient sound, proclaim
The everlasting greatness of his name ?
Thou art, O Lord—O teach me what to say—
A flood, an ocean of excessive day—
A glorious sun, unutterably bright,
That sheds on vast immensity its light.

Creation

Creation is contain'd, and fill'd by thee,
 Thou fill'st thyself, thou art immensity.
 Thou wast before!—and shalt remain the same,
 Shalt last until!—Eternity 's thy name.
 How great thy power! thou will'st; and strait become
 A beauteous world from Nothing's barren womb.
 Thou frown'st, and hell and misery appear;
 Thou smil'st, and heaven and happiness is there.
 How boundless is thy knowledge!—thou canst see
 The perfect state of them before they be,
 And the world was before it was, in thee.
 To thee Time stops his never wearied haste,
 To thee is present still the future and the past.
 But one step farther does my knowledge go;
 I know that thou art more than I can know:
 Whene'er I tread this dark uncertain coast,
 In thy perfection's mighty vast I'm lost.
 In vain I strive the feeble hymn to raise—
 Hyperbole is meanness in thy praise.

“ But Goodness, that fair virgin, ever blest,
 Nearest and dearest to thy sacred breast,
 Who with her soft enchanting voice can charm
 Justice herself, and stop her lifted arm,
 Demands my praise—

An age ago, my soul, what wast thou? where?
 Wast thou a lump of clay, or blast of air?
 Where, in the world's wide circuit, didst thou dwell?
 On earth, in heaven, or in the depths of hell?
 What part of vast INANE didst thou fill?

No, then in Fate's firm fetters I was kept,
In the blind womb of non-existence slept.
In my creation thy first love began,
It gave me being, will'd me into man.
In thee I think, I speak, I move, I live,
Myself from thee each moment I receive.
But here's the life of goodness, here we prove
The full perfection of all-perfect love :
That he who in the world of glory shone,
The bright Parelius of th' Eternal Sun,
Was pleas'd to leave his dignity on high,
For us to live in man, for us to die.
See on the cross his bleeding body hung,
His flesh with pain, his mind with sorrow stung;
The sad, yet joyful, minutes now begin,
Of Jesus' death, and of the death of sin.
In every groan he utters, we revive ;
He faints, we quicken; he expires, we live.
By love like this my soul is quite o'ercome ;
And gratitude and wonder strike me dumb :
A theme like this requires a seraph's lays ;
Give me new powers, great God, and then I'll sing thy
praise."

TO QUEEN CAROLINE,

ON THE DEATH OF K. GEORGE I.

BY D R. RIDLEY.

WHILE others pay their tribute due,
 In foreign verse, and tongues unknown,
 My humbler Muse resorts to you,
 And strives to pay it in her own.
 Unskill'd in each poetic grace,
 Unknowing of the tuneful art,
 She gives the little all she has,
 A simple English verse, an honest English heart.
 Oh! when thou read'st it, let thine eyes
 Awhile with tears forget to flow;
 Thy beauteous bosom cease to rise,
 And labour with its weight of woe.
 Why should'st thou thus the monarch's death
 With unavailing grief deplore?
 Canst thou recall the fleeting breath?
 No—thou must lose thy own, but canst not his restore.
 Then dry thy tears—the God of day,
 Though showers now hide him from our sight,
 Soon through the darkness works his way,
 And moves in all the pomp of light.
 Like him, O lift thy radiant eyes,
 Like him with gracious influence shine;
 Think from thy joys that ours arise,
 Consider England's happiness depends on thine.

Hear then thy people's,—husband's prayers;
He bids thee too dismiss thy grief:
What, shall he only meet with care,
Where he expects to find relief?
Beneath the weight of crowns oppress'd,
He to thy love for ease does flee;
When he has given his kingdoms rest,
Retreats into thy arms, and finds his own in thee.

O Caroline, our sweetest grace,
Delight and pleasure of our eyes,
Thou fruitful mother of our peace,
Thou source whence all our joys arise;
Blest in thy numerous offspring, lo!
A rising age of gold we see;
Thy people shall not only owe
Their present bliss, but all their future too, to thee.

Britannia, leave thy mournful bed,
Raise up thy prostrate limbs from earth,
Exalt aloft thy towery head,
And see what joys are taking birth;
See how the smiling years succeed,
Behold the blessings laid in store:
What though thou mourn'st thy monarch dead,
Look on the branches he has left, and thou wilt weep
no more.

With rapture view the lovely race,
See future kings and queens arise,
Thy throne hereafter born to grace,
And bless th' admiring people's eyes:

Sons — that already pant for fame,
Fir'd with their father's love of arms;
Bright daughters—form'd in beauty's frame,
And lavishly adorn'd with all their mother's charms.

Oh! with what pleasure now we may
To latest times extend our fight!
The nation's rising bliss survey,
And see new glories spring to light!
Succeeding years of joy and peace
T' our children boldly we presage;
Ev'n now we taste their happiness,
And, in this instant moment, live the future age.

Thus, when the great Æneas view'd
The destin'd heroes of his race,
Fix'd in astonishment, he stood,
To see the bright succession pass.
The thoughts of vast events to come
Within his labouring fancy roll;
The triumphs of immortal Rome,
And all her shining glories, kindle in his soul.
Pleas'd, he enjoys the beauteous scene,
Proudly exulting in his mind,
Counts o'er the forms of godlike men,
For empire, and for life, design'd:
Then, wrapp'd in ecstasy, he stands,
To see in them his Troy revive;
Their birth, with eagerness, demands,
And wishes ev'n to die, that they may sooner live.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXXIV*.

BY DR. RIDLEY.

I ONCE despis'd the Providence of Jove,
 Nor paid my worship to the powers above :
 I pictur'd out those beings to my mind,
 Full of themselves, regardless of mankind :
 Mad sapience all ! but, conscious of the truth,
 I now reject the error of my youth :
 For Heaven's Almighty, thundering from on high,
 Shot the red lightning from the opening sky ;
 And, greatly dreadful, through the brighten'd air,
 Lash'd his swift steeds, and urg'd his thundering car.
 Th' affrighted ocean trembled at his look,
 And the fix'd world's eternal basis shook ;
 Wide-yawning chasms the secret regions show,
 And all the terrors of the world below.
 From hence I learn, that Heavenly Beings guide
 Th' affairs of men, and o'er the world preside,
 Riches and honours are remov'd and given
 By them, and Fortune is the hand of Heaven.

* Dr. Ridley seems to have intended a poetical version of all the Odes of Horace, and had nearly completed the First Book. Of his manner this here given, with that in p. 79, will afford a sufficient specimen. His opinion of the difficulty of translating that author may be seen in the preface to Mr. Duncombe's Horace. N.

NINE FABLES, BY DR. RIDLEY.

I. THE PICTURE.

A Skilful piece a painter drew,
 And set it forth to public view:
 The picture was a woman's face
 In all the beauty of disgrace,
 Deformity most exquisite
 In every lineament was writ;
 Each hellish passion, child of hate,
 On her envenom'd visage fate;
 Her cheek was pale, her eye was red,
 She gnash'd her teeth, and horror bred
 Th' erected vipers of her head:
 The passers-by with pleasure view'd;
 The connoisseurs pronounc'd it good;
 In this all judgments were the same,
 But much they differ'd in the name.
 Religion, in the Deist's mind,
 The artist in the draught design'd:
 The Jew beheld the Inquisition;
 The Christian, Jewish Superstition,
 Mahometan, and Paganism;
 The Papist, Heresy or Schism;
 A hen-peck'd Clown saw Madge his wife
 In every feature to the life;
 And yet the painter thought, 'tis said,
 Of nothing but Medusa's head.

2. THE TWO MEN AND DEATH.

TWO persons in a room together fate,
 Both thoughtless of their near approaching fate;
 When suddenly the voice of Death was heard,
 The doors flew open, and the form appear'd.
 "Save me!" cries one, aghast, "what hideous noise,
 More hoarse and horrid than the thunder's voice!
 It comes, it comes! what terrors arm its brow!
 It's angry eyes like flaming meteors glow:
 Now shake the terrible deformity
 It's dart, and gnashes its dire tusks on me."
 "My friend, the other unconcern'd replies,
 Your reason is disorder'd, or your eyes;
 The form, I see, is exquisitely fair,
 Sweetly she smiles, attractive is her air,
 All graces to the charming shape seem given,
 Her voice is music, and her looks are heaven."

M O R A L.

What makes this disagreement in the case?
 Virtue and Vice see through a different glass.

3. THE BEAR AND MONKEY.

A Sage itinerant got together
 Some birds of different kind and feather;
 With beasts of various appellation,
 To treat the curious of the nation.
 For curiosity's an itch
 Makes England like a mangey bitch;

And

And those, who, diligently watching
The proper seasons, fall a scratching,
Are sure to make their fortunes by 't;
Sloane, if he pleases, may deny 't.
Our stager then for public good,
(And eke to get a livelihood)
To markets, merry-meetings, fairs,
With his brute-family, repairs;
And there from dens and caves of boxes
Produces leopards, tigers, foxes.
But now, to make no longer clatter
Of what pertains not to the matter,
Nor with more long exordiums tease you,
The monkey and the bear so please you,
To their immortal fame and glory,
Shall be the heroes of my story.
Pug then, as prologue to the show,
Steps forth in person of a beau,
Arin'd with cane, snuff-box, and a grace,
And at the glass adjusts his face.
Two coxcombs turn'd and saw a creature
So much like them in shape and feature,
So much themselves in each perfection,
Both thought they saw their own reflexion;
They take him next (and reason good)
For one of their own brotherhood.
Pug play'd the fop so well, in short,
That Cibber's self (the Critics swor't)
With so much nature, so much art,
Had ne'er perform'd a coxcomb's part.

The

The crowds with shouts of approbation
Dismiss mankind's most near relation.
In the same dress and equipage
Now clumsy Bruin mounts the stage,
And imitates, the best he can,
'The other pretty gentleman :
But his whole carriage was prophane ;
He shew'd no conduct of his cane ;
But, in a fashion you will judge ill,
He swung it like a crab-tree cudgel,
And walk'd with such an awkward air,
And made a bow—like any bear.
Our coxcombs gave an angry frown,
And swore, ' Gad dem him for a clown !'
His master then, in learned wise,
Compos'd his face to this advice—

M O R A L.

Where Nature has her part denied,
You strive, my friend, 'gainst wind and tide ;
Your talent lies a different way,
'Tis yours in woods to chase the prey,
To signalise yourself in fight,
The rival of the lion's might ;
But leave to monkeys the address
To play the fool with proper grace.

4. THE PIGEONS.

SOME modern critics have been bold
 To censure learned men of old,
 Because their books affirm and teach,
 That brutes, like us, have use of speech.
 I too assert through thick and thin,
 Let critics burst themselves with spleen,
 That every tongue of every nation
 Is spoke among the brute creation;
 That dogs are known to bark in Latin,
 And French that daws and parrots prate in;
 Turkey-cocks gabble Welch; and geese,
 Adders, and snakes, in English hiss.
 Italian pigs and puppeys squeak,
 And bears and lions roar in Greek.
 And farther likewise I maintain,
 They claim priority of men
 For skill in Learning's other parts,
 Masters in sciences and arts;
 The leach for phyfic far exceeds
 Your Sydenhams, Radcliffes, Freinds, and Meads;
 For quirks and quibbles of the law,
 What coif is equal to the daw?
 And there's an owl, a friend of mine,
 A reverend and grave divine;
 And so your Newtons, Whistons, Halleys,
 'Mongst birds and beasts may find their tallies.
 But now the prefacing is o'er,
 Let's find an house to fit the door.

And, if I have not much mistook,
The introduction and the book
Are like to hold no better tether
Than Ovid's tales are tied together :
To make the matter still more foolish,
Our fable is extreme tadpole-ish.
The head and tail bear no proportion—
In short, the whole 's my brain's abortion.
But, reader, whatsoe'er it be,
'Tis odds, it 's good enough for thee.
But, having shewn our wit and breeding,
Our purpose let us now proceed in.

Some learned birds of pigeon-feather
Upon a time were got together,
Reading the tales of Rome and Greece,
And other modern histories.

“My friends,” remarks a reverend bird,
How very vicious and absurd
Men's judgements are! unmention'd dies
The memory of the good and wise ;
Mean while their elogies they squander
On Cæsar and on Alexander,
Those men of dire insatiate mind,
Those hawks and kites of human kind.”

5. JUPITER AND MINERVA.

WHEN Jove created man, Minerva view'd
 The new production, and pronounc'd it good,
 Yet one deficiency still, she thought, appear'd,
 And thus to the Supreme her mind declar'd ;
 " 'Twas fit, O Father, that you fram'd mankind
 Just as he is, so helpless, frail, and blind ;
 But will he not be wretched, when he sees
 How weak his powers, how mean his nature is,
 And misery from thy goodness never flow'd."
 The God the justice of the plea allow'd ;
 " Therefore, says he, all follies shall be known,
 All imperfections seen but each man's own ;
 All men shall laugh at all, and each shall wot
 Himself exempted from the common lot ;
 And thus despair and discontent avoid,
 And keep alive his happiness by pride."

6. THE TWO LADIES AND THE MAGPIE.

TWO ladies, whether Christian, Turk,
 Or some of those who eat no pork,
 If foul, or fair, or young, or old,
 Is not material to be told.
 Leave this to give a reputation
 To some learn'd future dissertation,
 To some Phalarian critizator,
 Dutch editor, or French translator—
 Posterity, he shall inform ye,
 And solve this knotty business for me.

Two ladies then walk'd out one day,
 And met some magpies in the way:
 They, as the reader knows 'tis common,
 Fell chattering like any woman.
 "These nasty squalling toads!" says madam;
 Quoth t'other, "Would the devil had 'em!
 These magpies are the noisiest birds!"
 "Good folks, replies a pie, good words.
 I'll take my oath on 't, there's more sense,
 Less folly and impertinence,
 Amongst my neighbour pies and me,
 Than petticoat society
 Could e'er pretend: for, you must know,
 Not very many months ago,
 My lady Prattle's little page
 Caught me, and put me in a cage;
 There I have heard, Lard!—such discourse!
 Jays! jack-daws! magpies!—ten times worse;
 Begun, perhaps, about the weather,
 And ended in a hat and feather;
 The middle part concern'd the fashion,
 And settled people's reputation.
 Well, ever since I've blest my stars—
 And always, when I say my prayers,
 Return my thanks to heaven, that made me
 A simple magpie, and no lady."

7. THE MAN, HIS SON, AND JUPITER.

ONCE on a time, an only boy,
 The apple of his father's eye,
 As ancient poets phrase it well,
 Had almost seen the gates of hell:
 But, luck would have it, Death was cheated,
 And of his bait the devil defeated;
 For this the father thinks he owes
 Psalms, hymns, thanksgivings, bulls, and cows,
 To him who fills the heavenly throne,
 Whose Providence had sav'd his son.
 Jove saw, and thus th' all-judging mind
 Condemn'd the folly of mankind;
 " Whence do these forward creatures learn
 What 'tis I make my own concern,
 That thus on every slight pretence
 They introduce my Providence,
 And throw their random thanks on heaven
 For blessings which were never given?
 Why, when th' effect by Nature's laws
 Flows regularly from the cause,
 Why must they introduce my power
 T' untie a knot resolv'd before?
 Think they, that, when the world began,
 When earth, and air, and sea, and man,
 Sprung forth at first by my command,
 I form'd them with so loose a hand,
 That Providence should need correct
 Creation's error and defect!

How little thinks this wretched man
 How superstitious and prophane
 His piety to me appears,
 And how absurd a face it wears!
 For had the boy, this fondling, died,
 He ne'er had been a parricide."

8. THE CRAB.

A Crab of wise and learned pate
 Upon a time bespoke his mate;
 "How foolish and ridiculous
 My dear, is all the world but *us* *!
 All other creatures are ybred
 To follow as their noses lead.
 We are the only who embrace
 The easy, natural backward pace."

Self spoils the sense of all mankind,
 And casts a mist before the mind;
 Whate'er 's th' intrinsic of the coin,
 Yours always will be worse than mine.
 Each groveling despicable elf
 Damns all the world besides, and deifies himself.

9. MISANTHROPOS.

A Man of disposition froward,
 Made by the spleen still more untoward,
 Begot a hatred in his mind
 Against the race of human-kind:

* Doricè, pro *We*. RIDLEY.

View'd

View'd through the medium of ill-nature,
 They seem'd a very odious creature,
 For on their faults he fix'd his eye;
 Their virtues pass'd unheeded by:
 Man, he affirm'd, had no pretence
 To reason, honesty, or sense.

Those virtues only in the breast
 Were harbour'd of the savage beast;
 Joe, full of Gulliverian fancies
 As Quixot ever of romances,
 Resolves to leave his native place,
 And settle in the wilderness—

Arriv'd, the miserable sinner
 Was made a hungry lion's dinner,

Man to extremes is ever prone;
 The golden mean is known to none;
 From horse's head to tail like mad still
 We skip with pericranium's addle,
 And ne'er have luck to hit the saddle.

Erewhile this man, this earth-born clod,
 Was thought a sort of Demi-god,
 The substance of his soul defin'd
 An efflux from th' Eternal Mind;
 His faculties were said to be

An image of the Trinity;
 Brute animals were errant fools,
 Machines, and creatures without souls.
 These propositions looking scurvy,
 The world has turn'd them topsy-turvy.
 And Doctor Swift has prov'd it plain
 That men are beasts, and beasts are men.

Somewhat too far he drives the jest;
 For tell me, Doctor, where's the beast,
 Like Atticus, or Brutus? find us
 A Titus, or an Antoninus,
 A Tully, or a Socrates;
 Are bears and lions such as these?

Be not a slave to prepossession,
 To prejudice of education,
 Or any wrong prevailing fashion.
 Throw passion and caprice aside,
 And strictest reason be your guide.

SONG. BY M. R. T.

IN the shade of my vine as I lay,
 The swains all around me asleep,
 My fancy was winged to stray,
 I attended no longer my sheep.
 My Phyllis was gone from the plains;
 With Phyllis all beauty was fled:
 What praise could enliven my strains,
 What worth should I sing in her stead?
 For no shepherd can find such a fair,
 Through Tempe's proud vale should he rove;
 Yet, sure, if such beauties there are,
 No shepherd can equal my love.
 Whom now shall I sing on the reed,
 (O my fairest! forgive me the strains)
 If not those who gave peace to the mead,
 With freedom and joy to the swains?

I will

I will fetch from my garden the rose,
With the violet, emblem of Truth;
Let me cull from each fragrance that grows
All such as are freshest in youth.

With these I'll embellish the grave
Where Sydney (ah, Sydney!) is laid:
A verse on the stone I'll engrave,
That the shepherds may gratefully read.

Her beauties too Nature shall yield,
In all that with odour can bloom;
The sweetest, the best of the field,
O Hampden, shall grace thy fair tomb.

Nor Ruffel, the noble, forgot,
Though thy sons have disgrac'd thy proud line,
The laurel I'll weave in the knot,
To adorn the dear bust on thy shrine.

But let me with reverence kneel
O'er the grave of the greatest in verse:
I give not the ardour I feel;
It would but encumber thy hearse.

Do I wish to increase thy fair praise,
O Milton! the Father of Song;
If I add but a leaf to the bays
To thy brow which so justly belong? —

To the Dead my remembrances paid —
Are there none in the Regions of Light,
Who the dictates of Truth have obey'd,
And oppos'd the black Fiends of the Night?

Yes ; one will replenish the train,
 Resplendent in Freedom's fair line ;
 The Shepherds all love the dear Swain,
 And the garland for Wilkes will entwine.

1767.

THE FAREWELL. BY MR. T.

THE man who builds the comforts of his mind
 Or on the fickle turns of Fortune's sway,
 Or thinks the filken cords that Friendship bind
 Will smoothe the horrid roughness of his way ;
 May find indeed a calm though transient peace,
 To still the troublous feelings of his breast ;
 These for a time the grievous load may ease,
 And give his soul a momentary rest :
 But, if in love these blessings to secure,
 He hastes him, rapturous, to some fair-one's arms,
 Breathes out the accents of a flame most pure,
 And hangs in transport on her fancied charms ;
 Shall waste his youth in sickness and in care,
 And grieve because she treats him with disdain :
 He pines in sorrow—for he thinks her fair,
 While she rejoices to increase his pain.
 Such are the arts ye flatter and admire,
 And wish, O fond, mistaken youths ! your own ;
 For these ye light your adoration's fire,
 Nor dread to venerate the impious throne.
 I bid farewell to every joy like these,
 And hang my garments up at Reason's shrine ;
 Thence flows a solid and a lasting ease,
 Which, fickle Betsy ! never can be thine.

Trust

Trust not too much that face which now is fair :

The rose's glow but lasts one waning moon,

Then yields its beauties to the ambient air ;

And thine will wither, fade, and fall too soon.

But ah ! what beauties can obtuse the power

Of keen Reflection's venom-pointed dart,

Can give the perjur'd Fair one placid hour

To ease the painful anguish of her heart ?

But not from hence alone shall vengeance fall

On thy devoted, yet unhumbled breast

(For God's eternal justice rules the ball),

To blast thy moments, and destroy thy rest.

Yet must the Bard, who hates th' accursed theme,

Reveal the woes that blacken o'er thy fate ;

And, while he sings, must check the rapid stream,

And stop the passions that would rise to hate.

If, in thy pride, thou tak'st a matron's name,

A villain husband thou art doom'd t' espouse,

Whose crimes shall spoil the remnant of thy fame,

And fix a lasting blemish on thine house.

Eternal discord shall dissolve the tie

That binds the miscreant thou hast proudly weds

No friend shall wipe the tear from thy dimm'd eye,

Nor lovely children bless thy fruitless bed.

Of all thy former friends the hate and scorn,

Dismiss'd to infamy and hungry want,

Thou 'lt see no more the summer's smiling morn,

But sit with sorrow stamp'd upon thy front.

At length the public street shall be thy stand,
 The carman's murkey kifs thy cheek besmear;
 And, mark'd by every filthy labourer's hand,
 The hard-earn'd fixpence buys thy charms too dear;
 Till every brothel, sicken'd with thy name,
 Shall cast the nauseous morsel from its maw;
 The lewdest lust shall look on thee with shame,
 And, struck with horror, from thy face withdraw.
 'Tis thus recorded in the leaves of Fate,
 That woes like these attend the perjur'd fair;
 That Sorrow's offspring round the guilty wait,
 Who give their vows and promises to air.
 Yet doth the Poet pray, they ne'er may fall,
 O once-lov'd Betsy! to thy bitter lot;
 His prayers, his sighs, to Heaven shall frequent call,
 His prayers, his sighs—that Heaven remember not.

1767.

NIGHT. AN ELEGIAC POEM.

B Y M R. T.

SURROUNDED with the horrors of thy reign,
 The awful terrors of thy gloomy power,
 My soul at large will now her woes complain,
 And wail her miseries in this silent hour.—

Hold!—let me stop the trickling streams, which pour
 Successive torrents down my flooded cheeks;
 A woe like mine no common tears deplore—
 'Tis Sorrow's self this briny language speaks!

Speaks in the broken accent of a sigh,
Speaks in the throbbing of a wretch's heart;
Pours her strong rhetoric through the moisten'd eye,
With thundering pathos, and a long-felt smart.

Ah!—see that shade which glides along my room!
Steals by my sight in flow-stepp'd solemn pace,
Clad from the clayey wardrobe of a tomb,
In trailing robes, which cover half the place!

I think I see a well-known visage there;
I think I see—but grief forbids the rest!—
Yes!—Yes! I see thee through the starting tear,
And feel thy presence on my panting breast.

Ah! dearest shade!—how oft has thy pleas'd eye
The scarce-form'd features of my frame survey'd;
When yet my only language was a cry,
Which all my hungry, thirsty wants convey'd.

When yet from passion's swell my heart was free,
Nor knew the stimulative force of guile,
Laughing I've play'd upon thy dancing knee,
And thy lov'd face has join'd me in a smile.

How oft has sorrow dampen'd all thy breast,
When thou hast heard thy fondled infant weep!—
How hast thou robb'd the lengthening night of rest,
To beg descending blessings on his sleep!—

Yes! thy whole soul has melted into prayer,
For streaming mercies on my infant head;
And shall my heart forget thy pious care,
Because, alas! thou'rt mingled with the dead?

Thou

Thou silvering moon, whose pale-complexion'd beams
 Has wander'd with me through the midnight air,
 And lent a cheerless, cloud-bemoisten'd gleam,
 To awe my anguish into dread despair ;

Ye groves, where oft my evening footsteps tread !
 Lugubrious yews !—and weeping osiers ! round
 Where black Solemnity's sad couch is spread,
 And dewy horrors cloath the hallow'd ground ;

Witness the plainings of my bursting heart,
 Declare the echoes of my soul-torn sighs ;
 Those which could sadness to the Bless'd impart,
 These which have pierc'd th' enamel of the skies.

Thou kind sustainer of my wearied head !
 From thee I 've sought an opiative repose,
 And hop'd to still my sorrows on my bed,
 Or load oblivion with a wretch's woes !

Thou dear companion of my softer hours,
 When round thy neck I 've laid my nerveless arm ;
 When grief has weaken'd all my manly powers,
 And stripp'd thy love of every grace to charm ;

How have my sorrows trickled down thy breast,
 And moisten'd all the bloom upon thy cheek ;
 While thou hast strove to sooth my soul to rest,
 And gave that balm I knew not where to seek.

Supreme Director of this world of grief !
 Unending Ruler of yon plains of light !
 From thee alone descends the wish'd relief,
 From thee that sun which cheers the gloom of night.

Let

Let not compassion be forgot in heaven !

O hear the sinner ! (often deaf to thee !)

Hear him, O God ! and speak his faults forgiven ;

Thou heart-felt penitence alone canst see !

And thou, bless'd spirit of my parent dead,

Whose care has often check'd my erring feet !

Be present with me in unbodied shade,

And still conduct me till I share thy seat !

Is my tongue silent in thy much-lov'd praise ?

Does it neglect the tributary strain ;

Refuse the trophied poetry to raise,

And join its horrors to the weeping train ?

Then let unending Sadness spread her veil,

And wrap my spirit in eternal night ;

Let horrid anguish all my nerves assail,

And the grave hide me from the beaming light !

Let dreadful judgement tremble o'er my head,

Forbidding ev'n a distant hope of rest,

If I forget to reverence thy shade,

Or blot thy memory from my sadden'd breast !

1765.

SPRING. BY THE EDITOR.

INSCRIBED TO MR. T.

STILL must, my friend, the briny torrent flow ?

Still must the Muse a funeral dirge rehearse ?

Still breathe thy strains in energetic woe ?

Still filial duty claim the heart-felt verse ?

No! change thy numbers! let the Sapphic lyre
 Again invite the melting soul to peace;
 With Lyric sweetness join Pindaric fire,
 And emulate the prodigies of Greece!

Ah! dwell no longer on the woe-fraught page!
 Cease for a while on Plato's strains to pore:
 Let sprightlier themes thy studious thoughts engage,
 And hail Parnassus in a lighter lore.

Blame not my counsel—'tis with kind intent—
 Though dear the parent—terrible the stroke—
 The meed she gain'd of years devoutly spent—
 The chain, which stay'd her flight to Heaven, is broke!

'Tis Friendship's force impels an unskill'd Muse,
 With zeal officious, to remove thy grief;
 And wilt thou still inflexibly refuse
 To talk of comfort, or receive relief?

See! lovely Spring, with renovating hand,
 Her blooming empire o'er the world display!
 Plenty she scatters through the smiling land,
 And with new raptures wakes the genial day!

See! Nature's gifts demand thy tuneful voice!
 The vernal meads thy devious steps invite;
 In Heaven-raught lays, where warbling larks rejoice,
 And Philomela's trillings chear the night!

Heedful no more of Winter's dreary reign,
 Of frozen slumbers, or of drifted snow,
 The sportive floods their wonted channels gain,
 And glide unmindful of their frigid foe!

None now are dumb!—The vegetative race
 With eloquence unfathomable preach;
 Inanimates now wear a pleasing face;
 And to mankind instructive lessons teach!

Loos'd from his rein, th' impatient courser bounds,
 Neighs to the Heavens, and shares the general joy;
 With savage gratitude the grove resounds;
 Love-bleating hymns the milder flocks employ!

Nor is man silent!—Chearful as the day,
 Salubrious hinds the festive dance explore;
 Their only wish (bland health and pleasure gay)
 Th' Eternal grants—enraptur'd they adore!

Join then the blissful choir!—The chearful note
 Let Echo's magic from the caves resound!
 Whilst o'er the lawns astonish'd Wood-nymphs float,
 And Sylphs, well-pleas'd, in myriads flock around!

Here if the poignant pangs of Sorrow dart,
 Or the fell dæmon Grief perchance alarms,
 Safely repose each secret of thy heart,
 And lull each care in Amarantha's arms!

Here too the spirit so completely blest
 (A mother once—a guardian-angel now!)
 Shall ease the sigh, which heaves thy labouring breast,
 And heaven-ward waft the well-directed vow!

1765.

H A P P I N E S S,
A RHAPSODICAL SOLILOQUY.

BY THE EDITOR.

AH! whither shall I fly to seek thee?—Haste,
Thou genial balm of dull mortality!
“Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content;” or Happiness,
If that name please thee most!—Celestial maid,
Oh! deign to bless thy youthful votary’s hours!
Re-vivify my spirits; fill each void
With joys unfullied!—Say, divinest Nymph,
Where shall I trace thy footsteps? whither bend
My eager search to find thee?—In the grove,
With Contemplation? In the mossy bowers,
Encircled with the curling woodbine’s shade
And trembling zephyrs? In the magic cave
Of calm Retirement? Shall I there behold
Thy plastic visage? Thence, alas! arise
Misanthropy and Grief, a train of ills,
Unheard, unthought-of!—Shall I seek in Love
Thy pleasing comforts? Can a female smile,
The ruby lip or sweetly-glancing eye,
The lively polish of the fairest face,
Disperse the melancholy gloom of life?
Ah! no; thence maladies unnumber’d spring;
The transports temporary; the regrets
Irradicable, ruthless!—Hath the State,
Pride’s chief resort, sufficient charms to lure

The

The sickly soul to peace?—Forbid the thought!—
Ambition's fons the heaviest woes attend;
Dull, care-fraught days! and nights devoid of rest!
Say, are the paths of Science those of Bliss?
Can Learning's lore be thine, sweet Happiness?
Oh! let me climb the steep Pierian rocks;
The summit of th' Olympic Mount attain;
Or lave in crystal streams, where dwell the Nymphs
Of bland Aonia! Let me contemplate
The page Platonic! or, enraptur'd, soar,
Where Newton leads, to realms etherial, bright
With mild effulgence! Let me scan the paths
Of devious Comets, or the splendid forms
Of Planets station'd! Let me join the train
Of Sages, Bards, Philosophers! pursue
The tracks of scientific skill! explore
The scenes capacious of my native globe,
The seat of Nature! if in those delights
Thou, dear Felicity, wilt share; if thou
Wilt aid my labours!—But, alas! Content
Wears not the academic garb; the source
Of many a toilsome thought! where every stretch
Of knowledge paints th' ascent more difficult
Whither if kind Minerva's fostering hand
A favourite Votary should perchance direct,
Aloof he stands, and, struck with wild amaze,
Views the drear blank beneath him! In the void,
No soul congenial to divert his toil!
Painful Pre-eminence!—Above the World!—
Above Life's greatest joys!—Above Himself!—

Ah! why thus coy, thou elevated Good,
 Thou Bliss primæval!—Teach me, brightest Nymph,
 Thy secret haunts; thy lov'd retreats reveal;
 Unveil thy radiant beauties; and disclose
 The springs which lead the wandering soul to thee!

Yes, fair Content, I catch thy pleasing smile,
 And stand corrected!—With enraptur'd heart,
 Thy mandates I obey—and plainly trace
 Thy vestige in the “human Soul divine!”

Hail! Source of every Pleasure, every Joy!
 For Thou art Pleasure; and without thy charms
 Creation's bounds would prove a lifeless space!—
 Like the mild shower, thy bounties, unperceiv'd,
 Shed their kind influence! Whilst th' effect we feel,
 The source we see not!—Lost in deep amaze,
 In vain we search; yet, grateful, own the hand
 Of Providence benign, whose wise decree
 Presides o'er every deed; whose gracious will
 Ordains such comforts for the sinful race
 Of man—repentant!—Comforts, which, on earth,
 Anticipate th' expected joys of Heaven!

1766.

UNCERTAINTY, AN ELEGIAC ODE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOU lenient Disperser of Care,
 Thy bountiful blessings impart;
 Some glimmerings of comfort prepare,
 To relieve an oppression-struck heart.

Yet

Yet why should the mandates of Fate
Excite my resentment or blame?
Or how can I charge them with hate,
Since Nancy approves of my flame?

Ah! there lies the source of my grief,
Whence flows every heart-rending sigh,
Which forbids every glimpse of relief
In woes which I wish not to fly!

When blest by her all-cheering smile,
In vain Sorrow sharpens the dart;
Her looks my distresses beguile,
And snatch from Misfortune the smart!

On her whilst enamour'd I gaze,
No raptures with mine can compare;
Each charm I survey with amaze,
'Till plung'd in the depths of Despair.

Whilst thus you perplexingly please,
Oh! tear the fond thought from my breast!
Restore, lov'd invader, that ease,
Which I once too securely possess'd!

Forgive, dearest Nancy, the youth,
Who strove your affections to gain,
If, guided by Honour and Truth,
He gives you a moment of pain!

'Tis Prudence, whose rigid controul
Impels a detested delay,
And guides every wish of the soul,
Which Love would more pleadingly sway!

Ah! why did I wish to inspire
 Sensations so tenderly dear?
 Or why did your blushes require
 What your peace had such reason to fear?

Surcharg'd with unbounded distress,
 I sink with its soul-crushing weight;
 And, stifled by Love's soft excess,
 Reluctantly yield to my fate!

Distraction!—and shall I then yield
 From Life's greatest bliss to be torn?

Discretion 's no longer a shield
 Against griefs too severe to be borne!

No!—I cannot—I will not—reign
 The dear hope which shall teach me content!—
 A passion so pure, so divine,
 For happiness only was meant!

No more shall the mandates of Fate
 Excite my resentment or blame:
 No longer I'll charge them with hate;
 For Nancy approves of my flame!

1765.

T O A L A D Y,
 W I T H A P O C K E T B O O K.

IF ever heart, fair excellence, was mine,
 Believe me, Patty, 'tis sincerely thine!
 This earnest of my love, then, deign to take;
 And prize the trifle for the giver's sake.

1777.

J. N.

S O N G.

SONG. BY MR. JOHN HOADLY*.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny seaman,
 With tears she sent him out to roam,
 Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
 But left his heart with her at home;
 She view'd the sea from off the hill,
 And, as she turn'd her spinning-wheel,
 Sung of her bonny failor.

The

* Youngest son of Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, bishop of Winchester. He was born in Broad-street, October 8, 1711, and educated at Mr. Newcome's school in Hackney, where he gained great applause by performing the part of Phœcyas in "The Siege of Damascus." In June 1730, he was admitted of Ben'et College, in Cambridge, and about the same time at the Temple, intending to study the law. This design, however, he soon abandoned; for in the next year we find he had relinquished all thoughts of the law as a profession. He took the degree of LL. B. in 1735, and on the 29th of November following, was appointed chancellor of Winchester, ordained deacon by his father Dec. 7, and priest the 21st of the same month. He was immediately received into the prince of Wales's household as his chaplain; as he afterwards was into that of the princess dowager, May 6, 1751. His several preferments he received in the following order of time: The rectory of Michelmerth, March 8, 1737; that of Wroughton, in Wiltshire, Sept. 8, 1737; and that of Alresford, and a prebend of Winchester, 29th of November in the same year. On June 9, 1743, he was instituted

The wind grew loud, and she grew paler
 To see the weathercock turn round,
 When, lo! she spied her bonny sailor
 Come singing * o'er the fallow ground;
 With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,
 Fair Sally met him with a smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

Fast

to the rectory of St. Mary near Southampton, and on Dec. 16, 1746, collated to that of Overton. He had the honour to be the first person on whom Archbishop Herring conferred the degree of doctor. In May 1760, he was appointed to the mastership of St. Cross; and all these preferments he enjoyed until his death, except the rectory of Wroughton and the prebend of Winchester. He wrote some poems in Dodsley's Collection, vol. V. p. 258—288; and is supposed to have very materially assisted his brother in "The Suspicious Husband." He likewise published a complete edition of his father's works in 3 vols. folio, with Memoirs of his life and writings prefixed, 1773. After living to the age of sixty-four, the delight of his friends, he died March 16, 1776, and with him the name of Hoadly became extinct. He was the author of several dramatic pieces, which are enumerated in an improved edition of "The Companion to the Playhouse, 1781." Amongst these was a tragedy on the story of Lord Cromwell, which he once intended to give to the stage. In a letter dated June 27, 1765, he says, "My affair with Mr. Garrick is coming upon the carpet again;" and, August 1, 1765, he thus apologises to a friend to whom he intended to present the copy: "Your kind concern, &c. demanded an earlier acknowledgment, had I not delayed till an absolute answer came from my friend David Garrick, with his fixed resolution never more to 'strut and

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,
 But first around his mouth wip'd he,
 Like home-bred spark he could not dally,
 But prefs'd and kifs'd her with a glee;
 "Through winds and waves and dashing rain,
 Said he, thy Tom's return'd again
 To bring a heart for Sally."

"Welcome! cry'd she, my constant Thomas,
 Though out of sight, ne'er out of mind;
 Though seas our hearts have parted from us,
 Yet still my thoughts were left behind;
 So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
 That time nor absence from my heart
 Could drive my constant Thomas."

"This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
 Which still I've kept for her dear sake,
 A thousand times in amorous folly
 Her name has carv'd upon the deck."

and fret his hour upon the stage' again. This decree has unhinged my schemes with regard to Lord Cromwell, for nothing but the concurrence of so many circumstances in my favour (his entire disinterested friendship for me and the good Doctor's memory; Mrs Hoadly's bringing on a piece of the Doctor's at the same time; the story of mine being on a religious subject, &c. and the peculiar advantage of David's unparalleled performance in it), could have persuaded me to break through the prudery of my profession, and (in my station in the church) produce a play upon the stage." N.

** Originally *whistling*; which the author was induced to alter, on the late Mr. Gostling's observing to him, that sailors never *whistle*, deeming it ominous. D.

Again this happy pledge returns,
To shew how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally."

" This thimble, thou didst give to Sally,
Whene'er I see I think on you,
Then why should Tom stand shilly-shally,
When yonder steeple's in view ?
Tom, never to occasion blind,
Now took her in the coming mind,
And went to church with Sally.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS, PERFORMED IN 1764,
BY THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF MR. NEWCOME'S SCHOOL,
AS IT WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN BY MR. HUGHES.

BY DR. HOADLY*. SPOKEN BY MASTER LEAVES.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

YOUR modern men of wit laugh at our schools,
Which fill the polish'd world with *learned fools*.
With them, we study but to stuff the head
With languages—talk'd only by the dead;

* This ingenious writer, as is already observed p. 149, had in his school-days played, with great applause, the part of Phocyas; and the late Dr. Charles Plumtre (Archdeacon of Ely) was as good an Eudocia; with whom, said Dr. Hoadly, not long before his death, to Mr. Duncombe, "I have been in love ever since, but chiefly with the virtues of *her* mind, which are as conspicuous and superexcellent as those in the play." D.

With

With laws and customs of a perish'd nation,
And manners, now entirely out of fashion.

The graver moralists our care arraign
To heap up *words*, and the young memory strain,
Whilst to *morality* we give no part,
But swell the watery head, and starve the heart.

To obviate these, to-night we break our bounds—
See us transported to poetic grounds!

To Eastern climes, where Hughes attempts to raise
Fair Virtue's temple on Religion's base!

The Goddess in her truest shape he draws,
A faint-like heroine, steadfast to her laws.

The bard, on Nature building all his plan,
Paints no such monster as a perfect *man*.

If Phocyas, for a moment, quits the truth,
Think him a soldier, and forgive his youth.

The camp his school, and fame his noble chace,
He dreams that conquest is a sign of grace;

And since to Mussulmans success is given,
Their Faith is favour'd by the hand of Heaven.

If critics grow too pious—from the fair
He refuge seeks: their votary they will spare,
An injur'd lover, frantic with despair.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. III. VER. 48.

“ERROR VARIOUS, YET ALIKE.”

THUS in a wood two pilgrims turn'd aside,
Miss each their way as each from each divide;
Their path is different, but their error's one,
By *that* misguided, but by *this* undone.

ASTER.

T O

MISCELLANY POEMS.

TO BROWNLOW, EARL OF EXETER, ON THE BIRTH OF HIS SON (THE PRESENT EARL). BY JOHN TAYLOR*, B. A.

My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay
all night upon the branch : my glory was fresh in me,
and my bow was renewed in my hand. JOB xxix. 19, 20.

FROM this auspicious hour let glory trace
The lengthen'd honours of the Cecils' race ;
And, as her eyes indulge the purple scene,
The glad procession, and the shining train,

Of

* This truly excellent scholar was born, about 1703, at Shrewsbury (where his father was a tradesman), and received the early part of his education at the public grammar-school of that town. He was admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he became B. A. in 1730, and afterwards a fellow ; was appointed librarian to the university in March 1732, and soon after registrar ; was admitted an advocate in Doctors Commons, Feb. 15, 1741 ; and succeeded Dr. Reynolds as chancellor of Lincoln in April, 1744 ; but, intending to be a civilian, did not then think proper to enter into orders. Continuing however at college, to superintend his edition of Demosthenes, till the prospect of a college-living became near and valuable, he took orders ; and the living of Lawford in Essex becoming vacant, he obtained it, took possession in April 1751, and succeeded Dr. Terrick in a residentiaryship of St. Paul's in July 1757. In the same year he had the office of prolocutor to the lower house of convocation. He

Of ermin'd ancestors, and Burleigh's son,
And annals ever-blending with her own;
Weigh every worth, and each distinguish'd claim,
To the vast splendor of superior fame;
Till fairest omens check her fruitless care,
And fix the long-disputed lustre here.

To polish worth, and fill the glowing heart
With purest strains of honour and desert;
Till finish'd merit can refine no more,
And Nature gives the generous conflict o'er;
Till the last touch completes the labour'd piece,
And Glory cries, "I'm satisfied with this:"
The toil of rolling seasons must engage,
The pang of years, the labour of an age.

In this fair pledge of Burleigh's endless name,
This happy earnest of continuing fame;
Let generous Cecil lend one falling tear,
And read the narrow date Mortality must share.
Pass but an year, an age, or æra by,
Ourselves, our merits, and our names, shall die:—

was also archdeacon of Buckingham; and commissary of Lincoln and of Stow. He was a valuable member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies; was esteemed one of the most disinterested, as he was one of the most learned, of his profession; and died, universally lamented and beloved, April 4, 1766—I say nothing here of his many useful publications, but shall enlarge on that head in the "Anecdotes" of his friend Mr. Bowyer. Two English poems by Dr. Taylor, and one in Latin, are printed in Gent. Mag. 1779, p. 149, 250, 365. N.

The

The poor capricious beings of a day,
 The slender vassals of a swift decay.
 Like shadowy heroes of a theatre,
 Born for a while to blaze—and disappear;
 The mouldering subject of a scanty date,
 Prais'd in this age—and in the next forgot.

But gracious Heaven with healing care ordains
 For transient Merit still its kind remains;
 Thus god-like stems she labours to retrieve
 From the dark bosom of the silent grave:
 And by successive blooms of worth repays
 The hasty flow of quick-expiring days.

His course of glory well has Cecil run;
 He ow'd his Britain nothing but a Son,
 To speed th' immortal glories of his line
 Along the flood of ages, and the flow of time.
 If patriots claim an interest in the praise,
 And share the future glories of their race:
 The father blooms with triumphs of the son,
 And all the distant merit is his own;
 Repaid is he that watch'd for Britain's queen,
 Nor has great Burleigh merited in vain.

Illustrious Youth! to early fame appear,
 And answer all Eliza's forming care:
 Here in thy own Britannia's annals learn,
 What time and glory ask from Cecil's Son.
 Already I survey this watchful care,
 To crush the embryo seeds of rising war;
 To prop the awful pile of Britain's state,
 To curb the Rhine, and balance Europe's fate:

Hear thee proclaim'd thy country's best defence,
And chose to speak a loyal nation's sense.
But O! when Heaven grows envious of his joys,
And re-demands her blessing to the skies;
Let Burleigh join his labours with thy own,
And be the tutelary saints of Britain's throne.

J. TAYLOR, B. A. *St. John's Coll. Cambr.*

TO THE FAIR UNKNOWN*,

ON SEEING HER AT THE MUSICK BOOTH

AT STURBRIDGE FAIR.

B Y M R. T A Y L O R.

COULD these faint numbers glow with equal fire,
To that which in his breast the writer feels:
Could Phœbus like the FAIR UNKNOWN inspire,
Or verse but emulate the flame it tells,
The lover some success had found, and she
Been known to fame, though lost to love and me.

Wound not that love with too severe a name,
Which was not chance, but passion in excess,
Conceal'd the shaft from whence the arrow came,
My hopes may be, but not my anguish less:
Strikes not the lightning with a fate as true,
Though baffled Reason wonder'd whence it flew?

* In a copy I have seen, the name of "Mrs. Apthorp" is added in MS. N.

If not in pity to your lover's woes,
 For your own sake, at least, yourself reveal,
 Lest, when I die, and thou the latent cause,
 You lose a triumph you deserve so well;
 Nay, ev'n repaid will all my sufferings be,
 And envied be my fall—if known, I fall by thee.
 Yet more—a thousand Loves may lurk behind,
 And half the course of glory yet to run;
 A flowing wit, discreet and beauteous mind,
 May crown the conquest which your eyes begun;
 Nor bid me dread the thousand deaths in store,
 I look'd, I figh'd, and lov'd—and was undone before?
 In vain the midnight-anchorite may boast
 Of rugged maxims and pedantic rules,
 For what is life, its best enjoyment lost
 In the dull mazes of insipid schools?
 Love must refine what Science scarce began,
 And mould the letter'd savage into man.
 Let lazy Hermits dream in college-cells,
 Severely great, and indolently good,
 Whose frozen breasts such glimmering rapture tells,
 As lifeless, dull platonics understood.
 Go, tell that doating sage, who looks on thee
 With Plato's eyes, may question if he see.
 Judge now my passion by severest truth,
 And read what rigorous justice cannot blame;
 If I have err'd, inform a willing youth,
 At least, mistaken only was my flame:
 Was love a crime? then teach me to adore,
 And zeal shall be what passion was before.

IN PRAISE OF SILENCE.

TO MRS. —, OF DURHAM.

BY DR. TAYLOR*.

GO, gentle verse, and to the fair
 Thy master's bashful soul reveal,
 A tale, if fit for her to hear,
 Oh, doubtless fit for thee to tell;
 Since e'en that mute and silent tongue
 That shames the bard must seize the song.

Perhaps the compass of a day
 Together will our fortunes join,
 Then thou to silence dropp'st a prey,
 Thy busy voice as hush'd as mine,
 Alike forgot, some years to come,
 That thou could'st prate, or I was dumb.

Yet ere by that sad doom o'ertook
 To crisp a curl, or wrap perfume,
 Ere Betty seize thee for the cook,
 Or Veny drags thee round the room,
 O let thy voice the tale supply,
 I'd rather thou should'st tell than I.

* These verses were given to me by a Friend of Dr. Taylor, who copied them many years ago in short-hand, and suspects that some faults may have arisen in the decyphering. N.

Tell

Tell her, like tasks * of shade and light

Our different parts in life conspire,

'Tis hers to point the brilliant wit,

'Tis mine to listen and admire.

In vain that canvass e'er was spread †,

Where all is light or all is shade.

A thousand things will let her see,

What I allege, and she must own,

How kindly flats and sharps agree,

To keep the play of life in tune:

Thus discords make the concert sweet;

And silence is a fauce for wit.

Silence, with justice doom'd to quit

Polite assemblies, beaux and belles,

Unenvied sure may find retreat

With midnight drones in college cells;

A thoughtless dull insipid breed,

That read and smoke, and smoke and read.

Thither when Fate shall point my way,

To turn the tasteless volume o'er,

Then dies the thought that's brisk and gay,

Then —— calls to smile no more.

Forgot, how studious once to please,

I turn'd the verse to buy my peace.

* Q. Whether not in the original TINTS? K.

† This verse is much like that in Proverbs. "Surely in vain the net is spread," &c. but here must mean, "spread with colours," painted, which is harsh. The whole wants ease and elegance, and probably was written when he was very young. *Idem.*

O D E

colloco . colli

colloco . colli

colloco . colloco

colloco . colloco

colloco . colloco

colloco . colloco

ODE ON LIGHT. BY MR. TAYLOR.

“ And God said: Let there be light, and there was light.”

Gen. i. 3.

ALL hail! illustrious Parent of the day,
Hail! thou of Heaven first-born

To glad Creation at her dawn,
And gild the growing harmony.

Source of Ages, flow of Time,
By thee the Hours have fledg'd their wing,

Æras start, and Seasons spring;
From thee they spring, by thee they glide,

Light! ever fleeting, ever gay,

Light! their spring, their lamp, and guide;

Thou measur'st out their line,

And chalk'st their destin'd way.

By thy nimble speeding,

Wearied with exceeding,

Ray on ray succeeding

Will we trace,

Thy furious bound, thy eager pace,

* If that all-forming summons to appear, [year.

That spoke thee to exist, and bade thee canton out the

Say, to what friendly aid we owe

Those gleams that in the mind's fair mirror play;

From what rich fountain flow

Those ripening beams of intellectual day?

By whose fair pencil is each image wrought,

That teems to birth, and burnishes to thought;

* This should certainly be *In*; the first propagation of
light being almost equal to the *fiat* that spoke it into being. K.

How fancy every shape puts on ;
 How kindling sparks her form compose,
 And whence the constant shining train,
 That memory, or experience shows ;
 How Reason's lamp burns with incessant toil,
 To light the judgement, and to guide the will.

Yet where benighted Reason strays
 In Faith's unnavigable ocean lost,
 There Heaven a bounteous light displays,
 And steers the scatter'd vessel to the coast.

First, in the hallow'd signs,
 The glimmering truth in mystic notes we trace,
 Till, gather'd in a full meridian blaze,
 The swelling prospect shines.
 Thus mimic colours, on the canvass laid,
 Rise, by degrees, in nice distinction spread,
 The light itself displays, and animates the shade.

Muse, must the light of Learning die ?
 Muse, forbid obscurity ;
 Lest, what the rolling flood of years had swept away,
 Rust, and tarnish to decay ;
 Muse, the fleeting hours retrieve,
 And bid forgotten æras live :
 Bid the sister-arts advance,
 Swell the pomp, and crown the dance.
 Hark ! the strings obsequious move ;
 See ! the bounding fingers rove ;
 Now the majestic Epic sails along,
 Hail the great notes, and bless the rising song !

Now,

Now, in sadly-pleasing strains,
 Weeping Elegy complains :
 Now, now the giddy Lyre
 Gives life to sound, and sense to wire ;
 Blending notes, and accents changing
 In broken airs, and wild tumultuous fury ranging :
 Distemper'd Darkneſs rears her lazy head,
 Oblivion quits her gloomy bed :
 Science blooms, and Arts refine,
 Letter'd ages know
 In fair array to glide ;
 Athens revives where Cam and Isis flow.

POETICAL PART OF
 A MUSIC SPEECH AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY MR. TAYLOR, 1730.

AND now a while let ſtern Science reſt,
 While Verſe and Muſic hail the ſofter gueſt :
 To Beauty ſacred are the chord and ſong,
 And homage-numbers ſpeak from whence they ſprung :
 Theirs is the well-tun'd verſe and glowing note,
 Whatever Orpheus ſwell'd, or Prior thought :
 By them inspir'd, I draw th' adventurous line ;
 Theirs all its graces, all the failings mine.

Ladies! our homely ſimile would ſay,
 That by the model of this ſingle day,
 The *gremial Doct̃or* ſhapes his awkward way,
 Rubs, frets, diſputes, and thinks his compaſs through,
 Till fifty winters mellow on his brow.

His noon of Life in reverend slumber past,
 His evening soul to Love awakes at last:
 The late, the closing science is a wife,
 And Beauty only cheers the verge of life.

Now will those Oxford wags be apt to flee
 At these old-fashion'd tricks we practise here.
 Those enterprising Clerks, I've heard them say,
 Have found a better and a nearer way:
 Plato with Hymen they have learn'd to blend,
 And jointure early — on their Dividend.
 There Marriage-deeds with Buttery-books can vie,
 They storm and conquer, — whilst we toast and sigh.

Ladies! we own our Elder Sister's merit,
 The forward girl had e'er a bustling spirit.
 'Tis there politeness every genius fits,
 Their Heads are Courtiers, and their 'Squires are Wits:
 There Gentleman 's a common name to all,
 From Jesus College, down to New Inn Hall:
 'Tis theirs to soar above our humble tribe,
 That think or love as Statutes shall prescribe:
 They never felt a fire they durst not own,
 Nor rhym'd nor languish'd for a FAIR UNKNOWN*:
 Nay Verse, that earnest Pleader with the Fair,
 Has found a Portion and Professor there;
 Whilst We our barren, widow'd bays regret,
 And Cambridge Muses are but Spinsters yet.

By this plain-dealing will the Fair-ones guess
 Our clumsy breeding, and our lame address.
 'Tis true, our Courtship 's homely, but sincere,
 And that 's a doctrine which you seldom hear.

* See verses "To the Fair Unknown," p. 157. N.

Nay, I expect the *flatter'd* Fair will frown,
I see the pinner o'er the shoulder thrown:
See every feature glowing with disdain,
The awful rap of the indignant fan,
The head, unmindful of its glories, toft,
And all the business of the morning lost.

I hope the charge is not so general yet,
As no good-natur'd comment to admit.
Pray, cast your eyes upon our youth below,
And say, what think you of our *purpled* Beau?
For, if the picture 's not exactly true,
The thanks to white-glov'd Trinity are due.

What though our Johnian plead but scanty worth,
Cold and ungenial as his native North,
Who never taught the virgin's breast to glow,
Nor rais'd a wish beyond what Vestals know;
The Jesuit cloister'd in his pensive cell,
Where vapours dark with contemplation dwell,
Dream out a being to the world unknown,
And sympathise with every changing moon;
Though politics engross the sons of Clare,
Nor yields the state one moment to the Fair;
Though Ben'et mould in indolence and ease,
And whist prolong the balmy rest of Kay's;
And one continued solemn flumber reigns,
From untun'd Sidney to protesting Queen's:
Yet, O ye Fair!—

Let this one dressing, dancing race atone
For all the follies of the pedant gown.
The Templar need not blush for such allies,
Not jealous Christ Church this applause denies.

How sleek their looks! how undisturb'd their air,
 By midnight vigils, or by morning prayer!
 No pale reflection dares those cheeks invade,
 No hectic Student scares the yielding Maid.
 Long from those shades has learned dust retir'd,
 And Toilets shine where Folios once aspir'd.

Pass but an age—perhaps thy labour*, Wren,
 Rear'd to the Muse, displays a softer scene.
 Polite reformers! luxury to see
 The pile stand sacred, Heidegger, to Thee.
 Where Plato undisturb'd his mansion keeps,
 And Homer now past contradiction sleeps,
 The Vizard Squire shall hear the Concert's sound,
 And Midnight Vestals trip the measur'd round.
 I see the Classes into Side-boards flung,
 And musty Codes transform'd to modern Song;
 The solemn Wax in gilded sconces glare,
 Where poring Wormius dangled once in air.

Yet still in justice must it be confess'd,
 You 'll find some *modern* Scholars here at least.
 Profound Adepts, which Gallia never knew!
 For who would seek Ambassadors in you?
 An handsome Envoy is no blunder yet,
 A well-dress'd Member, or a Treasury Wit:
 Toupees in Britain's Senate may have rose,
 But who e'er read of balance-holding Beaux?
 For, oh! unhappy to your powder'd heads,
 'Tis sure that Brancas thinks, and Fleury reads.

* Trinity College Library, built by Sir C. Wren. T.

'Tis yours in softer numbers to excel,
To watch how Modes, not Empires, rose and fell;
Prescribe the haughty Prude a narrower sphere,
And sigh whole years in treaty with the Fair;
To parley ages on a Snuff-box hinge,
And mark the periods of the Bugle fringe.

Memoirs like these, well gilded, may adorn
The ebon cabinet of Squires unborn;
With what serene composure of the brain
Shall future Beaux turn o'er the rich remain!
The well-spelt page perhaps with rapture dwells
On Pepys' gilded shew, or Woodward's shells:
Important truths are couch'd in every line;
What Cambridge Toast excell'd in Twenty-nine,
What new Embroidery this Commencement grac'd,
And how complexions alter'd since the last,
Ev'n China Nymphs shall live in Sonnet there,
Or Polly Peachum stroll'd to Sturbridge Fair.

Perhaps, though schemes ill suit so soft a pen,
The gilded leaf some secrets may contain:
What shower-drench'd Sinner, reeling from the Rose,
Did first the hint of Hackney-chairs propose:
Who bade Sultanas clasp the well-shap'd Maid:
Who first projected Cæsar's Cavalcade:
Who, fond of planting Opera Statutes here,
Struck out the modish thought of ticketing the Fair.

The moral of my tale might fairly show
The Northern Vicar that commences now,
How Alma Mater better days expects,
And Reformation thrives against the next.

But oh, ill-fated Youth ! he sees the last,
 And Trent, like Styx, for ever holds him fast :
 Before him flits the visionary scene,
 He sees Commencements rise on every green :
 The red-rob'd Doctor struts before his eyes,
 And Galleries of Southern Beauties rise :
 Then moulds his scanty Latin, and less Greek,
 And Hereboords* his parish once a week.

Perhaps, if flames can glow beneath the Pole,
 Some distant Cælia fires his youthful soul,
 Proud to retail the little All he knew,
 He vends his College-stock in Billet-doux ;
 Whate'er his Tutor taught his greener age
 Of Muses breathing o'er the letter'd page ;
 Whate'er our legendary Schools instill'd,
 Of raptur'd Bards with holy transports fill'd.
 The Tale, ye Fair-ones, with distrust survey,
 There 's not one word of truth in all they say.

In Ledger-rolls indeed of ancient Writ,
 We find a Grecian Factory for Wit ;
 And musty Records give some dark account
 Of one Director Phœbus of the Mount ;
 Nay, from our files, I 'll venture to supply ye
 With several bills endors'd by Banker Clio.
 But whether Stocks declin'd, or Dealers broke,
 The Trade is now an arrant South-Sea joke ;
 For sure the modern Bank of Love and Wit
 Is what we mortals mean by Lombard-street.

* In quibusdam Codd.

“And Harry Hills his parish once a week.”
 Hills was a retailer of cheap-printed Sermons. N.

But

But more exalted numbers wake the chord,
 And flying sounds inform the melting word!
 Hear the glad string explain the poet's thought,
 And Greene expresses how Pope with justice wrote *.

ODE FOR MUSIC

ON OPENING THE NEW REGENT HOUSE AT
 THE PUBLIC COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY MR. TAYLOR, 1730.

GODDESS of the Brave and Wise,
 On whose divided Empire wait
 The martial triumphs of the Great,
 And all the tuneful throng
 That wake the vocal chord, and shape the flying song!
 A while successive to thy trust
 Let BRITAIN'S Genius, great and just,
 The fate of Empires guard:
 A while let Arts, thy other care,
 To toils of Glory be preferr'd;
 And say, amidst the waste of War,
 Did ever to thy wondering eyes,
 A fairer scene of Triumph rise?
 Then swell the verse, and let it be
 Sacred to Science, Harmony, and Thee.
 Let widow'd Empires speak thy sterner sway,
 The mouldering arch, the ruin large,
 The column faithless to its charge,
 And bitter waste that marks the Conqueror's way:

* Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia, set to music by Dr. Greene. It
 is printed in the fifth volume of this Collection, p. 312. N.
 But

But be thy softer, better praise,
 Be thine, and MUSIC's toil to raise,
 To mend the soul, and melt the heart:

MUSIC! the Founder Art,
 MUSIC! the soul of Verse, and friend of Peace.

Who pois'd the well-tun'd Spheres,
 And led the chorus of the circling years,
 When Chaos held distemper'd sway,
 And jarring atoms, Cold and Heat,
 The Light, the Grave, the Dry, the Wet,
 In fullen discord lay?

'Twas Harmony, 'twas Builder Harmony:

'Twas Harmony compos'd this concert frame,
 'Twas Harmony which upwards flung the active flame,
 Prescrib'd the Air in middle space to flow,
 And bade the Wave and groffer Earth subside below.
 Then all yon tuneful restless Choir
 Began their radiant journeys to advance,
 And with unerring symphony to roll the central dance.

CHORUS.

Whilst we the measur'd Song decree,
 Builder Harmony, to thee,
 Tune every chord, and every note inspire.

But hark! Amphion shakes the yielding strings,
 And animated rocks around him throng,
 The Marble from his veiny cavern springs,
 The Flint forsakes his drowsy cell,
 And, all obsequious to the potent spell,
 Hears the commanding strings, and listens to the Song.
 'Twas,

'Twas, Cadmus, thine the elder fate,
To mould the infant growing state;
But Dirce still laments the fenceless shed,
Still Thebes inglorious rears her towerless head..

There wants the vocal Patriot yet
To make thy labours by his own complete,
And fix the Warrior's and the Muses' seat..

Now by the sweetly-plaintive Lute,
Warbling broken faith and slighted love:
By the sprightly Violin and mellow Flute,
That teach the measur'd dance to move:

By the hallow'd fire, [lyre:
That shakes the Prophet's Harp, and strings the Poet's:

By the Trumpet's loud alarms,
That rouse the nations up to arms:

By holy strains that deep-mouth'd Organs blow,

To whom the pious use is given

To wing the silent glowing vow,

And waft the raptur'd saint to Heaven::

Be, MUSIC, thy peculiar care

To shed thy choicest blessings here;

Let every Muse and every Grace,

Soft-smiling Joy and rosy Peace,

And all the verdant, faithful train,

That wait thy balmy, happy reign,

With tuneful Seraphs guard the hallow'd place.

So when, at Britain's wide command,

The Austrian Eagle learns to fear,

The pile to Thee shall sacred stand,

Thy genial Empire founded here.

Then

Then every arch, with faithful verse
 Inscrib'd, shall joyfully rehearse
 How Granta's arts with Britain's conquests swell:
 Then thou, beneath her guardian wing,
 To either praise shalt tune the string,
 And Britain's glories shall inform the shell.

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE II.*.

BY MR. A W B R E Y.

PROFANE not, Time, with thy unhallow'd hand
 This ever-sacred shrine! The virtuous deed
 Thy envious power defies: fit prey for thee
 The tyrant's empty fame, offspring impure
 Of fell Ambition, source of every woe.
 Awhile the servile trophy', or title proud,
 In sculptur'd stone may live, and flattering verse
 Delusive prov'd by Truth, best judge of worth,
 They sudden sink in dark Oblivion's cave.
 To George's fame a nobler monument
 Britannia rears, the tribute of the heart,
 For ever mindful of that hand, which first
 Her valiant sons from harsh tyrannic sway
 Heaven-sent deliver'd; which fair Freedom gave,
 And with her gave great Brunswick's honour'd line.

Hail, royal Shade! thy praise to latest age
 Th' Historic Muse shall consecrate; thy deeds
 In Freedom's cause atchiev'd; thy glorious toils

* From "Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis, &c. 1761." K.

For Europe's safety, and Britannia's weal.
 Though martial fire thy generous bosom warm'd,
 And bade thee seek in close embattled ranks
 The laurel'd meed of high renown (ye towers
 Of Oud'nard witness, and Main's rapid flood)
 Yet dearer far those milder arts, which shed
 Diffusive blessings o'er a grateful land.

'Twas thine afflicted Virtue to protect,
 And with paternal hand (intent on Him
 Who rules above, and chief delights in pity)
 From orphan-eye to wipe the gushing tear.
 'Twas thine, when Justice claim'd the stern decree,
 Union divine! to lend sweet Mercy's aid.
 While impious War with unrelenting hand
 Had spread destruction wide, and Europe wept
 Her half-unpeopled plains, by thee sustain'd
 (And well thou knew'st, blest Shade, with patriot zeal
 Wisely to rule) Britain triumphant stood,
 And saw within her ports a thousand sails
 Bid Wealth and Plenty rear their golden heads.
 Oft when the sinking sun from finish'd task
 Recall'd the free-born swain, oft would he stop,
 And on his rude fork leaning grateful view
 With eager eye, as o'er the yellow mead
 His spreading herds and flocks securely play'd:
 And oft beneath the moss-grown oak, or on
 The side of some slope hill, jocund would sing
 Of arms, and distant wars, and home-felt peace;
 And ever would he close his rustic song
 With some choice blessing on the gracious hand

Which

Which gave that peace, and bade those strains to flow.
 Nor shall these blessings cease! another George
 Succeeds, Britain's sure hope, by worth innate
 And high example taught instruction best!
 To fix on solid base his country's weal.

JOHN AWBREY,
Gentleman-Commoner of Christ Church.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
 HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES,
 AND THE PRINCESS OF SAXE-GOTHA*.

BY MR. TREVOR.

SEE, where the Graces, gentle handmaids, lead
 The blushing virgin to the bridal bed!
 Bless'd with that softness, that distinguish'd air,
 Which Venus only gives the favourite fair;
 With each coy charm her modesty would hide,
 The bloom of beauty, but without the pride;
 With every art the raptur'd soul to move,
 And worthy Ammon's son's, or Frederic's love.

Rinaldo once, when treacherous love was nigh,
 Breath'd in Armida's ear the tender sigh;
 And, sweetly lost within the wanton bower,
 The amorous captive own'd her conquering power.

* From the "Gratulatio Academiæ Oxoniensis in Nuptias
 auspiciatissimas illustrissimorum Principum Frederici Principis
 Walliæ et Aug. Principissæ de Saxo-Gotha. 1736." K.

Great Frederic thus has banish'd every care
 Far from his breast; and only love is there:
 A nobler, gentler, happier hero he;
 A fairer far, more chaste enchantress she;
 Who woos the youthful lover to her arms
 With more engaging, less perfidious charms;
 Her winning arts more fatally surprise,
 Who needs alone the magic of her eyes.
 Nor blush, fond youth, to yield to melting fires,
 To young delight, soft joys, and pure desires:
 Ne'er to the rage of war the hero's heart
 Was all resign'd: for Cupid claims his part:
 The sportive god there revels unconfin'd,
 Fond to subdue the victors of mankind.
 Like you, Achilles taught the Fair to yield,
 Nor boasted conquests only in the field:
 And courtly Anthony at ruin smil'd,
 By Cleopatra and by Love beguil'd.

Hail, wedded pair! so exquisitely blest'd,
 So doubly charm'd, caressing and carest'd!
 O! may you still each constant pleasure prove
 Nor breathe a sigh, but what is wak'd by love!

JOHN TREVOR,
Gentleman-Commoner of Christ Church.

ON THE CONCLUSION OF
THE PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, 1748*.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.
(NOW POET LAUREAT). NOT IN HIS WORKS.

FROM whom should Peace sincerer vows receive
Than from those arts which by her presence live?
Far from the noise of arms, in cells and shades,
The sons of Science wait th' inspiring maids:
Yet not inglorious; if the cloister'd Sage
Enrich the moral, or historic page,
The hero's acts from dark oblivion save,
Or frame the precepts which make heroes brave.

But now no more shall rude alarms molest
The learn'd, the virtuous, or the tuneful breast:
No more the matron's pious tears deplore
Her absent heir: the pensive bride no more
With fancied dangers real fears create;
Or Albion tremble for her William's fate:
William, whose godlike arm and filial care
Hush'd her loud griefs, and snatch'd her from despair.
He came, he saw, he drove Rebellion forth
To the bleak regions of her native North:

* From the "Gratulatio Academiæ Cantabrigiæ de Re-
ditu serenissimi Regis Georgii II. post Pacem et Libertatem
Europæ feliciter restitutam anno MDCCXLVIII. Canta-
brigiæ. 1748." K.

There, on the confines of some barren shore,
 While tempests howl, and oceans round her roar,
 The fiend, impatient of the galling chain,
 Heaves her huge limbs, and bites her bonds in vain.

But Peace returns, and o'er the smiling land
 The fair magician waves her olive wand;
 Beneath whose touch the vales fresh verdure wear,
 And future harvests seem already here.

Wide o'er the deep her halcyon power prevails;
 The deep, now darken'd with unnumber'd sails.
 Securely there the merchant ploughs his way
 Through Ushant's straits, and Biscay's faithless bay:
 Securely flacks his course, and points the place,
 Where late our heroes urg'd the naval chace:

" 'Twas there," he cries, " where yon advancing tide
 " Swells from the right, that Gallia's towering pride
 " Bow'd to the British flag:" then spreads the sail,
 And whilst his eager tongue pursues the tale
 Of Albion's triumphs, round the Celtic steep
 Winds to the bosom of Iberia's deep.

There, as they glide, he sees with ardent eyes
 In crowds his country's former conquests rise:
 He leaves the lessening Groyne, beheld from far,
 And Vigo, dreading still the sound of war;
 Cascaia's turrets half in Tagus lost,
 And Gades, and Calpe's oft-disputed coast:
 Fair cause of endless hate!—But why essays
 Th' ambitious verse to grasp Britannia's praise?
 Witness, O Earth, how wide her conquests run;
 Witness, thou rising, and thou setting Sun;

Witness, ye Winds that bear her on her way,
And Waves, that hail her sovereign of the sea!

Yet ne'er should Glory's generous heat too far
Provoke destructive, though successful war.

Th' Almighty hand, which first her shores secur'd
With rolling oceans, and with rocks immur'd,
Which spread her plains, and bade her flocks increase,
Design'd Britannia for the land of peace;
Where Commerce only should exert her sway,
And musing Science trim th' unfading bay.

Then O, though still from Albion's favour'd coasts
New Drakes, new Williams, lead her willing hosts;
Though many a realm, in many a fatal hour,
Has forc'd her to be brave, and felt her power;
Yet still be peace her choice. With plenty crown'd,
Still may she shed the softer blessings round!

Nor fear we thence her innate world should fail:
Firm as her oaks, when winds or waves assail,
She'll stand the storm; though better pleas'd to spread
The milder honours of a peaceful shade.

Ye lands of slaves, whom each mad master's will
Draws forth in myriads, and inures to kill!

What though, from use, your strengthen'd sinews know
To hurl the lance, or bend the stubborn bow;

What though, from use, your harden'd bodies bear
The march laborious, and the midnight air;

Yet must ye still inglorious schemes pursue,
And feel a want which Britons never knew.

'Tis in a juster cause our arms engage,
Than weak ambition, or insatiate rage;

'Tis

ON THE PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE. 179

'Tis from a nobler source our spirits roll:

Toil forms the limbs, but liberty the soul.

W. WHITEHEAD, M. A. *Clare Hall.*

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE II*.

BY MR. LEWIS BAGOT,

(NOW LL.D. AND DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXON.)

NOW was still time of night; and every sound
Through the long vaultings of the royal dome
Was hush'd, the chambers sable-vested walls
Faintly return'd the taper's feeble ray;
When by the couch, where stretch'd in saddest state
All pale and senseless lay his royal lord,
Fidelio sat, motionless sat long time,
And mute, with grief unutterable and awe, [forth:
Tongue-ty'd. At length words mix'd with tears burst
"Thou grizzly terror, Death! invincible
"On earth, these are thy trophies, these thy spoils!
"What man, who, led by curious thirst, hath roam'
"O'er eastern lands remote, and seen of all
"The gorgeous seats of empire, nought escap'd
"The hand of Desolation, save perhaps
"A few bare ruins, seen—and did not feel
"Bitter regret, and sad constraint of pity?
"Here surely then, here were a sight of woe,

* From "Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis in obitum felicissimi Regis Georgii II. et Gratulatio in augustissimi Regis Georgii III. Inaugurationem. Oxonii. 1761." K.

" A cheerless spectacle, must draw perforce
 " Unwilling tears ev'n from the careless eye
 " Of midnight rioters, long inur'd to mock
 " The tender feelings of Humanity ;
 " Must melt to grief the savage fierce intent
 " Of untaught nature.—O the heavy change!
 " O frail assurance of all worldly pomp!
 " Scarce hath the bright sun twice i' th' ocean stream
 " His radiant visage sunk, since this vile mass
 " Of cold, unconscious clay was animate
 " With every ornament of noble mind,
 " Was lov'd, was fear'd, a king—O Royalty,
 " What art thou, to be of man so dearly priz'd?
 " Vain flitting shadow, like a gaudy cloud
 " Ting'd with the western beam, now glorious bright,
 " Now nothing!—At this very hour, perhaps,
 " By Rhine or Fulda's blood-stain'd stream, his name
 " Buzz'd through the camp revives a drooping host,
 " And seems to bode to-morrow's victory,
 " This dismal tale untold.—Yet still shall live
 " His blest memorial in the voice of fame;
 " Still the bright image of his virtue shines
 " Character'd in young George's manly soul.
 " He oft along the silver-streaming Thames
 " Through high embower'd shades was wont to stray
 " Silent, and meditate in thoughtful mood
 " His grandfire's glory, by what means attain'd,
 " By what unfulled kept, and unimpair'd,
 " Still flourishing above th' envenom'd fang
 " Of rancorous envy, and ever, as he mus'd,

“ Grave

" Grave the fair lesson deep within his breast.
 " O thou, that sitt'st above the Heaven of Heavens,
 " Enthron'd from all eternity, thyself
 " King of the universe, who with a thought
 " Canst move at will the stops and secret springs
 " Of government, by thine all-powerful aid
 " Cherish the generous flame, and guide his steps
 " In Virtue's path ! So shall another George
 " Protect this favour'd isle, and spread thy name,
 " O God, and his that died for all, where yet
 " The wretched Indian's unenlighten'd zeal
 " In dark idolatries, and savage rites,
 " Mysterious worship to thy creatures pays."

LEWIS BAGOT, B. A. *Student of Christ Church,*
Son of Sir WALTER BAGOT, Bart.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
 THEIR PRESENT MAJESTIES*.

B Y T H E S A M E.

NYMPHS, that mountain, wood, or hill,
 Ere the day peeps, lightly tread ;
 Ye, that haunt where whispering rill
 Creeps along the matted mead ;

* From the " Epithalamia Oxoniensia, five Gratulationes
 in augustissimi Regis Georgii III. et illustrissimæ Principissæ
 Sophiæ Charlottæ nuptias auspiciatissimas. Oxon. 1761." K.

Or the sea-worn beach do hold,
 Green-hair'd sisters of the main ;
 Hither haste, and strait unfold
 Each the treasures of her reign :

Be they flowers of brightest hue,
 Such as fade not with the dew
 That chilling autumn scatters wide ;
 Be they wreaths of myrtle green,
 Such as deck the Paphian queen,
 Or shells with quaint enamel dyed :

And "Hymen, Iö Hymen," be your song ;
 "Hymen" resound the woods, and hills, and shores along.

Hymen raiseth high his brand,
 Newly touch'd with chastest fire ;
 Thousand pleasures at command
 Purple-winged round him quire.

He of these the father is,
 Father of each social joy ;
 Soothing with transcendent bliss
 Cares that mortal breasts annoy.

Loose Desires affrighted fly ;
 And the fiend Adultery,
 That sunk old Troy in foul disgrace :
 Prostitution, whelm'd with dread,
 Trembling seeks her masked head
 To hide among the savage race.

Let "Hymen, Iö Hymen," be your song ;
 "Hymen" resound the woods, and hills, and shores along.

But

ON THEIR MAJESTIES MARRIAGE. 183

But in virgin splendor bright

Lo! the blushing maid appears:

Venus from a cloud of light

Mildly whispering sooths her fears:

“Happy shores whereon you tread,

“Shores with peace eternal crown’d!

“Calm thy fluttering bosom’s dread;

“Nothing here but joys are found.

“Haste: for thee thy blooming mate

“Doth with hopeful rapture wait;

“His peer not all the world doth hold:

“Him—But soon thyself shalt see,

“Blessing thy kind destiny,

“How little shallow fame hath told.”

Now “Hymen, Iö Hymen,” be the song,

“Hymen” resound the woods, and hills, and shores along.

LEWIS BAGOT, B. A. *Student of Christ Church,*

Son of Sir WALTER BAGOT, Bart.

ON THE BIRTH OF
THE PRESENT PRINCE OF WALES*.

B Y T H E S A M E.

THOSE votive strains, O Isis, that but now
Along thy haunted verge melodious breath’d
To the sweet stop of quill, or chorded shell,
Or pastoral reed by many a Muse inspir’d,

* From the “*Gratulatio solennis Universitatis Oxoniensis
ob celsissimum Geor. Fred. Aug. Walliæ Principem, Geor. III.
et Charlottæ Reg. auspiciatissimè natum. Oxonii. 1762.*” K.

Were not in vain. O now again from grot,
 Or leafy glade, where'er they use, thy train
 Summon aloud, an hundred virgin forms
 That tend thy beck to hail in mystic dance,
 And high-enraptur'd song, th' auspicious day,
 That glad occasion gives, and crowns their hope.
 And O may such blest magic hang upon
 The puissant sound, as, after that rude rout
 Subdued of Earth's proud sons presumptuous, when
 Unshorn Apollo touch'd the golden wire
 Amidst enthroned gods, and instant peace
 Renew'd throughout the courts of Jove; that e'en
 Stern Mars was ta'en, and from his nerveless arm
 Down dropt the fated lance.—And now enough
 Hath rag'd, among th' affrighted sons of men
 Dealing fell havoc; from the frozen North,
 Where inbred tumults shake the throne, to where
 Beneath solstitial heat in torrent climes,
 Britain's intrepid sons for George's brow
 Win glorious laurels, such as never yet
 The gazed temples bound of hero fam'd,
 Or demi-gods, through shouting multitudes
 In triumph drawn. Fond minds that sought true praise
 By conquests and tyrannic sway t' attain,
 And feats of war, all insufficient found:
 Witness those woman drops, that stain'd the cheeks
 Of Philip's flatter'd son, when nought remain'd
 To conquer still. But as yon royal towers
 Thou passest, long the seat of mighty kings,
 O Isis, stay thy lucent wave, and mark

Our

Our greater hero. He, with other thoughts
 Than to oppress mankind, from the loud din
 Of popular breath with his refounded name
 Rending the clamour'd air, alone retir'd,
 The last dear pledge of heaven's high favour shewn
 Still smiling in his fond embrace bespeaks :

“ What mean those smiles expressive, as from thoughts

“ Well-pleas'd, and conscious happiness? Is it

“ That nature premature through thy young sense

“ Hath let in Reason's dawn, and shewn thee what

“ Thou art, the gaudy picture all display'd,

“ Riches, and realms, and gallant trophies won,

“ Hereditary thine? Yet sure not so;

“ For then thy scatter'd spirits would again

“ Dissolve for pity of those precious drops

“ That smear these laurels. No, my little one,

“ Should heaven with fostering care thy tender age

“ Confirm, and deign to bless my fix'd resolve,

“ I 'll peaceful trophies raise, far more renown'd

“ Than aught that poets sing, or story feigns,

“ By hero or adventurous knight achiev'd

“ In brunt of battle; and milder victories

“ Transmit at length to thy well-tutor'd hand.

“ So shalt thou sway for many a happy year

“ This fairest isle, the seat of liberty,

“ In undisturbed peace, thyself at once

“ The praise, the love, the wonder of mankind.”

LEWIS BAGOT, B. A. *Student of Christ Church,*
Son of Sir WALTER BAGOT, Bart.

ON THE BIRTH OF
THE PRESENT PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY MR. GEORGE BUTT.

TIME-honour'd Isis, and renowned Cam,
Still see the laurel'd Muse beside their streams
Roam, ever mindful of her loyal task;
Whether she sorrow o'er the mighty fall'n
In strains expressive of the soul-felt grief,
Or paint the nuptial scene, or now proclaim
With gratulating lay a new-born prince.
Nor here alone, where wisdom justifies
The raptur'd heart, prevails the patriot joy.
The grateful tidings glad the jocund swains;
Blythe leap their hearts, and round the maypole deckt
Anew with garlands, they in chearful dance
Trip lightly to the sound of shepherd's pipe.
The rural veteran underneath his vine
The cup of freedom quaffs, blessing the reign
Of patriot George; and whilst his infant train
Play 'round his knee, unconscious of the cause
Whence glows the lustre in their parent's eye,
"And you, my babes, he cries, in after-times
"Shall view with extasy a patriot prince."
Meantime the warrior, who in freedom's cause
Feels unremitting fires, what time he hears

* From the "Gratulatio Universitatis Oxon. &c. 1762." K.

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BIRTH. 187

His Britain gloried in another George,
 Eager in th' edge of battle, when the drum
 Heart-stirring, and the clarion wakes the fight,
 Clenches with starting nerves his glistering sword,
 And rushes to the conflict — George's name
 Provokes the manly combat: hark! I hear
 The British cannon in the troubled air
 Wing'd with dire vengeance: thro' the new-made breach
 Methinks I see the sons of Freedom march
 With hasty strides to victory and fame.
 Now may Bellona drop her war-worn lance,
 Glutted with desolation; for, alas!
 Too many thousands seek the tomb, who wish'd
 In social ease to end their lengthen'd days.
 How vain their hopes! the iron hand of war
 Scatter'd their corse on th' ensanguin'd plain.

But other scenes await the peaceful Muse,
 And bid her wind afresh the founding chords.
 The sovereign word is pass'd—and peace descends.
 See at her high behest war's troubled sea,
 Which lately bore upon its billowy wave
 The wreck of nations, sink into a calm.
 See on the stream where unaffrighted nymphs,
 Daughters of Commerce, from their pearly caves
 Disporting hear the rapture-breathing shell
 By their flight fingers touch'd: hark! how they sing
 Thy praises, honour'd George, with hymning voice
 Sing thee large-hearted, with extensive zeal
 Inflam'd to public virtue; while they wish
 In rich profusion to thy royal babe

Each

Each heavenly virtue, transcript of thine own,
 Whose early bright example shall instruct
 Kings yet unborn to form the patriot plan.
 When thou shalt scrutinise with holy zeal
 The secret crimes that stain a guilty land,
 Then shalt thou thus bespeak thy fleets; "Go forth;
 "And where your streaming honours have been hail'd
 "By distant nations, bear that sacred name
 "At which with lowly reverence I bow."
 Then shall recording angels character
 Thy blazon'd name among the deathless kings,
 Who on eternal truth their glory rais'd.—
 And thou, exalted high amid thy peers,
 On fainted seats, shalt shine through endless time.

GEORGE BUTT,
Student of Christ Church.

ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE*.

BY MR. LORT,

(NOW D. D. PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, &c.)

EXIL'D too long from Europe's hostile plain,
 Where hast thou fix'd, fair Peace, thy gentle reign?
 Oh say what happier foil with open arms
 Receiv'd thee, frighted thence by war's alarms?

* From the "Gratulatio Academiæ Cantabrigiæ de
 reditu serenissimi Regis Georgii II. post pacem et libertatem
 Europæ feliciter restitutam anno 1748. Cantab. 1748." K.

Dost

ON THE PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE. 189

Dost thou on Asia's fragrant plains inhale
From each soft breeze Arabia's spicy gale?
Those eastern plains through each successive age
Feel the full force of war's continued rage!
To find thee 'midst those fields we strive in vain
Whose soil 's enrich'd each year with millions slain.

Or are the distant empires of the west
With thy soft power, and genial influence blest?
Dost thou 'midst pathless woods delight to stray?
There savage Indians on each other prey;
And there, from sire to son transmitted down,
'Twixt tribe and tribe eternal discord 's sown.

Where yet remains the Goddess' steps to trace?
Say, shall we seek her 'mongst the swarthy race
Of Afric's climes?—'midst towers and mosques behold
Her shine far flaming with barbaric gold!
But awkward hands the ill-shap'd fabric rear'd,
And no nice touches of fair art appear'd.
Here sits the Goddess, with dejected air,
In sullen pomp; alas! how chang'd from her,
Who, erst, enthron'd in her Britannia's isle,
Made Europe feel the influence of her smile!
But now in dull inglorious ease she reigns,
'Midst barren desarts, and o'er barbarous swains,
Reclining on her throne in lonely state;
No Muse, no Art, no Science, round her wait:
See on her cheek the rose has ceas'd to glow,
And her own olive wither'd on her brow!

Thus long the Goddess mourn'd her abject lot,
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot:"

When, starting from her solitude, she hears
A well-known distant voice salute her ears.

“Come to my arms, sweet Peace,” Britannia cries;
“Come to my arms, the Libyan coast replies:
“Come, in thy favourite isle resume thy throne,
“And make Europa once again thy own.”

The Goddess hears with joy the pleasing sound,
And springs exulting from the hated ground:
See her on out-stretch'd pinions swift advance,
And quick as lightning cut the blue expanse;
To her own Albion's shore her course she steers,
And, lo! at length the chalky cliff appears:
Light-gliding through the yielding air she flies;
Near and more near Augusta's towers arise:
Augusta's towers receive the dame divine,
Midst shouts of joy she reassumes her shrine;
Then bids great George all jarring feuds compose,
And hush the warring nations to repose.

The monarch, faithful to the charge, obeys:
The soft command; deliberate he weighs
Each different interest in impartial scale,
Nor lets oppression over right prevail;
For wide the influence of his power extends,
Th' oppress'd he raises, and the stubborn bends;
Drives to its former bounds usurping power,
And ill-got conquests bids proud kings restore;
Bids every hostile noise, and tumult cease,
And Europe taste the long-lost sweets of peace.

Thus when the Danube, swoln with winter's rains,
O'erflows its channel, rushing o'er the plains,

ON THE PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE. 191

Horror and desolation mark its course:
But, should old Neptune rise to check its force,
The God's command th' impetuous stream controlls,
And straight within its banks the current gently rolls.

MICHAEL LORT, B. A. of *Trinity College*.

ON THE DEATH OF
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY JAMES CLITHEROW, ESQ.

'T WAS on the evening of that gloomy day,
When Frederic, ever lov'd, and ever mourn'd,
(Such Heaven's high will, and who shall disobey?)
To Earth's cold womb in holy pomp return'd:

With fullen sound the death-denouncing bell
Proclaim'd aloud the dismal tale of woe,
The pealing organ join'd the solemn knell,
In mournful notes, majestically flow.

The full-voic'd choir, in stoles of purest white,
With frequent pause the soul-felt anthem raise;
While o'er the walls in darkest sable dight,
A thousand tapers pour'd their holy blaze.

In high devotion wrapt, the mitred sage
With energy sublime the rites began;
While tears from every sex, and every age,
Bewail'd the prince, the father, and the man.

* From the "Epicedia Oxoniensia in obitum celsissimi et desideratissimi Frederici Principis Walliæ. Oxon. 1751." K.

"Who,

"Who, when our sovereign liege to fate shall yield,
 "Shall prop, like him, Britannia's falling state?
 "Who now the vengeful sword of justice wield,
 "Or ope, like him, sweet Mercy's golden gate?
 "Who shall to arts their pristine honours bring,
 "Rear from the dust fair Learning's laurel'd head,
 "Or bid rich Commerce plume her daring wing?
 "Arts, Learning, Commerce, are in Frederic dead.
 "Who now shall tend, with fond paternal care,
 "The future guardians of our faith and laws?
 "Who teach their breasts with patriot worth to dare,
 "And die with ardour in Britannia's cause?
 "And who, ah! who, with soft endearing lore,
 "Shall sooth like him the royal mourner's breast!
 "Her lord, her life, her Frederic is no more."
 Deep groans and bitter wailings speak the rest.
 Then, when at length the awful scene was clos'd,
 And dust to dust in holy hope consign'd;
 All to their silent homes their steps dispos'd,
 To feed on solitary woe the mind;
 All but Lorenzo;—he, with grief dismay'd,
 Nor heeding aught but Frederic's hapless fate,
 Musing along the cloyster'd temple stray'd,
 Till lonely midnight clos'd th' impervious gate.
 But when each lamp by slow degrees expir'd,
 And total night assumes her silent reign,
 Sudden he starts, with wild amazement fir'd,
 And big with horror traverses the fane.

The

The vaulted mansions of th' illustrious dead
 Inspire his shuddering soul with ghastly fears,
 Dire shapes and beckoning shades around him tread,
 And hollow voices murmur in his ears.

There, as around the monumental maze
 Darkling he wanders, a resplendent gleam
 Shoots o'er th' illumin'd aisle a distant blaze,
 Pale as the glow-worm's fire, or Cynthia's beam.

With glory clad, th' imperial shrines among,
 Four royal shapes on ivory thrones were plac'd,
 High o'er their heads four airy diadems hung,
 Which never yet their maiden brows had grac'd.

The first was he, whom Cressy's glorious plain
 Has fam'd for martial deeds and bold emprise;
 Nor less his praise in Virtue's milder strain,
 Just, humble, learned, merciful, and wise.

Next Arthur sat, at whose auspicious birth
 In one sweet flower the blended roses join'd;
 And Henry next, fair plant of Scottish earth,
 The hope, the joy, of Albion and mankind.

Yet green in death, the last majestic shade
 Wore gracious Frederic's mild endearing look;
 To him the rest obeisance courteous paid,
 And Edward thus the princely form bespoke:

"All hail! illustrious partner of our fate,
 "For whom, as once for us, Britannia bleeds;
 "Hail! to the mansions of the good and great,
 "Where crowns immortal wait on virtuous deeds.

- " The same our fortune, as our worth the same,
 " (To worth like ours short date doth heaven assign)
 " As one our fortune, one shall be our fame,
 " And long record our deathless names shall join.
 " But oh! I tremble for Britannia's state,
 " (May guardian powers avert the dire presage!)
 " For well she knows, at our untimely fate [age.
 " How Heaven's dread vengeance smote each sinful
 " The regal staff aspiring Bolingbroke [hand;
 " Snatch'd with rude grasp from Richard's princely
 " Loos'd from Hell's confines, civil Discord shook
 " The dubious throne, and tore the bleeding land.
 " When Arthur died, imperious Henry's thirst
 " Of subject's blood, nor heeded sex nor age;
 " His wives a sacrifice to vagrant lust,
 " His nobles victims to tyrannic rage.
 " When pious Charles in right fraternal reign'd,
 " Rebellion proudly stalk'd from shore to shore,
 " Her laws, her rights, her holy faith profan'd,
 " And dy'd the guilty land with royal gore.
 " Yet ah! may Pity move relenting Heaven!
 " Enough she groans beneath her present woe;
 " Enough to vengeance is already given;
 " Her Frederic's dead;—there needs no other blow."
 Scarce had he spoken, when the bird of day
 'Gan morn's approach with clarion shrill declare,
 At once th' unbodied phantoms fade away,
 The fond illusion all dissolves in air.

JAMES CLITHEROW, *All Souls College.*

ON THE SAME OCCASION*

BY DAVID LORD VISCOUNT STORMONT †.

WRITTEN AT PARIS.

LITTLE I whilom deem'd, my artless zeal
Should woo the British Muse in foreign land
To strains of bitter argument, and teach
The mimic nymph, that haunts the winding verge
And oozy current of Parisian Seine,
To celebrate new sounds in accent strange.

But sad occasion calls : who now forbears
The last kind office? who but consecrates
His offering at the shrine of fair renown
To gracious Frederic rais'd ; though but compos'd
Of the waste flow'rets, whose neglected hues
Chequer the lonely hedge or mountain slope?

Where are those hopes, where fled th' illusive scenes
That forgetful fancy plann'd, what time the bark
Stemm'd the salt wave from Albion's chalky bourn?

Then filial Piety and parting Love
Pour'd the fond prayer ; " Farewell, ye lessening cliffs,
" Fairer to me than aught in fabled song,
" Or mystic record told of shores Atlantic!
" Favour'd of heaven, farwell ! imperial isle,
" Native to noblest wits, and best approv'd
" In manly science, and adventurous deed !

* From the " Epicedia, &c. 1751." K.

† See the note in p. 202. N.

“ Celestial Freedom, by rude hand estrang’d
 “ From regions once frequented, with thee takes
 “ Her steadfast station, fast beside the throne
 “ Of scepter’d rule, and there her state maintains
 “ In social concord, and harmonious love.
 “ These blessings still be thine, nor meddling fiend
 “ Stir in your busy streets foul Faction’s roar !
 “ Still thrive your growing works, and gales propitious
 “ Visit your sons who ride the watery waste !
 “ And still be heard from forth your gladsome bowers
 “ Shrill tabor-pipes, and every peaceful sound !
 “ Nor vain the wish, while George the golden scale
 “ With steady prudence holds, and temperate sway.
 “ And when his course of earthly honour’s run,
 “ With lenient hand shall Frederic sooth your care,
 “ Rich in each princely quality, mature
 “ In years, and happiest in nuptial choice.
 “ Thence too arise new hopes, a playful troop
 “ Circles his hearth, sweet pledges of that bed,
 “ Which faith, and joy, and thousand virtues guard.
 “ His be the care t’ inform their ductile minds
 “ With worthiest thoughts, and point the ways of honour.
 “ How often shall he hear with fresh delight
 “ Their earnest tales, or watch their rising passions
 “ With timorous attention ; then shall tell
 “ Of justice, fortitude, and public weal ;
 “ And oft the while each rigid precept smooth
 “ With winning tokens of parental love !”

Thus my o’erweening heart the secret stores
 Of Britain’s hope explor’d, while my strain’d fight

Pursu’d

Pursu'd her fading hills, till wrapt in mist
 They gently sunk behind the swelling tide.
 Nor slept those thoughts, whene'er, in other climes,
 I mark'd the cruel waste of foul oppression,
 Saw noblest spirits, and goodliest faculties,
 To vassalage and loathsome service bound.
 Then conscious preference rose; then northward turn'd
 My eye, to gratulate my natal soil.
 How have I chid with froward eagerness
 Each veering blast, that from my hand withheld
 The well-known characters of some lov'd friend,
 Though distant, not unmindful! Still I learn'd,
 Delighted, what each patriot plan devis'd
 Of arts, or glory, or diffusive commerce.
 Nor wanted its endearment every tale
 Of lightest import. But oh! heavy change,
 What notices come now! Distracted scenes
 Of helpless sorrow, solemn sad accounts;
 How fair Augusta watch'd the weary night,
 Tending the bed of anguish; how great George
 Wept with his infant progeny around;
 How heav'd the orphan's and the widow's sigh,
 That follow'd Frederic to his silent tomb.

For well was Frederic lov'd; and well deserv'd:
 His voice was ever sweet, and on his steps
 Attended ever the alluring grace
 Of gentle lowliness and social zeal.
 Him shall remember oft the labour'd hind,
 Relating to his mates each casual act
 Of courteous bounty. Him th' artificer,

Plying the varied woof in sullen sadness,
 Though wont to carol many a ditty sweet.
 Soon too the mariner, who many moons
 Has counted, beating still the foamy surge,
 And treads at last the wish'd-for beach, shall stand
 Appall'd at the sad tale, and soon shall steal
 Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.

Be this our solace yet; all is not dead;
 The bright memorial lives: from his example
 Shall Hymen trim his torch, domestic praise
 Be countenanc'd, and virtue fairer shew.
 In age succeeding, when another George,
 'To ratify some weighty ordinance
 Of Britain's peers conven'd, shall pass beside
 Those hallow'd spires, whose gloomy vaults inclose,
 Shrouded in sleep, pale rows of scepter'd kings,
 Oft to his sense the sweet paternal voice
 And long remember'd features shall return;
 Then shall his generous breast be new inflam'd
 To acts of highest worth, and honest fame.

These plaintive strains, from Albion far away,
 I lonely meditate at even-tide;
 Nor skill'd, nor studious of the raptur'd lay;
 But still remembering oft the magic sounds,
 Well measur'd to the chime of Dorian lute,
 Or pastoral stop, which erst I lov'd to hear
 On Isis' broider'd mead, where dips by fits
 The stooping osier in her hasty stream.

Hail Wolsey's spacious dome! hail, ever fam'd
 For faithful nurture, and truth's sacred lore,

Much

Much honour'd parent ! You my duteous zeal
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath
You deign to interweave this humble song.

The Right Hon. DAVID Lord Viscount STORMONT,
B. A. Student of Christ Church.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

BY MR. ENOCH MARKHAM.

STAY, gentle Isis, stay thy silver tide,
While I my lay to doleful tenor turn ;
With murmuring pleasure now forbear to glide,
And let me teach thy wanton wave to mourn !
Forbear, sweet breeze, to curl adown the stream,
While the sad Muse pursues her plaintive theme.

Ye feather'd messengers of grateful spring,
Let awful silence sit on every bough,
With warbling melody forbear to sing,
For joyous note would ill behove ye now.
Let gloomy sadness veil the blooming pride
Of varied mead, and every flowret hide.

Whilom the Muses in befitting verse
On Isis' banks pip'd their sweet roundelays,
And swains were wont their numbers to rehearse,
And distant hills return'd their favourite's praise.
But now, forsaken river, now no more
The heavenly sisters shall frequent your shore.

* From the "Epicedia, &c. 1751." K.

Where, mournful Maidens, shall the Poet find
 Sweet images to charm the listening throng?
 Where are the qualities of noble mind,
 That erst gave matter to the grateful song?
 The Patriot's zeal—the Parent's tender care,
 And Husband's fondness no distinction wear.

Ah me! how fleeting are a mortal's joys!
 Ere the full blossom of our comfort's blown,
 Too hasty fate with secret hand destroys,
 And Frederic, and all our hopes, are gone.
 Help, tragic Muse, assist me to devise
 Notes sad enough to wail our miseries.

Who shall direct you now, ye chearless swains,
 Himself the foremost to lead on the way?
 Or rules of sapience teach in tempting strains,
 Himself the great example of his lay?
 Who now shall nurse with care the worthy scheme
 Of Liberty, fair Albion's darling theme?

Ye Nymphs, who now shall teach the roving spouse
 Firm truth, and sweetest durancy of love?
 Or in whose name shall Lovers tell their vows,
 And swear, like his their plighted faith shall prove?
 Like his, whose hapless and untimely fate
 Forlorn Augusta mourns in widow'd state?

Ill would it thee betide, unhappy Isle,
 And greater still would be the cause to moan,
 Should Heaven again withhold her gracious smile,
 And royal George forsake the peaceful throne:
 Then saddest plaint would reach the farthest shore,
 And gladsome carol ne'er be chanted more.

But

But though our hopes are fled, nor joy of aught
 To the distemper'd soul sweet solace brings,
 Yet let the Muse indulge the pleasing thought,
 That Frederic shall yield a race of Kings!
 Himself though dead—his worth may still survive;
 The Sire remember'd in the Son may live.

ENOCH MARKHAM,
Student of Christ Church.

ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

BY PHILIP RASHLEIGH†, ESQ.

WHAT time the fields bedight with gold were seen,
 Cliefden! well-pleas'd I trod thy beauteous
 brow,
 Mark'd thy green slope, thy trees and meadows green,
 And glittering Thames in silver veins below;
 Came drear December, clad in wintery snow:
 Bare were thy trees, thy flowery meads unseen;
 Impetuous Thames had given his urn to flow,
 And rest each glory of thy rural scene.
 Emblem too sad of change, and baleful stowre,
 Full fore to rend thy honour'd lady's breast!
 Sunk is her fun, that chear'd each golden hour,
 And mute the tongue, that charm'd her cares to rest—
 Her love, her joy, her life's best treasure gone;
 Sure woe succeeds, and piteous plaintive moan!

* From the "Epicedia, &c. 1751." K.

† Member in the present and two last parliaments for
 Fowey in Cornwall. D.

Ah me! that tenderest minds should thus be torn,
 Too soft to act the rough heroic part!
 Why heaves with sighs that gentle breast forlorn,
 The gentlest breast that e'er felt sorrow's dart!
 O grief! O wound to every virtuous heart!
 Where shall the fair, imperial Mourner turn?
 With what soft balm allay the festering smart,
 New to the conflict, and untaught to mourn?
 Say, shall the Muse with lenient strains relieve?
 All vain, I ween, the Muse's lenient power;
 If Heaven support not, hopeless must she grieve:
 O Heaven! support her in this dreary hour!
 Angels! in gentlest whispers sooth her ear:
 Tell, that from Heaven you came, and her own Fre-
 deric is there!

PHIL. RASHLEIGH,
Gentleman-Commoner of New College.

ON THE SAME OCCASION*

UT cessit Fredericus ille fatis,
 Pia Augusta suum videns amorem
 Porrectum miserè in toro jugali;
 Dextræ pallidulæ et genæ rigenti
 Mistis fletibus osculaingerebat;
 Tot planctum variis modis acerbum;

* From the "Epicedia, &c. 1751." K.—See a fine elo-
 gium on this very elegant ode, by Dr. Warton, in "The
 Adventurer," N^o 39. I may add, that both Mr. T. and the
 noble Viscount, p. 196, with their honourable associate p. 205.
 were supposed, like Teucer, to have been materially assisted by
 an Ajax in classical learning, now a most reverend Prelate. N.
 Quot

Quot gaudet dolor impotens habere.
Vix tandem dubio gradu labantem
Educunt famulæ cubili amaro,
Et paulum requievit æstus amens.
Curæ: Progeniem at simul tenellam
Confectam simili dolore vidit,
Et vestigia nota patrii oris,
Sensim solvitur in novas querelas.
Eheu! quâ miseratione, vel quo
Non usa alloquio fuit, medelam
Si posset dare quâ carebat ipsa!
His conatibus occupata, ocellos
Guttis lucidulis adhuc fluentes
Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum
Quâ nutrix placido sinu fovebat:
“Dormis,” inquit, “O miselle, nec te
“Vultus exanimes, silentiumque
“Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
“Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore:
“Nec sentis Patre destitutus illo,
“Qui formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
“Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
“Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
“Rifus, in roseis tuis labellis,
“Dum somno facili jaces solutus.
“Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores,
“Qui Matrem cruciant, tuæ quietis
“Rumpant somnia—Quando, quando, tales
“Redibunt oculis meis sopores?”

RICARDUS TRYON, *sup. Ord. Comm.*
ex Æde Christi.

O N

ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

CLIFDENE collis, omnium gratissime,
 Nigrantum apricorúmve, quos Britannia
 Marina falsos claudit intra limites,
 Phœbúsve lustrat annum secans iter;
 Ecquando tristior recessibus tuis
 Inertis hora Aquarii processerat,
 Quam veris hic adventus, haud chari tibi
 Quanquam novellis vestiare frondibus?
 Decessit ille qui venustatem tuis,
 Qui gratiam nomenque saltibus dedit.
 Quis nunc vetusti nuda brachia roboris
 Hederam docebit implicare nexilem,
 Aut rupe de gemmante rivulos aquæ
 Sequacis exilire per cavos specus?
 Mox per nitentes hortulorum tramites
 Errabit asper sentis, et nemorum sinus
 Furtiva vulpes occupabit avios.

At non carebis laude, nec vestræ simul
 Memoria famæ intercidet, quoties pedem
 Fessus viator reprimet, atque identidem
 Opaca sylvis vestra suspiciens juga,
 Sic alloquetur aridæ comitem viæ:
 “Hos imminentes Thamesino gurgiti
 “Lucos amavit unicè Princeps bonus,
 “Studio fideli quem colebat Anglia,

* From the “Epicedia, &c. 1751.” K.

“ Et destinabat optimo hæredem Patri,
 “ Nunc impotente amore sublatum gemit.”

Honorabilis JOANNES HARLEY*, A. B.
Honormi Comit^{is} de OXFORD et MORTIMER
Filius natu quartus, ex Æde Christi.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S
 ACCESSION TO THE THRONE†.
 BY MR. MERRICK.

LATE in yon sequester'd grove—
 How that calm retreat I love!
 For beneath its hanging shade
 Oft my youthful steps have stray'd,
 While my thoughts, at eve-tide hour,
 Woo'd fair Wisdom's heavenly power
 My unpractis'd bark to guide
 Safe through Life's tempestuous tide:
 Now each moral truth to learn,
 Oft the Attic page I turn,
 There the sage most knowing view,
 Owing that he nothing knew;
 Then th' inferior tribe survey,
 As through Error's maze they stray,

* Now D. D. and Dean of Windsor, &c. D.

† From “*Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis in obitum serenissimi Regis Georgii II. et gratulatio in augustissimi Regis Georgii III. Inaugurationem. Oxonii. 1761.*” K.

And

And in endless circles tread,
Still misleading, still misled :
By their ignorance inform'd,
Now, with holy rapture warm'd,
O'er Judæa's hills my eye
Sees the day-spring from on high
Through remotest realms dispense
Its refreshing influence.
Listening to the Hebrew lyre,
Heavenward now my thoughts aspire,
As my ear the accents greet,
Wrapt in contemplation sweet,
While the thrush, unheeded, nigh,
Tunes her artless minstrelsy !
Late in yon sequester'd grove,
(How that calm retreat I love !)
Up I took my boxen lute,
Joyless as it lay and mute,
And, to give my transport birth,
Sought some tune of highest mirth ;
Need my verse the cause explain ?
George begins his happy reign !

While my hand each fullen chord
With successful touch explor'd,
While my meditating tongue
Yet preluded to the song,
And instinct with rapturous flame
O'er them utter'd George's name,
Sudden from the dancing strings
Lo ! th' unbidden music springs ;

While

While to my delighted ear
 Fancy, prompt interpreter,
 Thus articulates the strain ;

“ George begins his happy reign ! ”

Hark ! the birds, around, above,
 Guests familiar to the grove,
 Catch the notes, and, as they sing,
 Hovering clap the joyful wing ;
 And the vocal woods reply,
 And the waters running by :
 Echo from the arching rock

Learns the distant sound to mock,
 While to my delighted ear
 Fancy, prompt interpreter,
 Thus articulates the strain ;

“ George begins his happy reign ! ”

Daughters of the wood, I cry'd,
 Let me strip your leafy pride ;
 Let me pluck a wreath to throw

On the Monarch's youthful brow :
 Not the Laurel I demand

From a fabled Pæan's hand ;
 Happier precepts, wiser lore,

George's well-fraught memory store,
 Than his tripod knew to teach

On th' unhallow'd Delphic beach :

Let no braid of rosy twine
 Aid to lawless mirth and wine ;

Nor the Myrtle's branch impure
 George's virtuous brow obscure :

Give him not a plant to wear,
 Nurtur'd in a foreign air,
 Bœtic olive, Norway pine,
 Libyan poplar, Gallic vine,
 But the English bough impart;
 George can boast an English heart.
 Offspring of the British oak,
 (So may never woodman's stroke
 Dare your peaceful seats invade)
 Give me of your choicest shade;
 Give; nor can I ask in vain;
 George begins his happy reign!

See yon oak, that long has stood
 Sire and sovereign of the wood,
 Underneath whose younger spray
 Erst the dreaming Druid lay,
 Nod, and to my wish incline;
 See the willing branches join,
 And with complicated stem
 Weave the mimic diadem.
 Now I pluck the wreath, and now
 Place it on the Monarch's brow;
 Guarded by the Virtues there,
 See it flourish fresh and fair,
 Proof to storms and eating age,
 Proof to Envy's fiercest rage:
 From its circle banish'd wide,
 Vice, submissive, veils her pride,
 And her fable wings outspread,
 Flies to hide her hated head,

While o'er Britain's thankful plain
George begins his happy reign.

JAMES MERRICK, M. A.

Fellow of Trinity College.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
THEIR PRESENT MAJESTIES.
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.
WRITTEN FROM WINCHESTER CAMP *.
BY RICHARD PHELPS †, ESQ.

YET once more, tuneful virgins! will I seek
Your soul-inspiring grot, though absent long
From your gay choirs, and from that much-lov'd stream,
Romantic Isis: but my bosom burns
To hail Charlotta, though the rugged strains
May grate her polish'd ear, to sweetest sounds
Attun'd. O York! benevolent of soul,
Who feel'st for others' bliss, for others' woes,
O speak thy bliss sincere to see thy George
By smiling Hymen blest; thy George, endear'd
By every sacred name, and holy tie, [power,
King, Brother, Friend! Nor courts, nor pomp, nor
(So wont with sordid thoughts the breast to fear)

* From the "Epithalamia Oxoniensia, five Gratulationes in augustissimi Regis Georgii III. et illustrissimæ Principissæ Sophiæ Charlottæ Nuptias auspiciatissimas. Oxonii. 1761." h.

† Secretary to George Pitt, Esq. (envoy to Turin) 1761; one of the under-secretaries of state, 1763; and provost-marshal-general of the Leeward-Islands, 1768. D.

Those tender feelings from thy heart can raise
 That best ennoble life, and far exalt
 The Man above the Prince. Say, can the palms
 Of glorious conquest, can remotest lands
 To Albion's empire added, spicy Ind'
 To piny Canada, smooth-gliding Thames
 To thundering Niagara join'd, can these
 Without domestic bliss a monarch charm,
 A virtuous monarch? Lo! Charlotta form'd
 To soften cares; by all the Graces taught
 To make the hours dance lightly; taught to smooth
 The brow of business; the o'er-burden'd mind,
 That in its mighty grasp ponders the good
 Of grateful millions, to relieve; and heal
 With smiles of love, and words of passion true:
 But chiefly skill'd with Music's potent airs
 To pierce and win the soul, and with a voice
 Soft as the South that o'er sweet Carmel blow'd,
 To lap it in Elysium. My fond tongue
 Dwells with delight upon her favourite name,
 And longs to praise her in such raptur'd strains
 As erst the Doric bard, Sicilia's boast,
 Pour'd forth at Berenice's honour'd throne;
 The wildly-warbling Doric bard, true child
 Of Fancy and the Muse, who charm'd the rocks
 Of that poetic Isle, in long sojourn
 Where late I rovd, delighted with its vales,
 And classic streams, and cropp'd the luscious fig
 From fruitful Egilus: mean-while intent
 To trace the steps of ancient art, the piles

OF

Of mouldering theatres, the columns huge
 Of Tauromenium ! till by war's alarms
 To Britain call'd, following my brave compeers,
 My Pitt* and Bruce†. O, names for ever dear!
 By early studies and true friendship join'd
 In Wykeham's sacred walls, whose airy spires
 And awful arches, rudely great, arise
 In pleasing prospect from this tented field.

Here, as I nightly rounding pac'd the plain
 Beneath the glimmering moon, when the deep hum
 Of busy men was hush'd, and all was still,
 Save the gaunt mastiff, or yon village cock,
 Or pensive tinklings of the neighbouring fold,
 Sudden a form appear'd, in iron mail
 Of ancient guise; a sapling oak his spear;
 He wore his beaver up, and on his cheek
 Simplicity was mix'd with grace: abash'd
 I sunk, and struck with awe. "Behold," he cry'd,
 "Old Arthur, Britain's king. From yonder towers,
 "My massy castle once, I come, at eve
 "Where on its ruins hoar I frequent sit,
 "Invisible. With joy your generous toils
 "Have I survey'd, who leave your cultur'd fields
 "And pleasant villas, for the din of arms,
 "And midnight watches in the chilling dew.
 "At this pale Gallia trembles through her coasts,
 "Mindful of Cherburg's fall; where thy lov'd Prince,
 "Much-honour'd York, first flesh'd his maiden sword;

* George Pitt, Esq. now Lord Rivers. D.

† Lord Bruce, now Earl of Aylesbury. D.

" Who now with mightier grasp intent to wield
 " Great Neptune's trident, o'er his realms shall roll
 " The delegated thunder! George shall crush
 " Each stubborn foe: and to remotest time,
 " I see, I see, his race to Albion give
 " Peace, plenty, power, wealth, liberty, and fame."

RICHARD PHELPS, M. A.

Fellow of New College.

ODE, ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

BY WILLIAM HENLEY, ESQ.

TO THE QUEEN.

Favour'd of Heaven! on whom the Graces wait,
 To whom the Virtues every gift impart,
 In thee, confess, we own whate'er is great,
 The noblest sentiments, the tenderest heart;
 From scenes of death, thrice welcome to this isle,
 Secure where Plenty, Peace, and heaven-born Freedom
 smile!

How blest thy lot! no trumpet's shrill alarms
 At midnight hour shall pierce thy trembling ear;
 No soldier's lawless shout, nor clashing arms,
 Shall rack thy tortur'd breast with endless fear:
 No longer shalt thou view repining swains
 Lament in speechless grief their desolated plains.

No tottering walls, enwrapt in hostile fires,
 Shall sadly sink before thy pitying eye;
 Torn from the mother's breast no babe expires;
 No groans of shrieking widows rend the sky;

From the "Epithalamia Oxoniensia, &c. 1761." K.

The

The sword impure assails no hoary head;
No hapless virgin weeps her violated bed.

Far other scenes these happier plains afford,
This scepter'd isle! the golden harvest here,
Cut by the sickle, not the soldier's sword,
Falls when full ripen'd by th' autumnal year;
With plenty crown'd, each shepherd, void of care,
In transport tunes his reed, and smiles at distant war.

Handmaids of Peace, see every art divine,
In sweetest union find a sure retreat;
And, foster'd here, with brighter lustre shine,
Than erst in Greece or Rome, their boasted seat;
Nor silent sits the Muse, whose sacred string
Bids live in verse immortal Albion's best-lov'd king.

Such scenes as these best suit thy gentle heart,
For thou canst taste the joys which others know;
Yet, not unconscious to another's smart,
Canst bid the sympathetic tear to flow:
O when thou heard'st thy ravag'd country groan,
Thou felt'st her slightest wounds, and mad'st each pang
thine own *!

These were the charms that fix'd the Monarch's choice:
He saw thee grac'd with every nobler art;
He knew thee worthy of a nation's voice,
Form'd not to please alone, but gain the heart:
He saw, with female elegance refin'd,
In thee reflected back the image of his mind.

W. HENLEY, *Gentleman-Commoner of Christ Church.*

* See this Princess's letter to the King of Prussia, *Gent. Mag.* 1761, p. 447. D.

ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

BY MR. HENRY COURTNAY †.

NOW from Germania's shore the chosen bark
 Plow'd back her watery way; the lessening land
 Tires the strain'd eye—but long the royal maid
 Pursues the fading view; (with other thoughts
 Than whilom from the banks of wanton Seine
 To Scotland's barren wilds the hapless Queen ‡
 Journey'd unwilling.) Much she meditates
 The nation's glory, and the princely soul
 Of her high spouse; nor less the milder arts
 That grace the man—for much did fame report.

Yet ever and anon her country's woes
 Recall'd the tender sigh—"Farewell, she cry'd,
 "Farewell, my hapless country, long estrang'd
 "To rural quiet, and the sober joys
 "That dwell with Peace—How long shall horrid war
 "Ravage thy fated plains, and the keen sword
 "Blast thy fair fruits? Enough of widows' cries,
 "Deep plaints, and bitter wailings, hath assail'd
 "The troubled air, where erst the jocund lyre
 "Echo'd the merry lay, and jovial sounds
 "Of hospitable friendship: glad I quit
 "Your blood-stain'd shores, Weser and ancient Elbe;

* From the "Epithalamia Oxoniensia, &c. 1761." K.

† Now D. D. prebendary of Rochester, and rector of St. George's, Hanover Square. D.

‡ Mary Queen of Scots. D.

“ Yet mindful of whate’er in happier days
 “ Or social friendship, or the sacred tie
 “ Of gratitude endear’d ; what time your streams
 “ Saw me disporting ’mid the virgin throng.
 “ Now other realms invite, where Liberty
 “ ’Midst Albion’s glittering rocks her native seat
 “ Maintains inviolate, and shall still maintain,
 “ Maugre th’ attempts of force, or secret guile,
 “ Invincible—Hence happier aspect cheers
 “ Thy smiling plains, fair Isle ; and thy glad sons,
 “ Secure of war, to George’s sacred name
 “ Carol the grateful ditty—Yet erewhile
 “ Unseemly Discord with malignant blast
 “ Thwarted these blessings—O may never more
 “ Such monster stalk thy streets, but union firm
 “ Rivet the breasts that plan their country’s weal.
 “ Nor vain the wish, while George with steady care
 “ Directs their counsels—He, though laurels fresh
 “ Invite, still wooes the haughty Gaul with terms
 “ Of proffer’d friendship, and shall bid again
 “ Peace spread her olives o’er Germania’s shores.
 “ He too, with lenient arts and converse mild,
 “ Shall sooth a Confort’s sorrows, and repress
 “ The rising sigh : and ever as he tells
 “ Of Britain’s glory, or by hardy deed,
 “ Or virtuous lore attain’d, my glowing breast
 “ Shall catch the patriot flame, and hail the land
 “ Whose sons at Honour’s shrine such trophies raise.”

HENRY COURTENAY, *Student of Christ Church.*

ON THE BIRTH OF
THE PRESENT PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY THE SAME.

AGAIN Britannia's bards the festive lyre
Attune to grateful melody, and hymn [while,
Their much-lov'd Monarch's offspring: Thou mean-
Fair infant, sleep'st unconscious, nor the song
Aught heed'st, or joyous shouts; of regal state,
And scepter'd power, nought deeming, which erewhile
Shall claim thy just attention: noblest test
Of generous mind, and spirits of choicer mould!
For still on envied greatness shall await
Hard trial, while full oft th' unbridled tongue
Of rude licentiousness his ear assails;
And oft, when unsuspecting Virtue forms
The meditated plan of public good,
Insidious Malice wrests th' inverted deed
To selfish purpose of base interest.
But truce with these complaints; no time is now
For such reflection—happier omens wait
Thy birth, auspicious Prince, while echoing shouts
Proclaim Britannia's joy, and Victory twines
Her glorious wreath around thy father's brow.
Nor ever let presumptuous thought arraign
Th' Almighty giver, who with hand benign

* From the "Gratulatio solennis Universitatis Oxoniensis
ob cellissimum Geor. Fred. Aug. Walliæ Principem, Geor. III.
et Charlottæ Reg. auspiciatissimè natum. Oxonii. 1762." K.

Unnumber'd blessings on man's thankless race
 Scatters incessant: hence the tranquil mind,
 The home-felt joys, which Envy cannot reach,
 Baneful destroyer! well the statesman's toil
 O'erpaying, and the thousand anxious cares
 That tend the bed of wakeful royalty.
 Nor lightly deem we of domestic bliss,
 And all the train of social charities,
 Which Virtue still approves; but chiefly thee,
 Source of secure delight, connubial love,
 I hail, Heaven's last best gift, to him who erst
 In Eden's happy grove his Maker's praise
 Hymn'd grateful, ere as yet the tempter's guile
 Had foil'd his native innocence, and wrought
 Sin, with her comrade Death, to all mankind.
 Yet from the nuptial tie and genial bed
 Unnumber'd comforts flow, where love meets love
 With mutual warmth: such George's happier lot
 From Charlotte's virtue: with endearing love
 She knows to cheat the loitering hours, and smooth
 The wrinkled brow; nor fruitless is th' embrace
 That Honour sanctifies, and Heaven approves.
 Already to our pious prayers is sent
 This smiling infant, pledge of virtuous love.
 O then, may He that in thy mother's womb
 Fashion'd thy tender frame, and wisely wrought
 Th' harmonious texture, still with fostering care
 Protect his work, and form thy opening mind
 To thoughts of grateful love, and honour pure!
 So shalt thou scorn Ambition's madding lore,

Fatal

Fatal to princes ! and the charmed cup
 Of fabled Circe, whose deceitful taste
 Transform'd to grovelling swine th' unwary train
 Of wise Ulysses, skilful to resist
 The proffer'd baits, and baffle all her arts.

HENRY COURTENAY, *Student of Christ Church.*

ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

BY WILLIAM HENLEY, ESQ.

TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SLEEP, royal infant, sleep ;
 Round thee may guardian powers their vigils keep !
 How little dost thou know,
 Whilst leaning on thy nurse's breast,
 Or in thy mother's arms carest,
 The high important toils 'tis thine to undergo !
 Yet not with mind undisciplin'd, untaught,
 Shalt thou the mighty weight of nations bear :
 Lo ! George with every bright perfection fraught !
 Whose fond paternal care
 Shall pour upon thy mind fair Virtue's ray, [way.
 Himself point out the path, and lead the well-known
 While Eastern tyrants found their right
 On conquest, and oppressive might ;
 He shall instruct thee with sublimer soul
 The raging lust of empire to control ;

* From the "Gratulatio solennis, &c. Oxon. 1762." K.

That

That kings are God's vicegerents, by kind heaven,
 Protectors, fathers, to their subjects given,
 Wide to diffuse o'er all mankind
 Those joys th' Eternal Sire for all design'd.

Oh! may the heavens propitious shed
 Each blessing on thy sacred head!
 Where'er upon the foamy tide
 In days to come thy fleets shall ride;
 For thee, and for dear Freedom's right,
 Where'er thy veteran bands shall fight,
 (As now by thy illustrious fire,)
 O'erthrown by thee, may the proud foe retire;
 And spread abroad thy fame from pole to pole,
 As far as earth extends, or oceans roll!

But still be this of joys the least,
 That with warm transports fire th' exulting breast!
 May'st thou behold in pleasing ecstasies
 Thy virtues in a nation's eyes:
 And mindful of his power alone,
 Whose high behest uprais'd thee to a throne,
 With pure religion's sacred ardour glow,
 And feel those raptures which from virtue flow!
 Hence, when bright morning bids the swain arise,
 Joyful like him, thy father hails the ray;
 When ruddy evening paints the western skies,
 Hence gentle slumbers crown his well-spent day;
 Gentle as those that seal thine infant eyes:
 Hence, though her hydra-head proud Faction rear,
 Though on each side the maddening band
 Should hurl destruction through the land,
 Hence

Hence would he scorn each servile fear,
Search his own breast, and view how blameless all was
there.

O'er the foul carcase with discordant voice,
Infatiate, birds obscene rejoice;
To heaven th' imperial eagle wings his flight;
Towering beyond the ken of mortal sight,
He drinks exulting the pure streams of light:
O! little know the base and grovelling crew,
Whilst narrow self bounds every view,
The godlike joys that fire the truly great;
They, independent of their fate,
With high superior scorn look down
On treacherous Fortune's smile or frown,
Fair Virtue still is theirs, however low their state.

Of her pure transports unpossess'd,
'Midst all th' allurements of luxurious ease,
Pining in vain for gentle peace,
Ev'n monarchs sigh dissatisfy'd, unblest'd.
Oh height of woe! 'midst every soft delight, [fight,
Whilst music soothes the ear, and beauty charms the
To sink beneath the pangs that rend the guilty breast;
Their rising blushes to restrain,
With the feign'd smile disguise their pain;
And, black with crimes, to hear the servile crew
Pour forth the praise alone to Virtue due!

But cease, my Muse, the strain,
That grates unwelcome on each Briton's ear,
Who now to Heaven prefers (nor be it vain!)
For thee, illustrious babe, his ardent prayer;

“May’st

“ May’st thou in manhood, void of stain,
 “ Thine infant innocence retain,
 “ With every grace, with every virtue shine,
 “ And be thy father’s fame surpass’d alone by thine !”

WILLIAM HENLEY,
Gentleman-Commoner of Christ Church.

ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

BY WILLIAM EDEN†, ESQ.

PERGAT, inexpertus thalami genialis, adulter
 Inter lascivos animi fastidia cœtus
 Fallere : sollicitet venalia basia fictæ
 Pellicis ; illa licet speciem prætendat amantis,
 Mille dolos agitans, captumque cupidinis æstu
 Blanditiis teneris et amœno carmine ludat ;
 Nulla fides animum concordî fœdere jungit,
 Nulla levant curas solatia ; quin gravis horror
 Pone subit, morbique, et præmatura senectus.

Non ita quos castis jungit data dextra vicissim
 Fœderibus ; queis rite faces Cytherea jugales
 Accendit, nectens sociali pectora vinclo.
 Felices ! His unus amor ! Concordia semper
 Arridet ; nec longa dies—quin lætior astat
 Fœcundo Lucina toro—tum grata parentes
 Cura tenet, suavisque labor ; solesque beati
 Currere—dum alterno vitæ lenire labores
 Dividuos juvat alloquio, dum pectora motus

* From the “Gratulatio solennis, &c. Oxon. 1762.” K.

† Member in the present parliament for Woodstock, one
 of the lords of trade, and secretary to his excellency the earl
 of Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. K. Utra-

Utraque dant similes, et mutua gaudia miscent.

Talis, inaurato non dedignata cubili
Invigilare, animam talis concordia Georgi
Mulcet, ubi rerum paulum deponit habenas,
Imperio fessus, dulcemque revifere natum
Gressibus appropere festinis, aut Carolettæ
Affatu tenero sopitas fallere curas.

Quis tibi tunc, Georgi, cernenti talia sensus?

Ut tu, maternæ pietatis imagine captus,
Lætitiâ exultas!—Apparet regia conjux
Infantem mulcens tereti cervice reposta,
Et faciles suadens vocis modulamine somnos.

“Care puer, somni cape mollia munera! non te,
“Non tua bellorum corda illætabile murmur
“Terrificat; nescis, proles pulcherrima, nescis
“Eventus belli varios! Procul omne quod almam
“Conturbet requiem—puerique parentibus orbi,
“Sponsorumque pii fletus, matrumque ululatus!
“Haud tamen hos cernit tranquillâ mente tumultus
“Georgius:—ille quidem medio in splendore triumphâ
“Sæpe trahens gemitus, flet tinctas sanguine laurus,
“Flet missos toties in aperta pericula cives;
“Cuncta neque in nato cari stat cura parentis;
“Laudis amor patriæque vetat—fera numina Martis
“Huic opus est vinclis cohibere, et reddere pacis
“Intermissa diu studia, ac florentia dona.”

His demum exactis, pariter pietate vel armis
Egregius genitor nati juvenilibus annis
Invigilet, gaudens teneram moderamine leni
Ad proprias sensim virtutes ducere mentem.
Seu juvet occultos sophiæ penetrare recessus,

Naturamque, Deumque sequi; seu provida pandens
 Arcana imperii, pater indefessus alumnum
 Præclaris doceat studiis utriusque Minervæ
 Felices populos, & libera jura tueri.
 Forsitan atque animum generosis excitet ausis,
 Virtutem invictam bello, facilesque triumphos
 Angligenûm referens: quin tum meminisse juvabit
 Effracta Hispanæ primo in certamine gentis
 Robora, et imbelles repetito vulnere Gallos.

GULIELMUS EDEN,
Baronetti Filius, Ædis Christi Commensalis.

ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

BY MR. PEPYS†.

INFANTI Caroletta suo, nutrice remotâ,
 Gaudebat proprias supposuisse manus;
 Cum subitò Hispanæ prænuncia signa ruinæ
 Horrendum lætis intonuere sonis;
 Exilit, ingentique fragore exterritus infans
 Somnia vagitu rupta querente dolet:
 Subrisit puero Mater, gremioque jacenti
 Fusa super, lachrymis oscula mista dabat.
 Atque ita (materno rursus sopita pererrans
 Intuitu ad teneros dum fovet ora sinus)
 “Care, quiesce, puer! nec ficta pericula somnos
 “Insolitique vetent continuare metus:
 “Te tua blanda parens eadem et fidissima nutrix
 “(Sed nescis) gremio dulce tuetur onus.

* From the “Gratulatio solennis, &c. Oxon. 1762.” K.

† Now one of the masters in the high court of chancery. K.

- “ Hoc tibi submissi sonitu gratantur Iberi,
 “ Hæc sua nascenti fert tibi dona pater.
 “ Fortunate ! tuis rident circum omnia regnis ;
 “ Hic profuga è toto constitit orbe quies :
 “ Dum loquor (heu belli casus !) quàm multa per hostes
 “ Mater ab incensâ pellitur acta domo,
 “ Infantemque fovens trepidum deserta, mariti
 “ Cæde sui madidos sternitur ante pedes !
 “ Siccine, quos focio jussit coalescere nexu,
 “ Queis animos mites dat lachrymasque Deus,
 “ Excitet ambitio, miserosque in funera cogat
 “ Muta, quæ rabidis cognita nulla feris ;
 “ Iste novat sibi corda, acuensque effingit ad omnem
 “ Sævitiæ præceps exagitata furor.
 “ Hæccine, quæ Matrem risu agnovisse videntur,
 “ Incutient miseris gentibus ora metum ?
 “ Hæccine, quæ nunc poscit opem studiumque Parentis,
 “ Stillabit matrum sanguine tincta manus ?
 “ O prohibete nefas, quibus hæc formanda dabuntur
 “ Pectora, deliciis vos prohibete meis !
 “ Sint, mea vita, tuæ miseris succurrere laudes ;
 “ Sit mala quod possit cor aliena pati :
 “ Infensi, per te, cocant in fœdera reges ;
 “ Arbitrio fileant bella repressa tuo :
 “ Oppida te, te rura colant !—Tibi, multa per orbem
 “ Fratre soror, conjux fospite læta viro,
 “ Prole beata parens, (ut nunc tua) fausta precetur,
 “ Gaudiaque in carum devocet aucta caput !”

GULIELMUS WELLER PEPYS,

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

E P I.

EPITAPH ON LADY LUCY MEYRICK,
WHO DIED IN CHILD-BIRTH.

BY DR. PETER TEMPLEMAN*.

BENEATH this humble stone now rests inshrined,
Alas! what once inclos'd the purest mind.
Yet, whilst she leaves us for her kindred skies,
See from th' expiring flame a Phoenix rise!
By the same hand, severely kind, were given
To us a Cherub, and a Saint to Heaven.

Adieu,

* Born March 17, 1711, and educated at the Charter-house (not on the foundation), from whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Batchelor of Arts with distinguished reputation. During his residence at Cambridge, by his own inclination, in conformity with that of his parents, he applied himself to the study of divinity, with a design to enter into holy orders; but after some time, from what cause we know not, he altered his plan, and applied himself to the study of physick. In the year 1736 he went to Leyden, where he attended the lectures of Dr. Boerhaave, and the Professors of the other branches of medicine in that celebrated university, for the space of two years, or more. About the beginning of 1739 he returned to London, with a view to enter on the practice of his profession, supported by a handsome allowance from his father. On the establishment of the British Museum in 1753, he was appointed to the office of keeper of the reading-room, which he resigned on being chosen, in 1763, secretary to

Adieu, blest Shade, alas too early fled !
 Who knew thee living, but laments thee dead ?
 A soul so calm, so free from every stain,
 So try'd by torture, and unmov'd by pain !
 Without a groan, with agonies she strove ;
 Heaven, wondering, snatch'd her to the joys above.

ON THE DEATH OF
 FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY MR. J. DUNCOMBE†.

SUNK was the solemn taper's sickly glare,
 Serene the night, and silent all the air ;
 The fullen drum, the cannon's pausing roar,
 And the funereal knell, were heard no more ;

the then newly instituted society of arts, manufactures, and commerce. In the year 1762 he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, and also of the Oeconomical Society at Berne. Very early in life Dr. Templeman was afflicted with severe paroxysms of an asthma, which eluded the force of all that either his own skill, or that of the most eminent physicians then living, could suggest to him ; and it continued to harass him till his death, which happened Sept. 23, 1769. He was esteemed a person of great learning, particularly with respect to languages, and left the character of a humane, generous, and polite member of society. N.

* From the "Luctus Acad. Cant. &c. 1751." N.

† Now M. A. and one of the Six Preachers in Christ Church, Canterbury. N.

When I repair'd, with due religious dread,
To the dim mansions of the royal dead;
And trod the vaulted ground by Cynthia's light,
Through story'd windows glimmering on the sight.
There, as in Henry's awful dome I stray'd,
With Fancy's eye I saw each sacred shade
Start from the shroud, shake of th' encumbering dust,
And animate each venerable bust;
Saw sable Edward's genius, still ador'd
By Britons, hover o'er his ponderous sword;
And Henry, terror-plum'd, his falchion wield,
Stern as in Agincourt's immortal field.
But soon from thence, with trembling steps I turn
To vent my grief o'er that lamented urn,
Which, moist with Britain's sorrow, now contains
The parent's, husband's, Frederic's lov'd remains.

“ Ah, prince,” I cry'd, while pity fill'd my eye,
“ Frederic, endear'd by every social tie,
“ When late I saw thee drop a tender tear
“ Of feeling sympathy on Juliet's bier,
“ And heard thy youthful train with sighs confess
“ Humane compassion at her feign'd distress;
“ How little thought I, what a fatal blow
“ Would soon give cause for more than scenic woe;
“ That we in sad procession soon should join,
“ And the next funeral obsequies be thine!—

“ No longer now, in Kew's or Cliefden's grove,
“ That prattling train shall with thee sportive rove;
“ No more their stories shall thy walks beguile,
“ Nor thou repay those stories with a smile,

“ Nor view their eyes, and with a kiss declare,
 “ Thou see’st their mother, thy Augusta, there.

“ And oh ! thou partner of his happiest hour,
 “ Thou widow’d fair, a partner now no more,
 “ Augusta, late what transports fill’d thy breast,
 “ Blest in thy comfort, in thy children blest !
 “ On downy feet each golden moment flew,
 “ Rich with such love as earliest ages knew ;
 “ Thy envy’d palace with such bliss was crown’d,
 “ As is in palaces but rarely found ;
 “ Such bliss, as ev’n the nymphs of rural plains
 “ Experience rarely with their cottage swains.
 “ But now”—

While thus I mourn’d, an undulating light,
 Swift darting through the fane, dispers’d the night ;
 Each pillar bow’d, each sculptur’d statue shook,
 And from the hollow vault these accents broke.

“ Grieve not for me, but yield to Heaven’s behest ;
 “ I feel the sigh, that heaves my comfort’s breast ;
 “ But know, such virtue never can despair,
 “ Bless’d with my children’s love and father’s care :
 “ A husband’s loss that father shall supply,
 “ Those children, train’d beneath her forming eye,
 “ Shall well their grandfire’s tenderness repay,
 “ The favourite theme of every British lay.

“ Nor think that thou shalt see the deathless name
 “ Of Britain, blotted from the rolls of fame,
 “ Ev’n when the last sad duties shall be paid,
 “ In these arch’d isles, to George’s honour’d shade ;
 “ Another George shall then, ev’n then, impart
 “ Rekindling transports to each loyal heart :

“ Through

" Through dark futurity my ravish'd eyes
 " View other Edwards, Henries, Williams rise :
 " I see, I see the blooming train advance,
 " The pride of Britain, and the dread of France.
 " Bards yet unborn their praises shall resound;
 " Alike in senates and in fields renown'd,
 " Fair Freedom's throne they dauntless shall maintain,
 " And rule with sovereign nod the subject main.
 " Then Britain shall with grateful joy embrace
 " The darling youths, and view her Frederic's race
 " To all their great forefathers' fame aspire,
 " Nor, when she views the sons, forget the fire."

JOHN DUNCOMBE, B. A.
Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

ODE TO INDIFFERENCE*.

BY THOMAS PENNANT, ESQ.

FLY, Indifference, hated maid,
 Seek Spitsbergen's horrid shade,
 Where old Winter keeps his court,
 There, fit guest, do thou resort,
 And thy frosty breast repose
 Amidst congenial ice and snows :

* I am enabled to ascribe this elegant little poem to its proper author on the best authority, that of Mr. Pennant himself, who informs me that it was written on account of a Lady speaking in praise of Indifference. N.

There reside, insipid maid,
But ne'er infect my Emma's head,
Or else seek the cloister's pale,
Where reluctant virgins veil,
In the corner of whose heart
Earth with heaven still keeps a part;
There thy fullest influence shower,
Free poor grace from passion's power;
Give fond Eloisa rest,
But shun, oh shun my Emma's breast.
Or on Lycè, wanton maid,
Be thy chilling finger laid;
Quench the frolic beam that flies
From her bright, fantastic eyes;
Teach the sweet coquette to know
Heart of ice in breast of snow;
Give peace to her, give peace to me,
But leave, oh leave my Emma free.

But if thou, in grave disguise,
Seek'st to make that nymph thy prize;
If that nymph, deceiv'd by thee,
Listens to thy sophistry;
If she courts thy cold embraces,
And to thee resigns her graces;
What, alas! is left for me,
But to fly, myself, to thee?

SONNET* V. BY W. J.

TO THE RIVER STOUR. 1781.

DEAR, native stream! ah, dearer far to me
 Than Thames, tho' grandeur crown his margin gay;
 And not the Loire, all lovely though he be,
 And passing fair, could lure my thoughts away,
 Forgetful of thy banks of green; nor she,
 The yellow Seine, whose peaceful waters play
 Through Gallia's fields, could woo my heart from thee,
 That faithful heart, which knows not how to stray!
 Dear, native stream! lov'd Stour! to thee were paid
 My earliest vows, and thou my last shalt have;
 And as my earliest steps were wont to tread,
 So shall my last, thy banks, paternal wave!
 And you, ye trembling willows, wont to shade
 My youthful pastimes, ye shall shade my grave.

EPITAPH†, BY MR. SHENSTONE.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

HERE, here she lies a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom,

Whose innocence did sweets disclose

Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her death are griev'd,

This consolation's given;

She 's from the forms of life reliev'd.

To them more bright in Heaven.

* See vol. VII. p. 341.

† In Halesowen church-yard, on Miss Anne Powell. N.

EPIGRAM. BY MR. HOGARTH*.

"YOUR fervant, Sir," says furly Quin.
 'Sir, I am yours,' replies Macklin.
 "Why you're the very Jew you play,
 "Your face performs the task well."
 'And you are Sir John Brute, they say,
 'And an accomplish'd Maskwell.'
 Says Rich, who heard the sneering elves,
 And knew their horrid hearts,
 "Acting too much your very selves,
 "You overdo your parts."

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

CINNA cries out, "I am not worth a groat;"
 And is (plague on him) what he would be
 thought!

* This is almost an *unique* of this excellent comic painter, who, in his vein of moral humour, like Fielding, was also *unique*,

"Catching the manners living as they rise,
 "Speaking on paint, and reasoning to our eyes."

He addressed a poetical Epistle to Lord Grosvenor. Of his Life, or Works, I shall say nothing here, having ventured to lay before the publick "Biographical Memoirs" of this immortal Artist in a separate publication. N.

T O H—Y M—N, E S Q.

ON HIS REFUSING A CHRISTMASS DINNER WITH
A FRIEND, ON PRETENCE OF GALLANTING

SOME LADIES TO LEICESTER. 1780.

WHEN you talk about Leicester,
I hope you 're a jester.

Why desert an old friend,
For no purpose or end?
But to play the gallant,
With belles who will flaunt,
And who, cruel as vain,
Will rejoice in your pain!

No—Come to our pudding,
We 'll put all things good in:

Give you beef, the sirloin,
If with us you will dine;

Perhaps too a capon,
With greens and with bacon:

Give you port and good sherry,
To make your heart merry.

Then sit down to a pool,
'Stead of playing the fool;

Or a rubber at whist,
But for this as you list.

Next, give muffins and tea,
As you sometimes give me.

As

As for supper—you know,

A potatoe, or so;

Or a bit of cold ham,

As at night we ne'er cram;

Or a tart, if you please,

With a slice of mild cheese.

Then we'll sing—sing, did I say?

Yes: “The Vicar of Bray*.”

And, what I know you don't hate,

“My fond shepherds of late †.”

Nor think me a joker,

If I add “Ally Croaker ‡.”

In fine, we'll sing and delight ye

Till you say, “Friends good night t' ye.”

N. J.

* “In good King Charles's golden days.”

This is said to have been written by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment in the reign of K. George the First. It is founded on an historical fact, and, though it reflects no great honour on the hero of the poem, is humourously expressive of the completion of the times in the successive reigns from Charles the Second to George the First.

† “My fond shepherds of late were so blest.”

A favourite air in Dr. Arne's Eliza.

‡ “There lived a youth in Ballan o' Crazy.”

This song is ascribed to a lady of great quality: it does not, however, abound with the wit which usually flows from female pens; but it admits of being sung with great humour.

UNPUBLISHED VERSES.

BY MR. GOSTLING*.

WHEN Lord Edgecumbe was at Tunbridge some years ago, a Pig took a fancy to accompany him in his rides, till his lordship bought the pig, named him Cupid, and took him to Mount Edgecumbe, where he became as tame as a dog.

CUPID SPEAKS.

DEAD pigs have cunning, proverbs say:

And so sometimes the living may.

Instead of rooting under ground,

Above it better luck I've found.

Ambitious to attend the great,

I on a noble lord would wait,

And when he took his morning's ride,

Gallop'd obsequious by his side.

My awkward homage made him sport,

And highly I'm rewarded for 't;

He took me from the homely sty,

And quite his favourite am I:

At meals, when by his side I stand,

Fed by his own, or lady's hand,

My grunted thanks are kindly taken;

So I grow fat—yet save my bacon.

And as advancement is allow'd

To make men insolent and proud;

* Of whom, see vol. VII. p. 227. His Hudibrastic version of Hogarth's Voyage down the Thames has lately been printed for private use. N.

From boasting why should I refrain?

Why mayn't an upstart pig be vain?

Know all men, I, by heralds care,

My Lord's armorial honours share,

And, mounted high above the rest,

Crown all the trophies as his crest*.

A Gentleman, from the neighbourhood of Mount Edgecumbe, telling me, Cupid died a meer brute, occasioned this Epitaph.

HERE in the dirt doth Cupid lie,

Cupid, the pig; of swine the pride:

Mov'd to a palace from a sty,

He ate and drank, he liv'd and died.

Let such as have no higher view

Consider, for 'tis past a jest,

How many a man (as wise as Cu)

Lives like a lord, dies like a beast.

TWO EPIGRAMS BY THE SAME.

1. ON JOHN, CHAP. XVIII. VER. 36.

“MY Kingdom is not of this World.” So saith
The Author and the Finisher of our Faith.
From hence, say the Freethinkers and Socinians,
We'll prove this world no part of Christ's dominions.
And what must they expect for all their pains,
But their reward to have where Satan reigns?

* A hog is his lordship's crest. D.

2. ON MISS LANCE,

WHOSE REJOICINGS AT THE WEDDING OF A
SISTER MET WITH SUCH A CHECK (BY
THE DISTRESS OF SOME DEAR FRIENDS)
AS SHE COULD NOT SURVIVE.

ONE day was spent in joy and mirth: The morrow
Saw me cast down into the deepest sorrow.
Sinking beneath the sad and sudden stroke,
My tender heart was by its goodness broke.

A WORD OF COMFORT FROM BANGOR
TO CANTERBURY, ON THE LOSS OF HER DEAN.

CEASE, Canterbury, to deplore
The loss of your accomplish'd Moore,
Repining at my gain;
I soon may have most cause to mourn,
To you he 'll probably return,
With me will scarce remain.

1775.

A. C.

ANSWER FROM CANTERBURY.

TO me, you prophesy, our mitred Moore
Revolving years may probably restore,
And thus in vain attempt my tears to dry:
I scarcely know my masters but by name,
Triennial visits, and the voice of fame;
For, ah! my palaces* in ruins lie. J. D.

* Viz. Ford, Charing, Beaksbourn, Canterbury, &c. D.

TO

TO THE BEST OF MEN, AND MOST EXCELLENT
OF PRINCES, CHARLES, BY THE GRACE OF
GOD, KING OF GREAT-BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND
IRELAND; LORD OF THE FOUR SEAS; OF VIR-
GINIA, THE VAST TERRITORIES ADJOINING,
AND DISPERSED ISLANDS OF THE WESTERN
OCEAN; THE ZEALOUS DEFENDER OF THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH:

GEORGE SANDYS *, THE HUMBLEST OF HIS SERVANTS,
PRESENTS AND CONSECRATES THESE HIS PARA-
PHRASES ON THE DIVINE POEMS TO RECEIVE
THEIR LIFE AND ESTIMATION FROM HIS FAVOUR.

THE Muse, who from your influence took her birth,
First wander'd through the many-peopled earth;
Next sung the change of things; disclos'd th' unknown:
Then to a nobler shape transform'd her own;
Fetch'd, from Engaddi, spice; from Jury, balm;
And bound her brows with Idumæan palm:
Now old, hath her last Voyage made; and brought
To Royal Harbour this her sacred freight:
Who to her king bequeaths the wealth of kings;
And, dying, her own epicedium sings.

T O

* This very accomplished gentleman, the seventh and
youngest son of Edwin archbishop of York, was born at
Bishop-Thorp, in that county, in 1577. At eleven years
of age he was sent to the university of Oxford, where he was
matriculated of St. Mary-Hall. In the year 1610, remar-
kable for the murder of that great and good prince, Henry
IV. of France, Mr. Sandys set out on his travels, and, in the
course of two years, made a very extensive tour, having not
only

This was that well-limn'd face of woe,
Whereof we but a copy show:
To you addrest, whose chearful ray
Can turn the saddest night to day:
Not to infect, or make it less;
But to set off your happiness.
Nor are we all of black compos'd,
Our setting sun serenely clos'd.
And, as in Job, all storms dispell'd,
His evening far his morn excell'd;
So Juda, in her wandering race,
At length shall rise to greater grace:
Our vows ascend, that you may taste,
Of these, the only first, and last.

T O T H E P R I N C E.

SINCE none but princes durst aspire
To sing unto the Hebrew lyre,
Sweet prince, who than yourself more fit
To read what sacred princes writ?
Though yet your rose breathe in the bud:
They who partake of your high blood
Grow soon in understanding old;
Nor should their age by years be told:
Whose souls, more swift than motion, clime;
And check the tardy flight of Time.
Far off, I see that dawning gray;
The ensign of a glorious day:
Yet, ere this gild the world, I must
Resolve into neglected dust.
If then restored by your breath,
Not all of me shall sleep in death.

TO THE KING, BY THE SAME,

WITH A PARAPHRASE ON THE PSALMS *.

OUR graver Muse from her long dream awakes,
 Peneian groves, and Cirrha's caves forfakes :
 Inspir'd with zeal, she climbs th' ætherial hills
 Of Solyma, where bleeding balm distills ;
 Where trees of life unfading youth assure,
 And living waters all diseases cure :
 Where the sweet singer, in celestial lays,
 Sung to his solemn harp Jehovah's praise.
 From that fall'n temple, on her wings she bears
 Those heavenly raptures to your sacred cars :
 Not that her bare and humble feet aspire
 To mount the threshold of th' harmonious quire ;
 But that at once she might oblations bring
 To God ; and tribute to a god-like king.
 And since no narrow verse such mysteries,
 Deep sense, and high expressions could comprise ;
 Her labouring wings a larger compass fly,
 And poetry resolves with poetry :
 Lest she, who in the orient clearly rose,
 Should in your western world obscurely close.

* I should have most readily given admittance to some specimens of this paraphrase, if the limits of my volume did not remind me of its conclusion. I had marked for that purpose Psalms XXIII. XCII. XCIX. CXXVII. CXXXVII; and from his "Paraphrase on Job" I should have been glad to extract from the 38th chapter to the conclusion. His translation of Solomon's Song is beautiful; but I must content myself with his concluding poem, in which the account of his life and travels is really excellent. N. TO

T O T H E Q U E E N.

O You, who like a fruitful vine,
 To this our royal cedar join:
 Since it were impious to divide,
 In such a present, hearts so ty'd;
 Urania your chaste ears invites
 To these, her more sublime delights.
 Then, with your zealous lover, deign
 To enter David's numerous fane.
 Pure thoughts his sacrifices are;
 Sabæan incense, fervent prayer;
 This holy fire fell from the skies;
 The holy water from his eyes.
 O should you with your voice infuse
 Perfection, and create a Muse!
 Though mean our verse, such excellence
 At once would ravish soul and sense:
 Delight in heavenly dwellers move;
 And, since they cannot envy, love:
 When they from this our earthly sphere
 Their own celestial music hear.

D E O O P T I M O M A X I M O!

Y T H E S A M E.

O Thou, who all things hast of nothing made,
 Whose hand the radiant firmament display'd,
 With such an undiscerned swiftness hurl'd
 About the steadfast centre of the world:

Against whose rapid course the restless sun
And wandering flames in varied motions run ;
Which heat, light, life, infuse ; time, night, and day,
Distinguish ; in our human bodies sway :
That hung'st the solid earth in fleeting air,
Vein'd with clear springs, which ambient seas repair.
In clouds the mountains wrap their hoary heads ;
Luxurious vallies cloath'd with flowery meads :
Her trees yield fruit and shade ; with liberal breasts
All creatures she (their common mother) feasts.
Then man thy image mad'st ; in dignity,
In knowledge, and in beauty, like to thee :
Plac'd in a heaven on earth : without his toil,
The ever-flourishing and fruitful soil
Unpurchas'd food produc'd : all creatures were
His subjects, serving more for love than fear.
He knew no Lord, but thee. But when he fell
From his obedience, all at once rebell,
And in his ruin exercise their might :
Concurring elements against him fight :
Troops of unknown diseases ; sorrow, age,
And death, assail him with successive rage,
Hell let forth all her furies : none so great,
As man to man. Ambition, pride, deceit,
Wrong, arm'd with power, lust, rapine, slaughter reign'd :
And flatter'd vice the name of virtue gain'd.
Then hills beneath the swelling waters stood ;
And all the globe of earth was but one flood :
Ye could not cleanse their guilt : the following race
Worse than their fathers, and their sons more base.

Their

Their god-like beauty lost; sin's wretched thrall :
 No spark of their divine original
 Left unextinguish'd : all enveloped
 With darkness; in their bold transgressions dead.
 When thou didst from the east a light display,
 Which render'd to the world a clearer day :
 Whose precepts from Hell's jaws our steps withdraw,
 And whose example was a living law :
 Who purg'd us with his blood; the way prepar'd
 To Heaven, and those long-chain'd-up doors unbarr'd.
 How infinite thy mercy! which exceeds
 The world thou mad'st, as well as our misdeeds!
 Which greater reverence than thy justice wins,
 And still augments thy honour by our sins.
 O who had tasted of thy clemency
 In greater measure, or more oft than I!
 My grateful verse thy goodness shall display
 O thou who went'st along in all my way;
 To where the morning with perfum'd wings
 From the high mountains of Panchæa springs :
 To that new-found-out world, where sober Night
 Takes from th' Antipodes her silent flight;
 To those dark seas where horrid Winter reigns,
 And binds the stubborn floods in icy chains :
 To Libyan wastes, whose thirst no showers assuage;
 And where swoln Nilus cools the lion's rage.
 Thy wonders in the deep have I beheld;
 Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd :
 There where the Virgin's Son his doctrine taught,
 His miracles and our redemption wrought :

Where I by thee inspir'd his praises sung ;
And on his sepulchre my offering hung.
Which way foe'er I turn my face, or feet ;
I see thy glory and thy mercy meet.
Met on the Thracian shores ; when in the strife
Of frantic Simoans thou preserv'dst my life.
So when Arabian thieves belaid us round,
And when, by all abandon'd, thee I found,
That false Sidonian wolf, whose craft put on
A sheep's soft fleece, and me Bellerophon
To ruin by his cruel letter sent,
Thou didst by thy protecting hand prevent.
Thou sav'dst me from the bloody massacres
Of faithless Indians ; from their treacherous wars ;
From raging fevers, from the sultry breath
Of tainted air ; which cloy'd the jaws of death.
Preserv'd from swallowing seas ; when towering waves
Mix'd with the clouds, and open'd their deep graves.
From barbarous pirates ransom'd : by those taught,
Successfully with Salian Moors we fought.
Then brought'st me home in safety ; that this earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my birth :
Bless'd with a healthful age ; a quiet mind,
Content with little ; to this work design'd :
Which I at length have finish'd by thy aid ;
And now my vows have at thy altar paid.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR. SANDYS,
ON HIS JOB, ECCLESIASTES, AND LAMENTATIONS,
CLEARLY, LEARNEDLY, AND ELOQUENTLY
PARAPHRASED.

BY LORD VISCOUNT FALKLAND*.

WHO would inform his soul, or feast his sense,
And seeks or piety, or eloquence;
What might with knowledge, virtue join'd, inspire
And imitate the heat and light of fire:
He, those in these by thee, may find embrac'd,
Or as a poet, or a paraphrast.
Such rays of the divinity are shed
Throughout these works, and every line o'erspread;
That by the streams the spring is clearly shown,
And the translation makes the author known.

* In p. 354 of vol. IV. it is made a question whether the great Lord Falkland was of St. John's College, Cambridge, because the registers do not begin so early: but there is full as good evidence of it in a letter to that Society, in which he boasts himself to have been a member of that house. This Mr. Cole of Milton tells me from a note by Mr. Baker of that College, who surely was enabled, if any man was, to decide on that question.—Dr. Johnson, in speaking of this great Peer (for great he was, after all) says, he was one, “whom every man of his time was proud to praise.” N.

Nor he being known, remains his sense conceal'd ;
 But so by thy illustrious pen reveal'd ;
 We see not plainer, that which gives us sight,
 Than we see that, assisted by thy light.
 All seems transparent now, which seem'd perplex'd ;
 The inmost meaning of the darkest text :
 So that the simplest may their souls assure
 What places mean, whose comments are obscure.
 Thy pen next, having clear'd thy Maker's will,
 Supplies our hearts to love, and to fulfill :
 And moves such piety, that her power lays
 That envy, which thy eloquence doth raise.
 Even I, (no yielding matter) who till then
 Am chief of sinners, and the worst of men,
 (Though it be hard a soul's health to procure
 Unless the patient does assist the cure :)
 Suffer a rape by virtue, whilst thy lines
 Destroy my old, and build me new designs :
 She, by a power, which conquers all controul ;
 Doth, without my consent, possess my soul.
 Those mists are scatter'd which my passion bred ;
 And for that short time all my vice is dead.
 Those looser poets whose lascivious pen,
 Ascribing crimes to gods, taught them to men,
 Who bent their most ingenious industry
 To honour Vice, and gild Impiety ;
 Whose labours have not only not employ'd
 Their talents, but with them their souls destroy'd ;
 Though of the much remov'd and distant time
 Whose less enlighten'd age takes from their crime,

Will

Will no defence, with all their arts, devise,
 When thou against them shalt in judgement rise :
 When thou a servant, such whose like are rare,
 Fill'd with a useful and a watchful care
 How to provide, against thy Lord do come;
 With great advantage the entrusted sum :
 And thy large stock ev'n to his wish employ,
 Shalt be invited to thy master's joy.
 The wise, the good, applaud, exult to see
 Th' Apollinarii* surpass'd by thee :
 No doubt, their works had found in every time
 An equal glory, had they equal'd thine;
 How they expect thy art should health assure
 To the sick world by a delicious cure,
 Granting like thee no leech their hope deserves,
 Who purgest not with rhubarb but preserves.
 What numerous legions of infernal sprights,
 Thy splendor dazzles and thy music frights !
 For what to us is balm, to them is wounds;
 Whom grief strikes, fear distracts, and shame confounds ;
 To find at once their magic counter-charm'd,
 Their arts discover'd, and their strength disarm'd :
 To see thy writings tempt to virtue more,
 Than they, by theirs assisted, could before
 To vice or vanity ; to see delight
 Become their foe, which was their satellite :
 And that the chief confounder of their state
 Which had been long their most prevailing bait ;

* Socrates. Scholasticus. F.

To

To see their empire such a loss endure,
 As the revolt, ev'n of the epicure.
 Those polite Pagan-Christians * who do fear
 Truth in his voice, God in his word to hear;
 (For such, alas, there are) doubting the while
 To harm their phrase, and to corrupt their style;
 Considering the eloquence which flows from hence,
 Had no excuse, but now have no pretence:
 These, both to pens and minds direction give,
 And teach to write, as well as teach to live.
 Those famous herbs which did pretend to man
 To give new youth; chymics, who brag they can
 A flower to ashes turn'd, by their art's power
 Return those ashes back into a flower;
 May gain belief, when now thy Job we see,
 So soil'd by some, so purify'd by thee.
 Such was his change, when from his sordid fate
 He re-ascended to his wonted state.
 So see we yearly a fresh spring restore
 Those beauties, winter had deflower'd before:
 So are we taught, the resurrection must
 Render us flesh and blood, from dirt and dust.
 To Job's dejected first, and then rais'd mind,
 Is Solomon in all his glory join'd.
 Less specious seem'd his person, when he shone
 In purple garments, on his golden throne.
 This eloquence call'd from the farthest south
 To learn deep knowledge from his sacred mouth

* The cause of Castalio's Translation, F.

One weak and great, a woman and a queen;
 Which (his conceptions in thy language seen)
 So likely seems that this no wonder draws,
 When with the great effect, we match the cause:
 Nor had we wonder'd, had the story told
 His fame drew more than all his realms could hold.
 For no less multitudes do I expect
 To hear (whilst on these lines their thoughts reflect)
 To have in this clear glass their follies known *:
 Nor will those fewer prove, who in their own
 From these thy tears shall learn to wash their crimes †;
 And owe salvation to thy heavenly rhymes.

A N O T H E R. B Y T H E S A M E.

SUCH is the verse thou writ'st, that who reads thine
 Can never be content to suffer mine:
 Such is the verse I write, that reading mine,
 I hardly can believe I have read thine:
 And wonder, that, their excellence once known,
 I nor correct, nor yet conceal mine own.
 Yet, though I danger fear, than censure less;
 Nor apprehend a breach, like to a press:
 Thy merits, now the second time, inflame
 To sacrifice the remnant of my shame.
 Nor yet, as first, alone, but join'd with those
 Who make the loftiest verse, seem humblest prose.
 Thus did our master, to his praise, desire
 That babes should with philosophers conspire:

* Ecclesiastes. F.

† The Lamentations. F.

And infants their Hosanna's should unite
 With the so famous Areopagite.
 Perhaps my style too is for praise most fit;
 Those shew their judgment least, who shew their wit:
 And are suspected, lest their subtiller aim
 Be rather to attain than to give fame.
 Perhaps, whilst I my earth do interpose
 Betwixt thy sun and them, I may aid those
 Who have but feeblers eyes and weaker sight,
 To bear thy beams, and to support thy light.
 So thy eclipse, by neighbouring darkness made,
 Were no injurious but a useful shade:
 Howe'er I finish here, my Muse her days
 Ends in expressing thy deserved praise:
 Whose fate in this seems fortunately cast,
 To have so just an action for her last.
 And since there are, who have been taught, that Death
 Inspireth prophecy, expelling breath,
 I hope, when these foretell; what happy gains
 Posterity shall reap from these thy pains:
 Nor yet from these alone, but how thy pen,
 Earth-like, shall yearly give new gifts to men:
 And thou fresh praise, and we fresh good receive
 (For he who thus can write can never leave)
 How time in them shall never force a breach;
 But they shall always live, and always reach:
 That the sole likelihood which these present,
 Will from the more rais'd souls command assent;
 And the so taught, will not belief refuse
 To the last accents of a dying Muse.

TO THE SAME. BY THE SAME.

ON HIS EXCELLENT PARAPHRASE ON THE PSALMS.

HAD I no blushes left, but were of those,
 Who praise in verse what they despise in prose:
 Had I this vice from vanity or youth;
 Yet such a subject would have taught me truth:
 Hence it were banish'd, where of flattery
 There is nor use, nor possibility.
 Else thou hadst cause to fear lest some might raise
 An argument against thee from thy praise.
 I therefore know, thou canst expect from me
 But what I give, historic poetry.
 Friendship for more could not a pardon win;
 Nor think I numbers make a lie no sin.
 And need I say more than my thoughts indite,
 Nothing were easier than not to write,
 Which now were hard; for wherefoe'er I raise
 My thoughts, thy several pains extort my praise.
 First, that which doth the pyramids display*:
 And in a work much lasting than they,
 And more a wonder scorns at large to show,
 What were indifferent if true or no:
 Or from its lofty flight, stoop to declare
 What all men might have known, had all been there.
 But by thy learned industry and art,
 To those who never from their studies part,

* His Travels, wherein he relates the History of the Pyramids. F.

Doth each land's laws, belief, beginning, shew;
 Which of the natives but the curious know:
 Teaching the frailty of all human things;
 How soon great kingdoms fall, much sooner kings:
 Prepares our souls, that chance cannot direct
 A machine at us, more than we expect.
 We know, that town * is but with fishers fraught,
 Where Theseus govern'd, and where Plato taught:
 That spring of knowledge †, to which Italy
 Owes all her arts, and her civility,
 In vice and barbarism supinely rolls;
 Their fortunes not more slavish than their souls.
 Those churches ‡, which from the first heretics wan
 All the first fields, or led at least the van;
 In whom those notes, so much required, be;
 Agreement §, miracles ||, antiquity **:
 Which can a never-broke succession shew
 From the apostles down; (here bragg'd of so:)
 So best confute her most immodest claim,
 Who scarce a part, yet to be all doth aim;
 Lie now distress'd, between two enemy-powers,
 Whom the west damns, and whom the east devours.
 What state than theirs can more unhappy be,
 Threaten'd with hell, and sure of poverty!
 The small beginning of the Turkish kings,
 And their large growth, shew us that different things

* Athens. F.

† Greece. F.

‡ Eastern Churches. F.

§ Of Doctrine. F.

|| Of Persons. F.

** As Antioch. F.

May meet in one third; what most disagree,
 May have some likeness: for in this we see,
 A mustard-seed may be resembled well
 To the two kingdoms, both of Heaven and Hell.
 Their strength and wants this work hath both unwound;
 To teach how these * t' increase, and that confound:
 Relates their tenets; scorning to dispute
 With errors, which to tell, is to confute:
 Shews how even there, where Christ vouchsaf'd to teach,
 Their Dervises † dare an impostor preach.
 For whilst with private quarrels we decay'd,
 We way for them and their religion made:
 And can but wishes now to Heaven prefer,
 May they gain Christ, or we his sepulchre.
 Next Ovid ‡ calls me; which though I admire,
 For equalling the author's quickening fire,
 And his pure phrase: yet more; remembering it
 Was by a mind so much distracted writ:
 Business and war, ill midwives to produce
 The happy off-spring of so sweet a Muse:
 Whilst every unknown face did danger threat;
 For every native there was twice a Gete.
 More §; when (return'd) thy work review'd, expos'd
 What pith before the hiding bark inclos'd:
 And with it that essay ||, which lets us see
 Well by the foot, what Hercules would be.

* Turks. F.

† Priests. F.

‡ Ovid's Metamorphosis. F.

§ Commentar. F.

|| Virgil's Æneid. lib. i. F.

All fitly offer'd to his princely hands ;
 By whose protection learning chiefly stands :
 Whose virtue moves more pens, than his power swords ;
 And theme to those, and edge to these, affords ;
 Who could not be displeas'd, that His great fame
 So pure a Muse so loudly should proclaim :
 With his Queen's praise in the same model cast ;
 Which shall not less than all their annals last *.
 Yet, though we wonder at thy charming voice,
 Perfection still was wanting in thy choice :
 And of a soul, which so much power possess'd,
 That choice is hardly good, which is not best.
 But though thy Muse were ethnically chaste,
 When most fault could be found ; yet now thou hast
 Diverted to a purer path thy quill ;
 And chang'd Parnassus' mount to Sion's hill :
 So that blest David might almost desire
 To hear his harp thus echo'd by thy lyre.
 Such eloquence, that though it were abus'd,
 Could not but be (though not allow'd) excus'd,
 Join'd to a work so choice, that, though ill-done,
 So pious an attempt praise could not shun.
 How strangely doth it darkest texts disclose,
 In verses of such sweetness ; that even those,
 From whom the unknown tongue conceals the sense,
 Ev'n in the sound, must find an eloquence !
 For though the most bewitching music could
 Move men, no more than rocks ; thy language would.

* Panegyrick. F.

Those

Those who make wit their curse, who spend their brain,
 Their time, and art, in looser verse, to gain
 Damnation, and a mistress; till they see
 How constant that is, how inconstant she,
 May from this great example learn to sway
 The parts they 're blest with some more blessed way.
 Fate can against thee but two foes advance;
 Sharp-sighted Envy, and blind Ignorance:
 The first (by nature like a shadow, near
 To all great acts) I rather hate than fear:
 For them (since whatsoever most they raise
 In private, that they most in throngs dispraise;
 And know the ill they act condemn'd within *)
 Who envies thee, may no man envy him.
 The last I fear not much, but pity more:
 For though they cannot the least fault explore;
 Yet, if they might the high tribunal climb,
 To them thy excellence would be thy crime:
 For eloquence with things profane they join;
 Nor count it fit to mix with what 's divine;
 Like art and paintings laid upon a face,
 Of itself sweet; which more deform than grace.
 Yet, as the church with ornaments is fraught,
 Why may not that be too, which there is taught?
 And sure that vessel of Election, Paul,
 Who judais'd with Jews, was all to all:
 So, to gain some, would be (at least) content,
 Some for the curious should be eloquent:

* Αὐτοκαταλείποι.

For since the way to Heaven is rugged, who
 Would have the way to that way be so too?
 Or thinks it fit, we should not leave obtain
 To learn with pleasure what we act with pain?
 Since then some stop unless their path be even,
 Nor will be led by solœcisms to Heaven;
 And, through a habit scarce to be control'd,
 Refuse a cordial, when not brought in gold;
 Much like to them to that disease enur'd*,
 Which can be no way, but by music cur'd:
 I joy in hope that no small piety
 Will in their colder hearts be warm'd by thee.
 For as none could more harmony dispense;
 So neither could thy flowing eloquence
 So well in any task be us'd, as this:
 To sound his praises forth, whose gift it is.

“ —————Cui non certaverit ulla,

“ Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.”

VIRG. Georg. ii. 99.

LORD FALKLAND TO GROTIUS.

PREFIXED TO SANDYS'S TRANSLATION OF THE

“ CHRISTUS PATIENS,” 1640.

OUR age's wonder, by thy birth the fame
 Of Belgia, by thy banishment the same:
 Who to more knowledge younger didst arrive
 Than forward Glaucias, yet art still alive:

* Tarantula. F.—A vulgar error, now exploded. D.

Whose

Whose masters oft (for suddenly you grew
To equal and pass those, and need no new)
To see how soon, how far, thy wit could reach,
Sat down to wonder, when they came to teach:
Oft then would Scaliger contented be
To leave to mend all times, to polish thee,
And of that pain's effect did higher boast
Than had he gain'd all that his fathers lost*:
When thy Capella read (which till thy hand
Had clear'd, few grave and learn'd did understand,
Though well thou might'st, at such a tender age,
Have made ten lessons of the plainest page),
That king of critics stood amaz'd to see
A work so like his own set forth by thee:
Nor with less wonder on that work did look
Than if the bridegroom had begot the book,
To whom thy age and act seem'd to unite
At once the youth of Phœbus and the light;
Thence lov'd thee with a never-dying flame,
As the adopted heir to all his fame;
For which care, wonder, love, thy riper days
Paid him with just and with eternal praise,
Who gain'd more honour from one verse of thine,
Than all the Canes of his princely line:
In that he joy'd, and that oppos'd to all,
To Titius' spite, to hungry Schioppius' gall,
To what, with cause disguis'd, Benarccius † writes,
To Delrios' rage, and all his loyalties:

* Verona; a Mercury in it marries philosophy. F.

† Scribaxius, justly ashamed of his right name. F.

But though to thee each tongue, each art, be known,
 As all thy time that had employ'd alone,
 Though truth do naked to thy sight appear,
 And scarce can we doubt more than thou canst clear,
 Though thou at once dost different glories join,
 A lofty poet, and a deep divine;
 Canst in the purest phrase cloath solid sense,
 Scævola's law in Tully's eloquence;
 Though thy employments have excell'd thy pen,
 Shew'd thee much skill'd in books, but more in men,
 And prov'd thou canst, at the same easy rate,
 Correct an author, and uphold a state;
 Though this rare praise do a full truth appear
 To Spain and Germany, who more do fear
 (Since thou thy aid didst to that state afford)
 The Swedish counsels than the Swedish sword:
 All this yet of thy worth makes but a part,
 And we admire thy head less than thy heart,
 Which, when in want, yet was too brave to close,
 Though woo'd, with thy ungrateful country's foes;
 When their chief ministers strove to entice,
 And would have bought thee at whatever price:
 Since all our praise and wonder is too small
 For each of these, what shall we give for all?
 All that we can, we do; a pen divine,
 And differing only in the tongue from thine,
 Doth thy choice labours with success rehearse,
 And to another world transplants thy verse,
 At the same height to which before they rose,
 When they forc'd wonder from unwilling foes:

Now

Now Thames with Ganges may thy labours praise,
 Which there breed faith *, and here devotion raise.
 Though your acquaintance all of worth pursue,
 And count it honour to be known to you,
 I dare affirm, your catalogue does grace.
 No one who better doth deserve a place :
 None hath a larger heart, a fuller head,
 For he hath seen as much as you have read :
 The nearer countries past, his steps have press'd
 The new-found world, and trod the sacred east,
 Where his brows due the lofty palms do rise,
 Where the proud pyramids invade the skies ;
 And, as all think who his rare friendship own,
 Deserves no less a journey to be known.
 Ulysses, if we trust the Grecian song,
 Travell'd not far, but was a prisoner long,
 To that by tempest forc'd ; nor did his voice
 Relate his fate : his travels were his choice,
 And all those numerous realms, return'd again,
 Anew he travell'd over with his pen,
 And, Homer to himself, doth entertain
 With truths more useful, than his Muse could feign.
 Next Ovid's transformations he translates
 With so rare art, that those which he relates
 Yield to this transmutation, and the change
 Of men to birds and trees appears not strange :
 Next the poetic parts of scripture, on
 His loom he weaves, and Job and Solomon

* His "De Veritate Religionis Christianæ," intended to
 convert the Indians. F.

His pen restores with all that heavenly quire ;
And shakes the dust from David's solemn lyre :
For which from all with just consent he won
The title of the English Buchanan.

Now to you both, great pair, indebted thus
And like to be, be pleas'd to succour us
With some instructions, that it may be said,
Though nothing cost, we would that all were paid.
Let us at least be honest bankrupts thought :
For now we are so far from offering aught,
Which from our mighty debt some part might take,
Alas ! we cannot tell what wish to make :
For though you boast not of the wealth of Ind,
And though no diadems your temples bind,
No power or riches equal your renown ;
And they who wear such wreaths, need not a crown.
Souls which your high and sacred raptures know,
Nor by sin humbled to our thoughts below,
Who whilst of Heaven the glories they recite,
Find it within, and feel the joys they write,
Above the reach or stroke of fortune live,
Not valuing what she can inflict or give :
For low desires depress the loftiest state,
But who looks down on vice, looks down on fate.

EPILOGUE, BY MR. ADDISON.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS, AT SIR R. STEELE'S *.

NOW FIRST PRINTED.

THE Sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known
To watch the public weal, though not his own;
Still have his thoughts uncommon schemes pursu'd,
And teem'd with projects for his country's good.

Early in youth his enemies have shown
How narrowly he miss'd the chemic stone †;
Not Friar Bacon promis'd England more;
Our artist, lavish of his fancied ore,
Could he have brought his great designs to pass,
Had wall'd us round with gold instead of brass.

This project sunk, you saw him entertain
A notion more chimerical and vain:
To give chaste morals to ungovern'd youth,
To gamesters honesty, to statesmen truth,
To make them virtuous all ‡—a thought more bold
Than that of turning lead and dross to gold.

Of late with more heroic warmth inspir'd
(For still his country's good our champion fir'd)

* Th's humorous and characteristic Epilogue was spoken before a select company of friends on the birth-day of King George the First, (May 28, 1715) at the House of Sir R. Steele, who had made a splendid entertainment on that day. N.

† This circumstance is already alluded to in vol. IV. p. 8. N.

‡ In the "Tatler" and "Spectator." See vol. IV. p. 3. N.

In treaties vers'd, in politics grown wise,
 He look'd on Dunkirk^{*} with suspicious eyes:
 Into its dark foundations boldly dug
 And overthrew in fight the Lord Sieur Tugghe[†].
 But now to nobler thoughts his view extends,
 Which I may tell, since none are here but friends.

In a few months, he is not without hope
 (But 'tis a secret) to convert the Pope[‡] :
 Of this, however, we 'll inform you better,
 Soon as his Holiness receives his letter.

Mean while he celebrates (for 'tis his way)
 With something singular this happy day,
 His honest zeal ambitious to approve
 For the great monarch he was born to love;
 Resolv'd in Arms and Arts to do him right,
 And serve his Sovereign like a trusty Knight.

* In his "Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, 1713," 8vo; a tract omitted in enumerating his works in vol. IV. N.

† The Sieur Tugghe, the deputy of the Magistrates of Dunkirk, had delivered a memorial to the Queen; to which Mr. Steele's pamphlet was intended as an answer. The whole was ridiculed by Dr. Swift, in "The Importance of the Guardian considered." See "Supplement to Swift." N.

‡ His humorous Dedication to the Pope, prefixed to "The Ecclesiastical History of late years, 1715," which has by many been ascribed to Bp. Hoadly. Swift alludes to this when he says,

"Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,

"And flourish'd by imputed wit."

It is also ascribed to the Bishop by his son Mr. Chancellor Hoadly. D.

EPISTLE TO MR. MOYLE*.

BY MR. HAMMOND†, 1694.

DEAR Moyle, bless'd youth, whose forward wit
pursues

The noble pleasures Reason bids thee chuse;
Reason, which, ruling by the laws of sense,
Does a just, easy government dispense;
Quitting those laws, turns tyrant, wildly reigns,
By reveal'd projects of distemper'd brains;

Dear

* Of whom, see vol. II. p. 202. N.

† Anthony Hammond, esq. descended from a family long situated at Somersham-Place, in Huntingdonshire, was born in 1668, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was a commissioner of the navy, a good speaker in parliament, had the name of "silver-tongued Hammond" given him by Lord Bolingbroke, and was a man of note among the wits, poets, and parliamentary writers, in the beginning of this century. A volume of Miscellany Poems was inscribed to him in 1694 by his friend Mr. Hopkins; and in 1720 he was himself the editor of "A new Miscellany of Original Poems," in which he had himself no small share. His own pieces, he observes in his preface, "were written at very different times, and were owned by him, lest in a future day they should be ascribed to other persons to their prejudice, as the Ode on Solitude has been, in wrong, to the Earl of Roscommon, and as some of the rest have been to others." He was the intimate friend of Mr. Moyle, and wrote the "Account of his Life and Writings" prefixed to his Works in 1727.

Dear Moyle, what shall I fancy now employs
 Thy time? what prudent, what well-chosen joys?
 Dost thou with speed the flying fair pursue?
 Beauty leads on, and pleasure is in view;
 Oh! boldly follow, she's reserv'd for you.
 Retiring Modesty, and triumphant Love,
 In her warm breast, a doubtful combat move:
 She yields, she yields, I see the blushing maid
 Storm'd from without by you, within betray'd;
 By her own heart, no longer can hold out,
 The victor enters now the long-maintain'd redoubt.

Or

Their acquaintance began in the latter end of the year 1690, soon after Mr. Hammond's return from a short tour into Holland and some part of Flanders. Sir Robert Marsham first brought them together. The places of resort for the wits at that period were Maynwaring's coffee-house in Fleet-street, and the Grecian near the Temple; where Mr. Moyle, having taken a disgust against the clergy, had several friendly disputes with Mr. Hammond, and at the same place had a share with Mr. Trenchard in writing the argument against a standing army. In Mr. Moyle's works are three valuable letters to Mr. Hammond; a copy of verses, by Mr. Hammond, to Mr. Moyle; another, by Mr. Hopkins, to the same; and a third, by Mr. Hopkins, to Mr. Hammond. In the latter, in 1694, we have the following intimation of what Dr. Johnson calls "the most arduous work of its kind:"

With joy I learn'd Dryden's design to crown
 All the great things he has already done:
 No loss, no change of vigour can he feel,
 Who dares attempt the sacred Mantuan still.

These

Or to this joy do choicest books succeed,
 Which you with judgement chuse, with judgement read;
 Searching the ancient stores of Greece and Rome,
 And bring from thence their useful treasures home?
 Or does some honest, some delightful friend,
 With easy conversation recommend
 The sparkling wine, while wit and mirth attend?
 Congreve, the matchless rising son of Fame,
 Whom all men envy, though they dare not blame*;

These lines are a remarkable confirmation of our excellent Biographer's observation, that "the expectation of this work was undoubtedly great: the nation considered its honour as interested in the event. One gave him the different editions of his author, and another helped him in the subordinate parts. The arguments of the several books were given him by Addison. The hopes of the publick were not disappointed. 'He produced,' says Pope, 'the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language.' It certainly excelled whatever had appeared in English, and appears to have satisfied his friends; and, for the most part, to have silenced his enemies." Dryden's Virgil was first published in 1697. Mr. Hammond married Susanna, a sister of Mr. Walpole (afterwards the great minister of state and earl of Orford), by whom he had two sons, of whom the second was the well-known author of the celebrated "Love Elegies." N.

* "Among his friends," says Dr. Johnson, "Congreve was able to name every man of his time whom wit and elegance had raised to reputation. It may be therefore reasonably supposed that his manners were polite, and his conversation pleasing. . . . He engaged in no controversy, contending with no rival; neither soliciting flattery by public commendation, nor provoking enmity by malignant criticism." N.

Hop-

Hopkins, whose mind and Muse, both without art,
 Give him a well-fix'd title in your heart;
 Dunkan, whose wit and reason each man loves,
 Charms us like beauty, and like books improves;
 Eyton, whom vice becomes, of vigour full,
 Foe to the godly, covetous, and dull.
 Thus while in town so early you possess
 Whatever perfects life and happiness;
 And in their turns do all the pleasures know,
 Which learning, beauty, friendship, can bestow,
 In this retreat, I'm pleas'd in following you
 In a wild maze of thoughts;—dear friend, adieu.

THE RESOLVE. BY THE SAME.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

TOO long abus'd by harsh disdain,
 At last I break my servile chain;
 Fled from, and scorn'd, I here revoke
 My vows, and quit th' oppressive yoke.
 Amynta's soft embrace shall prove
 A sweet revenge for slighted love.
 In the smooth harbour of her breast,
 My fortune-beaten mind finds rest
 And joy: all storms and tempests past,
 Its peaceful port is reach'd at last.
 O! my Amynta, let us shew
 What tender faithful love can do;
 Thy frailer sex, my dear, shall see
 A miracle of truth in me,
 And mine of constancy in thee.

THE

THE HAPPY SLAVE.

BY THE SAME.

YOUR bounden slave, what should he do but tend
 And watch your time, as chymists do their fire?
 His time is of no value, and the end
 Of all his life's to do what you require.

He does not chide the everlasting night,
 While he sits waking and expecting you;
 He dares not blame, nor think delay a slight,
 But smothers ev'n th' indifference you shew.

He dares not entertain one jealous thought,
 From whence this last cross accident proceeds,
 This curs'd delay to joy; he can blame nought
 But his hard fate, while he in silence bleeds.

Love shuts his eyes, and captivates his heart,
 Demanding blind obedience to your will;
 He finds no difference betwixt chance and art,
 Whate'er you do is right, he thinks no ill.

DRINKING SONG,

MADE EXTEMPORE BY THE LADY WITHENS.

LUCRETIA the empire of Rome did destroy;
 And Helen, they say, was the ruin of Troy.
 The one was too wanton, the other too nice;
 Extremes still prove fatal in Virtue and Vice.
 To be shipwreck'd on either I never design,
 But to sail between both in a sea of good wine.

What

What though some dull matrons our mirth disapprove,
 'Tis safer for ladies to drink, than to love.
 Here 's a health to all those that are better than wise,
 Who scorn to be vicious, yet are not precise.

ON THE EARL OF HARDWICKE'S ILLNESS*,

BY DR. GREEN, BP. OF LINCOLN, 1763.

O Still let Envy rear her head,
 To hiss at Hardwicke's name,
 Let Slander still her venom spread,
 To taint his spotless fame!
 Can Envy there infix a sting,
 Whose harmless wound will last?
 To him can real mischief spring
 From Slander's baneful blast?
 A day will come, that day I fear,
 When Envy's crest shall fall,
 When Slander's tongue shall mute appear,
 Or cease to pour its gall;
 When every mouth his name shall boast,
 And every heart revere:
 That fatal day I dread the most;
 That day is much too near.

* This elegant little ode came warm from the heart of friendship about three months before the death of the great and good man who was the subject of it. The truly classical writer of it died April 25, 1779, at the age of 73. See Memoirs of his Life in Gent. Mag. 1779. p. 234. D.

CATHA

CATHARINE - HILL*. A POEM.

AN EXERCISE, BY MR. LOWTH †, 1729.

SHALL no sublimer Muse thy mountain grace,
 O Catharine, thou delight of Wickham's race?
 Shall no young bard once try to speak thy praise,
 And sing of thee, on which so oft he plays?
 Justly does this low verse to thee belong,
 Pleasure the theme, variety the song,
 What though no fame attend the short-liv'd lay?
 'Tis all a grateful feeble Muse can pay.
 O! could with thee my rival fancy vie,
 As sweet, as awful, as secure, as high!
 Could I, like thee, so regularly climb,
 Pleasant, though steep, and sportful, though sublime;
 Then Cooper's hill to thee should yield in fame,
 Nor my Muse shrink at Denham's ‡ awful name;
 Whose

* A hill near Winchester, [which formerly had a chapel of St. Catharine and a Danish circumvallation,] on which the boys of that school have leave to play every holyday. L.

† This beautiful poem has been but lately pointed out to me by my friend Mr. Kynaston.—“Mons Catharinæ prope Wintoniam, poema,” the production of some admirable writer, was published, in 4to, by Doddsley, in 1760; and an English translation of it attempted in the “Gentleman's Magazine,” for November 1762, p. 544. N.

‡ “DENHAM seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition, that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is
 “some

Whose lofty song excels my lowly strains,
As thy tall head tow'rs o'er the neighbouring plains.

When to thy pleasures joyful I repair,
To draw-in health, and breathe a purer air,
What various prospects my glad eyes invite!
What various objects crowd upon the sight!
Here the gay youth through all thy beauties strays,
Treads thy delightful walks, and winds thy won-
derous maze*;

Where the wild path one little plain commands,
And a small spot contains this length of lands.
See how they labour in the folded race,
And measure all the comprehensive space;
Through all the regular confusion run,
And seem to end, where they the course begun:
Close join'd the barriers and the goal appear;
(Delusive sight!) how distant, and how near!

But what vast rising bulwark's † mighty row,
War's dire remains, frowns horrid on thy brow?

“some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the
“ addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by
“ historical retrospection, or incidental meditation. To trace
“ a new scheme of poetry has in itself a very high claim to
“ praise, and its praise is yet more when it is apparently co-
“ pied by GARTH and POPE” [my readers will anticipate me
in adding LOWTH]; “after whose names little will be gain-
“ ed by an enumeration of smaller poets, that have left scarce
“ a corner of the island undignified by rhyme, or blank
“ verse.” See the Life of Denham, by Dr. Johnson. N.

* A very remarkable maze upon the hill. L.

† The remains of a fortification. L.

20001

But

Here, deep and wide, down sinks a trench profound :
There, huge, and high up-heav'd, a towering mound
Swells formidable ; and begirts thy crown
With dreadful pomp, and terrors not thine own.
In thee extremes so wonderful unite,
That every view gives horror and delight :
There the propitious smiles of peace appear :
War, and the footsteps of destruction, here.
So far thy head o'erlooks the spacious plain,
The city's crowd, the traffic of the main,
Fields, woods, and countries, that we seem to see
All the vast world's epitome in thee.

So on Achilles' target's various round,
Nature in miniature the surface crown'd ;
The sculptur'd labours of the god express
Plains, shepherds, flocks, joy, sadness, war, and peace,
Earth, sea, and heaven the hero's shoulders wield,
And bear the mimic world upon his shield.

Deep in the vale along the mountain's side,
The peaceful Itchin's gentle waters glide ;
Thrice happy stream ! which visits Hampton towers,
And makes the main's translated traffic ours,
Exhausting all his wealth, the grateful flood
Pours all his waters for his country's good ;
His waves, around, prolific moisture bring,
Brood on the ground, and hatch eternal Spring :
He, bounteous as the Nile, his blessings sends ;
But those no monster, as the Nile, attends :
His genial stream the gifts of heaven supplies,
For us his waters fall, for us they rise.

O! may I, sacred flood, thy motions know!
 Teach me, like thee to ebb, like thee to flow!
 Then might I safe pursue the noble theme,
 Nor basely mud thy unpolluted stream.

But see! her head unhappy Winton rears,
 Torn with war's havock, and the length of years!
 Yet once, O Catharine! did thy city spread
 Round thee her walls, and round the world her dread.
 But now War's tempest has eras'd her fame,
 Perhaps from thee the fatal tempest came.
 Then too her sacred rites she saw profan'd,
 When Charles was exil'd, and the Tyrant reign'd;
 Her plunder'd shrines the common fate partake,
 And fall for Charles's and Religion's sake.
 In ruin then had Wickham's house been spread,
 (Fate hover'd o'er her undeserving head)
 But her false son, relenting, fav'd her wall,
 When Winton's * stately towers were doom'd to fall;
 He that so many oaths had broke before,
 For one oath's sake this horrid crime forbore;
 Yet this, O Winton! did thy woes increase,
 That War and Plunder wore Religion's face:
 By this the Tyrant added to thy woe,
 He seem'd to shield thee, when he gave the blow.

* When Winchester was attacked in Oliver's days, one who had been of the school, and had taken an oath never to see the college injured, was an officer in the army, and hindered that from being demolished, though he suffered every other part of the town to be ransacked and plundered. L.

Thus

Thus while the shower, on wings sonorous borne,
 Bursts with destruction on the falling corn,
 Oft through the clouds shines forth some feeble ray,
 And to the ruin gives a glimpse of day;
 Their blessing and their curse the heavens employ,
 Lowering and bright, they smile and they destroy.

See there ascends the hapless orphan dome*,
 Old in her youth, and withering in her bloom!

At grateful Charles's will this blessing rose,

To balance all a plunder'd city's woes:

But, ah! when most she thought herself secure,

Charles fell, nor left her infant walls mature.

That cloud did all our dawn of day dispel:

In him that pile, in him this city, fell.

Much for her living Sovereign's love she bore,

But by her Sovereign's death she suffer'd more.

O! how might Winton in her glory pride,

If Charles had never liv'd, or never died!

* In the place where the castle stood, is now a royal palace, begun by King Charles II. The foundation was laid the 23d of March 1683 (in digging for which were found a pavement of brick, and coins of Constantine the Great, and others); but, being not finished before the death of that prince, it remains only the model of a noble design. There was particularly intended a large cupola, 30 feet above the roof, which would have been seen a great way out at sea; and also a fair street leading to the cathedral gate, in a direct line from the front of the house; for which, and for the parks, the ground was procured. The south side is 216 feet, and the west 326; and the shell, as it remains, is said to have cost 25,000 l. See Additions to Camden. L.—It is now converted into a prison for French, Spanish, &c. prisoners. N.

O! may that pile enjoy a better fate!
 And what great Charles began, may George compleat!
 May George on her his wonted bounty pour!
 Her plunder'd marble * may his hands restore!
 Then shall this city's wealth once more increase,
 And her towers, Catharine, touch thy mighty base:
 Thy various pleasures general praise shall gain,
 Some bard shall grace thee with a nobler strain;
 Windsor and Cooper's Hill shall then agree,
 Both pleas'd to yield to Winchester and Thee.

A THOUGHT AT THE GRAVE OF J. HIGHMORE, ESQ.
 IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL,
 WHO DIED MARCH 3, 1780, AGED 87.

BY MR. DUNCOMBE†.

ARTIST or Sage, by chance or leisure led
 To view these fond memorials of the dead,
 Pause o'er this stone, to worth and genius just,
 And learn what here is mouldering into dust!
 An eye, a hand, whose magic powers could save
 From age and death the beauteous and the brave;
 Could bid late times admire each Gunning's ‡ charms,
 And Wolfe ‡ and William ‡ bloom, still green in arms:
 A head, which daily added to its store
 Of useful knowledge, and yet sought for more:
 A heart, to pity prone, in age, in youth,
 Warm'd with the love of virtue and of truth:
 A mind—"Not so," Religion smiling cries;
 "That spurns the grave, and triumphs in the skies."

* Some curious marble pillars have been conveyed away
 from the palace. L.

† His son-in-law. N. ‡ All painted by him. D.

E P I S-

EPISTLE TO MR. J. H——*,
ON THE DEATH OF HIS JUSTLY LAMENTED FRIEND,
IGNATIUS SANCHO.

INGENUOUS heart! to whom my votive lyre
Joyless would sing, and catch thy generous fire,
Brother, in whom Affection's swifter pace
Outstrips alliance in the social chace;
To thee, warm Friendship's radiating sun, 5
That led me, ere my early hopes begun,
Amid th' impassion'd glow of ardent youth,
The sigh of pity, and the charm of truth;
Once more thy kind attention deign to lend,
If that attention to thy valued friend, 10
To widow'd Sorrow, or to filial Woe,
Or all the pangs that from remembrance flow,
Can yet be spar'd;—my heartfelt theme describes,
And points where mutual merit mounts the skies!
Death open'd wide th' expanding gates of Fame, 15
And clos'd the door of Envy's secret flame;
Pointed the way for Virtue as it flew,
And shew'd him bliss all opening to his view!

Look where, his brow ne'er furrow'd by a frown,
An honest industry his labours crown; 20
See him oft listen with attentive ear,
Then calm Revenge, and stifle Censure's sneer:
Home pac'd Compassion where Detraction came,
And Anger, as she stalk'd, put out her flame!

* The author's brother. H.

Oft-times, to recreate Life's airy trance, 25
He plann'd the spirit of the tuneful dance;
Recalling ever to his grateful mind,
That God for happiness the world design'd—
With youthful vigour, youthful glee commix'd—
Till riper years in serious thought transfix'd:— 30
These chearful moments mark'd with Fancy's ray
Shot the bright jest, and led her airy way;
But these were follow'd by sublimer beams,
That shone o'er Learning's ever-copious streams,
Directing where her favouring course to roll, 35
Spring-tides of bliss to his capacious soul;
Warm to deserve, impatient to attain
The holy praise that faithful merits gain,
In Virtue's cause the Monitor and Sage,
Deep vers'd in Charity's enlighten'd page; 40
Instruction flow'd endearing from his tongue,
While fond attention on his language hung!
To those who proud the laws of life defy,
Ire flash'd indignant from his poignant eye!
Tool to no party, patriot of the world, 45
Firm, while the canvass of our fate unfurl'd,
And as the bark devoted spread her sail,
His prayers were lent—'twas all he could avail.
Alas! to us, who, mournful here below,
Sink oft unheeded in the vale of woe; 50
To those whom prejudice of gayer mien
Marks the keen eye with Pleasure's frolic scene;
Who judge complexion ere they look for sense,
And count the heart an atmosphere too dense;

Ah!

Ah! pity these, and teach them yet to know, 55
 Content and truth, superior beauties, flow
 From hidden worth; teach them with joy to scan,
 Those brighter honours that exalt the man;
 Teach them to feel sensation's heavenly smart,
 That guards the virtues of the generous heart; 60
 That rapturous feels and owns domestic joys,
 And every day in deeds of peace employs,
 Those which domestic love well knows to feel,
 Parental—filial—and sweet-union'd zeal!—
 Teach us to emulate thy temper'd fire, 65
 And stem the torrent of unquell'd desire;
 To mark our way with Reason's bright applause,
 And grace the volume of Discretion's laws!

Such his example, such his heaven-taught mind,
 By warm philanthropy his heart refin'd, 70
 For whom we sigh;—yet cease, my Muse, to mourn;
 Your Sancho lives in still a happier bourne,
 Crown'd with desert his upright steady aim,
 Now mark! the man adorns an angel's name!

Thus may we pass thro' life's wide chequer'd way,
 Through no unhallow'd devious windings stray,
 But following straitway to the selfsame goal,
 Unite in firmer bonds, of soul to soul!—

A. H. Junr.

NOTES ON THE PRECEDING EPISTLE.

L. 21. *See him oft listen, &c.*] The traits of his character, conveyed in these four lines, are as true as they are amiable: he was honoured, amongst his neighbours, with the esteemed title of their "Friendly Oracle," to whose judgement they submitted, and in whose bosom they reposed all their fears and sorrows, because they knew that in him they should find satisfaction for the one, and tender impartiality for the other.

L. 26. *He plann'd the spirit, &c.*] His fancy, which at all times was awake to the liveliest sallies of wit and humour, and conversant with music in its happiest branches, spontaneously produced, at moments of recreation, the most cheerful compositions for inspiring mirth and good humour in the dance; which have already been given to the world for their amusement.

L. 33. *But these were follow'd, &c.*] In his early youth he displayed a strong inclination for literary pursuits, which he took every opportunity to improve.—The succeeding lines refer to his knowledge of the Sacred Writings, wherein he instructed his family from a self-conviction and conscientious practice of those doctrines which have enlightened the world. His Correspondences were chiefly of a literary kind, and are now preparing for the public inspection, in two volumes 8vo. for the benefit of his Widow and four Children, under the auspices of a very respectable Subscription.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS AND CORRECTIONS.

VOLUME I.

P. 1. In Mrs. Rowe's Works, vol. I. p. 158, is "An
" Epistle from [the same] Alexias to his wife."

P. 6. The Baronet's christian name was "Caryl."

P. 42. By the favour of the Rev. Mr. Cole of Milton, I
have a transcript of the very curious "Oration" of Sir Tho-
mas Higgons, which may perhaps be communicated to the
publick.

P. 57. *note*, l. 4. r. "the *seventh* Satire of Juvenal."—"On
" this occasion," says Dr. Johnson, [the publication of Juve-
nal and Persius,] "Dryden introduced his two sons to the pub-
" lick, as nurselings of the Muses. The fourteenth of Juve-
" nal was the work of John, and the seventh of Charles Dry-
" den." A Latin poem by Charles Dryden is printed in vol.
II. p. 156, and an English epistle to his father from Italy in
vol. IV. p. 293. He was a correspondent (as was his father)
of Mrs. Thomas, the celebrated Corinna, to whom he sub-
mitted the correction of his verses.

P. 120. Mr. Rymer was born at North-Allerton in York-
shire. He was the translator of "Penelope to Ulysses," in
Tonson's edition of "Ovid's Epistles."

P. 124. l. 11. r. "flood."

P. 128. Of Mr. Higgons a farther account is given in
vol. III. pp. 111. 312. I may now add, that he was a fel-
low of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; and that the following ex-
cellent

cellent epigram by him is preserved in a letter of his relation Mr. Granville (afterwards Lord Lansdowne).

IN CELEBERRIMUM JOANNEM DRYDEN,
CHAUCERI SEPULCHRO INTECTUM.

SUAVITER hic longo dormi defuncte labore,

Dum jungit focios una Caverna finus;

Dumque tuas canimus laudes, hæc accipe blanda

Mente, minor Vatum quæ tibi turba damus.

GALFRIDI exuvias quæ prisci incluserat olim

Hospite lætetur Nobilis Urna novo:

1 DRYDENI cineres terrâ hac capiente repôstos,

CHAUCERUS tumulo splendidior jacet:

O par * felices! hæc quis mercede recuset

Unâ vobiscum concubuisse, mori?

P. 134. Stanza IX. read,

“The raven with his dismal cry

(“That mortal augury of fate,)”

“Those ghastly goblins gratify

“Which in these gloomy places wait.”

P. 134. *Antick* is a common word to express gambols; rude sports, plays, awkward motions, &c. Dr. Johnson's explanation is “bold, ridiculously wild, buffoon in gesticulation.” — “Antick marble” signifies marble exhibiting, in its clouded veins, strange, fanciful appearances, to which a fruitful imagination annexes the resemblance of birds, beasts, trees, &c.

P. 136. r. “the sand dispels.”

P. 137. l. 20. r. “transports me.”

P. 160. On the note in this page Mr. Cole observes, “Your calling Mr. Ménage ‘of the church,’ or an ecclesiastic, reminds me of a similar mistake made by Bishop Pearson, to whom Ménage had sent ‘Remarks on Diogenes

anallæ

* *Sic Orig.*

“Laer-

“ Laertius,’ who printed them in London, in 1664; and
 “ (being then Master of Trinity College in Cambridge) dedi-
 “ cated the book to King Charles II. in which he calls the
 “ author ‘ *Ingens Ecclesiæ Gallicanæ ornamentum*,’ taking
 “ him for an ecclesiastic, having indeed been Dean of St. Pe-
 “ ter’s at Angiers, as his father had been before him, and
 “ Prior of Montdidier, both which he soon resigned for pen-
 “ sions, according to the usage of the French Abbés, who
 “ have many benefices, and never take holy orders: which
 “ was the case of the Abbé Ménage, till he gave up his bene-
 “ fices, which was about 1648, and then he humourously
 “ styled himself ‘ *Vir supra titulos*.’ However, Dr. Pear-
 “ son’s expression gave occasion some time after to one of Mr.
 “ Ménage’s enemies, to turn both him and the expression into
 “ ridicule in this manner, in the 564th article of the ‘ *Juge-
 “ mens des Sçavans*,’ by M. Baillet, tome II. partie 2. p. 520.
 “ M. Pearson, Evêque Anglois, l’appelle ‘ *le grand ornament
 “ de l’Eglise Gallicane*:’ et comme il ne paroît que M. Mé-
 “ nage ait jamais rien fait à l’usage & à la gloire de l’Eglise
 “ Gallicane, dans aucun de ses Ouvrages, il y a apparence que
 “ ce Prelat Protestant à eu egard à son Benefice; parceque
 “ c’est l’endroit par ou M. Ménage a rapport à l’Eglise
 “ Gallicane.’

“ This gave occasion many years after, in 1690, to Mons.
 “ Ménage, in his answer to Mons. Baillet, to give a most am-
 “ ple character of the Bishop, whom he calls more than once
 “ ‘ *Un grand Evêque d’Angleterre, et le plus savant des An-
 “ glois*.’ He also takes an opportunity to correct Mr.
 “ Baillet, as he was not regularly an ecclesiastic. *Anti-Bail-
 “ let*, vol. I. p. 72.”

P. 179. The “ Song” should have been omitted, either
 here, or in vol. III. p. 96.

P. 194. This song, "Ye happy swains," &c. was by Mr. John Howe. To what has been said of this gentleman in vol. I. p. 210. may be added, that in the convention-parliament, which met at Westminster, January 22, 1688-9, he served for Cirencester, and was constantly chosen for that borough: as also Knight of the shire for the county of Gloucester in the three last parliaments of King William, and in the three first of Queen Anne. In 1696, he was a strenuous advocate for Sir John Fenwick; and his pleading in behalf of that unfortunate gentleman shews his extensive knowledge of the laws, and aversion to unconstitutional measures. In 1699, when the army was reduced, it was principally owing to Mr. Howe, that the House of Commons agreed to allow half-pay to the disbanded officers; and when the partition-treaty was afterwards under the consideration of that house, he expressed his sentiments of it in such terms, that King William declared, that if it were not for the disparity of their rank, he would demand satisfaction with the sword. At the accession of Queen Anne, he was sworn of her Privy-council, on April 21, 1702; and, on June 7 following, constituted Vice-admiral of the county of Gloucester. Before the end of that year, Jan. 4, 1702-3, he was constituted Paymaster-general of her Majesty's guards and garrisons. And a new Privy-council being settled, May 10, 1708, according to act of parliament, relating to the union of the two kingdoms, he was, among the other great officers, sworn thereof. He continued Paymaster of the guards and garrisons till after the accession of King George I. who appointed Robert Walpole, Esq. to succeed him, Sept. 23, 1714; and the Privy-council being dissolved, and a new one appointed to meet on October 1 following, he was also left out of the list. Retiring to his seat at Stowell in Gloucestershire, he
died

died there in the year 1721, and was buried in the chancel of the church of Stowell. He married Mary, daughter and co-heir of Humphrey Baskerville, of Pantryllos in Herefordshire, Esq; widow and relict of Sir Edward Morgan, of Lanternam in Monmouthshire, bart. by whom he was father to the first Lord Chedworth.

P. 195. The famous Duchess of Newcastle is styled “youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas.” In her life of the Duke, Lond. 1667, fol. p. 157, she represents herself as “daughter to Thomas Lucas of St. John’s near Alchester, Essex, Esq.”

P. 213. This translation from Horace was by John Potenger, esq. son of John Potenger, D. D. (who was appointed master of Winchester school Aug. 1, 1642, and died in Dec. 1659) born in St. Swithin’s parish, Winchester, July 21, 1647, admitted on the foundation of the college in 1658, and from thence removed to a scholarship of Corpus Christi College, Oxon, where he took the degree of B. A. and afterwards entered of the Temple, and was regularly called to the Bar. The office of Comptroller of the Pipe, which he held to the day of his death, he purchased, in 1676, of Sir John Ernle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose daughter he married. Speaking afterwards of his father, he expresses himself thus: “About the 13th year of my age, the Christmas before the return of King Charles the Second, I lost a loving father; I was not so young but I was deeply sensible of the misfortune, knowing at what an unseasonable time I was deprived of him, when he should have received a reward for his loyal sufferings. He would often discourse with me, though young, about the unhappy times, and lament the church’s and the king’s misfortune, which made a great impression on me; and laid the foundation, I hope, of my
being

“being a true son of the church of England, and an obedient
“subject to my lawful Prince.”

In 1692 his wife died, leaving him only one daughter, who in 1695 was married to Richard Bingham, Esq. of Melcombe Bingham, in the county of Dorset. Thither he retired many years before his death, which happened on Dec. 18, 1733, in the 87th year of his age. He was buried by his wife in Blunfden church, in the parish of Highworth, Wilts. (See Hutchins's History of Dorset, vol. II. p. 425.)

Mr. Potenger also published “a pastoral reflection on
“Death,” a poem, in 1691; and the “Life of Agricola” from Tacitus, and perhaps other select pieces; but the far greater part of his works, consisting of poems, epistles, translations, and discourses both in prose and verse, was reserved only for the entertainment of his private friends, who yet importuned him to make them public. Two original letters from Dr. South are here subjoined.

“S I R, *March 21, 1711-12.*

“I DO here at length return you your ingenious dis-
“courses, having perused them with more pleasure, and con-
“sequently conceived for them a greater value, than perhaps
“your modesty will allow me to expresse. I find you full
“furnished with the noblest ingredients, that can recommend
“or sett off any writeing, viz. many happy and uncommon
“strokes of wit, true piety, and morality, and a deep expe-
“rience of the most important concerns of life; so that,
“upon the whole matter, I wish they were made publick,
“and that for the sake of the publick; for besides the credi-
“and honour which they must needs imprint and leave up-
“on your name and memory, they will be a constant enter-
“tainment to the minds of such readers as are but able to
“taste

“ taste and relish, and duely admire them, under those characters, which by so just an estimate have been passed upon them by, Sir, your very humble servant,

“ ROBERT SOUTH.

“ For the worthy Mr. Potenger, &c.”

“ WORTHY SIR,

May 25, 1714.

“ HAVING had the satisfaction of a farther perusal of your excellent verses upon the Reverend Dr. Turner (which I cannot sufficiently thank you for) and supposing them (as in reason I ought) rather lent than given me, I doe here, with all due acknowledgment, return them to their ingenious author; in hopes that the world will shortly be made happy in the sight of this and many more such pieces from the same masterly hand, as well as, Worthy Sir, your very humble and obliged servant,

“ ROBERT SOUTH.

“ For his worthy friend John Potenger, Esq.

“ in the Dean's Yard, &c.”

P. 213. l. 28. for “ we” r. “ they”

P. 214. l. 4. r. “ thy grafted plants”

P. 22~. This imitation of Horace is undoubtedly the production of Bishop Atterbury. See Pope's Works, vol. VII. p. 35.

P. 265. It is said, that Mr. Selden in 1644 was “ nominated to the Mastership of Trinity College in Cambridge, which he did not think proper to accept.” This is probably a mistake for Trinity Hall, where, on the death of Dr. Eden in 1645, it was said, that the headship of that College, a Civil Law foundation, was offered to him, but that he declined it: the other great headship is on another line, and no layman has ever presided there.

P. 269. note, r. “ Arundeliana.”

P. 277. note, l. 6. r. “ the honour of knighthood.”

VOLUME II.

P. 1. Mr. Caryll was rewarded, by "his abdicating master," first with knighthood, and then with the honorary title of "Earl Caryll." He was the intimate friend of Pope's "Unfortunate Lady." In Tonson's edition of "Ovid's Epistles," that of Briseis to Achilles is by "Sir John Caryll." He published also a version of the Psalms.

P. 2. l. 12. r. "Sirian beams," [i. e. the Dog-star.]

P. 33. Sir William Temple was educated in Emanuel College, Cambridge. The friend who sent me this particular observes, "You have not said the contrary; but I love to make claim to such ornaments of my Mother University."

P. 108. r. "Mr. Wharton, afterwards Marquis."

P. 163. note, *pawn all his apparel.*] This circumstance has been since confirmed to me by Dr. Johnson, who knew him well; and who once collected a sum of money to redeem his cloaths, which in two days after were pawned again. I can assert from the same respectable authority that Mr. Boyse translated *well* from the French; but if any one employed him, by the time one sheet of the work was done, he *pawned* the original. If the employer redeemed it, a second sheet would be completed, and the book again be pawned; and this perpetually. He had very little learning; but wrote verse with great facility, as fast as most men write prose. He was constantly employed by Mr. Cave, who paid him by the hundred lines, which after a while his employer wanted to make what is called the *long* hundred. The circumstance related by Mr. Giles about his death, Dr. Johnson assures me, is not true; it being supposed that, in a fit of intoxication, he was run over by a coach; at least, he was brought home in such a condition as to make this probable, but too far gone to give the least account of the accident.

From

From another worthy friend I have received the following supplementary narrative: "Your account of Mr. Boyse must have been furnished by one who was acquainted with him. I knew him well from the year 1732 to the time of his death; have often relieved his necessities, and frequently corresponded with him. I have preserved, I believe, at least, 30 of his letters; and have, in manuscript, some of his poems that were never published. I never saw any thing in his wife's conduct that deserved censure. He published a second volume of poems in the year 1738. He was a man of learning; when in company with those by whom he was not awed, an entertaining companion; but so irregular and so inconsistent in his conduct, that it appeared as if he had been actuated by two different souls on different occasions. The account of his death by Mr. Sandby, I believe, is fictitious. I send you inclosed a letter from a Mr. Stewart, the son of a bookseller at Edinburgh, who had been long intimately acquainted with Mr. Boyse, giving me an account of his death.

"Poor Mr. Boyse was one evening last winter attacked in Westminster by two or three soldiers, who not only robbed him, but used him so barbarously, that he never recovered the bruises he received, which might very probably induce the consumption of which he died. About nine months before his death he married a cutler's widow, a native of Dublin, with whom he had no money; but she proved a very careful nurse to him during his lingering indisposition. She told me, that Mr. Boyse never imagined he was dying, as he always was talking of his recovery; but perhaps his design in this might be to comfort her, for one incident makes me think otherwise. About four or five weeks before he breathed his last, his wife went out in the morning, and was surprised to see a great deal of burnt papers upon the hearth, which he

told her were old bills and accompts; but I suppose were his manuscripts, which he had resolved to destroy, for nothing of that kind could be found after his death. Though from this circumstance it may be inferred that he was apprehensive of death; yet I must own, that he never intimated it to me, nor did he seem in the least desirous of any spiritual advice. For some months before his end, he had left off drinking all fermented liquors, except now and then a glass of wine to support his spirits, and that he took very moderately. After his death, I endeavoured all I could to get him decently buried, by soliciting those Dissenters who were the friends of him and his father, but to no purpose; for only Dr. Grosvenor, in Hoxton Square, a Dissenting teacher, offered to join towards it. He had quite tired out those friends in his life-time; and the general answer that I received was, "That such a contribution was of no service to him, for it was a matter of no importance how or where he was buried." As I found nothing could be done, our last resource was an application to the parish; nor was it without some difficulty, occasioned by the malice of his landlady, that we at last got him interred on the Saturday after he died. Three more of Mr. Johnson's amanuenses, and myself, attended the corpse to the grave. Such was the miserable end of poor Sam, who was obliged to be buried in the same charitable manner with his first wife; a burial, of which he had often mentioned his abhorrence. Yours most sincerely, FRA. STEWART."

P. 189. *Michael Dahl* was born at Stockholm in 1656, and in 1678 was brought to England, where he remained a year, and then visited Paris and the principal cities of Italy, and had the honour of painting his Sovereign Queen Christina. He returned to England in 1683, and was no mean competitor of Sir Godfrey Kneller. Mr. Walpole, who
com-

commends his modesty, says, "he did not neglect every thing but the head like Kneller, and drew the rest of the figure much better than Richardson. Queen Anne sat to him, and Prince George was much his patron. Virtuous, and afterwards easy in his circumstances and fortunate in his health, *Dahl* reached the long term of 87 years; and dying Oct. 20, 1743, was buried in St. James's Church." While he was painting the portrait of Archbishop Wake, Bishop Sherlock, sitting by, said to him, "Mr. Dahl, many painters have drawn my picture, but none have ever made it like." "So much the better, my Lord," replied the painter. N. B. The Bishop's face flamed with carbuncles, as described by Mrs. Pilkington.

P. 209. l. 25. r. "Grecian's spear."

P. 322. Since the publication of the second volume, I have met with another poetical work of Mr. John Hopkins, under the title of "The Victory of Death, or the Fall of Beauty; a visionary pindarick poem, occasioned by the ever to be remembered death of the right honourable the Lady Cutts;" with an introductory poem "to the truly honourable the Lord Cutts."

P. 327. The family of Lord Cutts had been of long standing in Cambridgeshire, which county his lordship represented in several parliaments. On his first accession to the government of the Isle of Wight, he was extremely unpopular, interfering improperly with the corporation, disfranchising several burgesses of Newtown, and imprisoning a clergyman for several weeks in Cowes Castle. The gentlemen of the island presented a petition of complaint to the House of Commons; but his lordship prudently receding from his pretensions, matters were accommodated to general satisfaction, and in 1698 we find him mayor of Newtown. His lordship

procured the habitable part of Carisbrook Castle to be repaired, where he often gave genteel entertainments. See Sir R. Worley's "History of the Isle of Wight," p. 141.

VOLUME III.

P. 9. l. 27. for "joined," r. "soud."

P. 54. The "Ox-eyes" are not, as Mr. Newcomb's note asserts, "*places* in Oxford," but silver drinking-vessels, so called from the form of the handles on each side.

P. 64. "*To the Wicked, Baxter's Call*," should be marked as the title of his book.

P. 89. James Talbot was fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a professor in that university, and D. D. He was admitted to a scholarship in his college 1684, chosen Fellow in 1689, and was probably the translator of Seneca's "Troas." He was chaplain to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, chancellor of the university; and was also rector of Spofforth in Yorkshire. In 1699 he was editor of the Cambridge edition of the Works of Horace, in 4to, dedicated to the Duke of Gloucester. His other publications were, 1. "Christian Equity: or, The Royal Law of doing as we would be done by, stated and urged in a Sermon, preached at the Friday Lecture appointed by the Archbishop of York, at All-Saints Church on the Pavement in York, on Matthew vii. 12. London, 1706." 12mo. 2. "The Christian School-Master: or, The Duty of those who are employed in the public instruction of Children; especially in Charity Schools. To which is added a Collection of Prayers, &c. London, 1707." 8vo. 3. "The Judicial Power

“Power of the Church asserted, in a Visitation-Sermon
“preached at Tadcaster, May 14, 1707, on Mat. xviii. 17.

“London, 1708.” 4to.—J. Talbot, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has verses prefixed to Purcell’s “Orpheus Britannicus.” See Sir J. Hawkins’s “History of Music.” COLE.

P. 105. Martin Clifford, not Matthew, was B. A. of Trinity College, in Cambridge, 1643, and Master of the Charter-House. He is also called, by mistake, Matthew by the editor of “The Phoenix, London, 1708.” 8vo. in Pref. p. xiii. and p. 529. COLE.

P. 115. Mr. Cromwell’s “Immortality of the Muse” is an imitation of Ovid, Book I. El. XV. and he translated several other Elegies of Ovid. Dr. Johnson says, “he has
“learned nothing particular of Mr. Cromwell, but that he
“used to ride a hunting in a tye-wig. He was fond, and
“perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism;
“and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not
“forbear such remarks as were now and then unwelcome.
“Pope in his turn put the juvenile version of Statius into his
“hands for correction.”

P. 132. *note. r.* “Dogget.”

P. 156. William of Waynflete is described as having been
“sent to New College, Oxford.” This is a mistake; as Bp. Lowth, in his accurate Life of William of Wykeham, § 6, expressly says, that Waynflete “had never been himself of
“that society.”—It is remarkable that he was master first of Winchester school, and afterwards of Eton.

P. 170. Dr. Chetwode, fellow of Trinity Hall in Cambridge, son of the Dean, did not die in 1752, Feb. 17, but Oct. 27, 1733, in College, and was buried Nov. 5 following at Tempsford in Bedfordshire.

P. 175. The poem "on the Gout" I now ascribe to Mr. Fenton, on the authority of Dr. Johnson, who has since annexed it to his Preface to Fenton's Poems.

P. 177, 179. These poems were *not* addressed to Dr. Chetwode. A MS. copy of that in p. 179 is thus intituled, "Mr. Waldron to Dr. Crosthwait." Neither of the poems suits Dr. Chetwode at all. Dr. Thomas Crosthwait was fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and one of the best scholastic divines of his time. To his character and situation the poem at p. 179. is most apposite; as he did actually refuse the oaths. There is but little about him in A. Wood; who mentions him, however, as one of the proctors of the university in 1671-2. He was elected principal of St. Edmund Hall, March 15, 1683; created D. D. Dec. 2, 1684; and in 1685 (though he had been re-elected by a majority of his fellows) was displaced from the headship, to make room for Dr. Mill. In Rowland's "Mona antiqua restaurata, Dublin, 1723," p. 38, is a letter from Dr. Crosthwait, explaining a Hebrew medal.

P. 178. l. 4. r. "toe-infesting."

P. 313. Mr. Harcourt's poem to Mr. Pope (English Poets, vol. XXXII, p. xxii.) should have been referred to.

VOLUME IV.

P. 6. After "comedians," add "and one of the commissioners for forfeited estates in Scotland; but he did not think himself sufficiently regarded or rewarded."

P. 7. Mr. Steele had an estate of 5 or 6 hundred pounds a year, at Llangunner, that came to him by his wife, whose name was Skurlock. He did not reside at his seat, but
boarded

boarded at the town of Carmarthen, with Mr. Skurlock, a nephew of his lady; and died at his house Sept. 1, 1729, being at that time member for Wendover in Bucks. Of three children whom Sir Richard had by his second wife, Elizabeth, being the only one then living, was married, in 1731, to the honourable John Trevor, then one of the Welch judges, afterwards lord Trevor of Bromham. Sir Richard was a man of undissembled and extensive benevolence, a friend to the friendless, and, as far as his circumstances would permit, the father of every orphan. His works are chaste and manly. His greatest error was want of œconomy. However, he was certainly the most agreeable, and (if we may be allowed the expression) the most innocent rake, that ever trod the rounds of indulgence. He was a stranger to the most distant appearance of envy or malevolence, never jealous of any man's growing reputation, and, so far from arrogating any praise to himself from his conjunction with Mr. Addison, that he was the first who desired him to distinguish his papers in the "Spectator". It was thought too great a degree of sensibility in Addison to mark his own papers himself: Steele (who appears to be rather hurt by it, as if, in the quality of editor of that work, he had been desirous of filching from Addison's merit) tells the whole story in his preface to one edition of the "Drummer." Tickell, it seems, who had some spleen against Sir Richard Steele, in the preface to his edition of Addison's works, tells the world, that Addison marked the papers in the "Spectator" HIMSELF with the letters of the word CLIO.—"The fact is true," says Steele; "and Mr. Addison, undoubtedly, told Tickell so. But, in my preface to the "Spectator" I had told the world that I MYSELF (as editor) marked them thus; thinking it

" would

“ would appear to discover TOO NICE a FEELING in my
 “ friend Addison, had I stated the REAL truth to the pub-
 “ lic. Now,” adds he, “ this ILL-JUDGING executor,
 “ merely out of personal pique to ME, by attempting to
 “ RAISE the character of his friend on the debasement of
 “ mine, has, in reality, lowered it.” This extract, which
 was pointed out to me by Mr. Kynaston, will not be dis-
 agreeable to the reader.

P. 13. l. 15—18. Another copy reads thus :

“ Let the laborious Epic lay

“ In lofty lines the Chief display,

“ Who bears to distant realms his arms,

“ And strikes through Gallia his alarms.”

P. 33. Elijah Fenton was educated in Jesus College, Cam-
 bridge, where he was admitted a pensioner, July 1, 1700. Lord
 Orrery placed his only son, John Lord Boyle (afterwards
 Earl of Orrery), under his tuition from 1714 to 1720.
 Between this amiable poet and his noble pupil a constant
 and free friendship subsisted; and his Lordship always
 spoke of him after his decease, and often with tears, as
 “ one of the worthiest and modestest men that ever adorned
 “ the temple of Apollo.” Dr. Johnson has an original un-
 published letter from Mr. Pope to Mr. Broome, dated
 Aug. 29, 1730, (presented to him by Dr. Farmer since the
 “ Lives of the Poets” were published) which gives a full and
 excellent character of Fenton.

P. 43—45. This Ode should not have been inserted. It is
 not Fenton’s, being utterly inconsistent with his Nonjuring
 principles, but, in truth, was written by another friend of
 Mr. Pope, Mr. Walsh, under whose name it is printed in
 the “ English Poets,” vol. XII. p. 358. though not in any
 earlier edition of Walsh’s Poems.

P. 55. James Gardiner was installed sub-dean of Lincoln,

not of London, July 15, 1704. He was prebendary of Asgarby in the cathedral of Lincoln, Master of St. John's hospital in Northampton, and of Retford hospital in Nottinghamshire, and was a great benefactor to the sub-dean's house. He died March 24, 1731-2, aged 53, and is buried near his father.

P. 71. Charles earl of Orrery is said to have been "the inventor of the machine which bears his name." Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, under the word *Orrery*, says, "it was first made by Mr. Rowley, a mathematician, born at Litchfield, and so named from his patron the earl of Orrery." The original is lately said, by *A Wanderer*, in the "St. James's Evening Post," to be at the Earl of Corke's at Marston, in Somersetshire.

P. 130. See Eusden's poem on Cato, "English Poets," vol. XXIII. p. 237. Some other poems by him are printed in vol. IV. p. 226, et seqq. The Latin version of Roscommon's "Essay on Translated Verse" was by Mr. Eusden; who translated "Venus and Adonis" from Ovid, B. X. and the Fifth Elegy of Ovid, B. III. "To his False Mistress."

P. 181. I since find that there is an Ode of Horace (B. I. Ode III.) by Mr. Harrison, in Mr. Duncombe's Horace, "To the Yacht which carried the Duke of Marlborough to Holland, 1707."

P. 249. l. 16. is evidently a parody on Dryden.

P. 280. l. 25. r. "lair," or "layer."

P. 283. In Ruffhead's "Life of Pope," p. 205, it is asserted that Broome received from Pope 600l. and Fenton 300l. for their joint labours in the *Odyssey*; yet that Fenton, as well as Broome, was dissatisfied with him, appears from these words of Lord Corke, Fenton's pupil: "He translated double the number of lines in the *Odyssey* that Pope has owned."

“owned. His reward was *a trifle, an arrant trifle*. He has
 “even told me, that he thought Pope feared him more
 “than he loved him,” &c. “Letters of Eminent Persons,”
 vol. II. p. 39. Dr. Johnson, it is observable, has ascribed
 to Broome five more books, viz. the Second, Eighth,
 Twelfth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-third, and to Fenton two
 more, viz. the First and Nineteenth, than Broome has spe-
 cified in his concluding note on the *Odyffey*. He there
 names only the Sixth, Eleventh, and Eighteenth, as his own
 and the Fourth and the Twentieth as Fenton’s. How is this to
 be accounted for?—In the original letter just mentioned, p.
 296, from Mr. Pope, giving him an account of Mr. Fenton’s
 death, whom he highly applauds, is this curious passage:
 “I condole with you, from my heart, on the loss of
 “so worthy a man, and a friend to both. Now he is gone,
 “I must tell you, he has done you many a good office, and
 “set your character in the fairest light to some, who either
 “mistook you, or knew you not. I doubt not he has
 “done the same for me. Adieu! Let us love his memory,
 “and profit by his example!”

P. 288. l. 18. r. “unequal.”

P. 297. The collected Works of A. Philips were published
 by Cooke, who wrote the Dedication to the Duke of New-
 castle.

P. 300. l. 2. r. “ON HIS PICTURES FROM” &c.

P. 303. *note*, l. 4. “that he is known to have written.”

P. 321. *note*, l. 4. r. “was presented to the degree of
 “LL.D. Aug. 27, 1702; and was probably in the train of
 “Queen Anne when she visited that university; as it hap-
 “pened that same year.”

P. 347. l. penult. r. “lynx.”

P. 349. l. 9. r. “*Poeta elegantiss. Orator disertiss.*” &c.

L. 11. r. "never had."

L. 12.—15. This note hath produced a curious controversy ON HONORARY DEGREES, in the Gent. Mag. 1780, pp. 215, 363. to which I beg leave to refer the reader.

P. 350. l. 6. "of Virgil, *Quos ego*," &c.

L. 28. r. "Convivales."

P. 351. l. 5. r. "mens non læva."

L. 29. r. "Orford-nests."

P. 352. note, l. 7. On this note also, see Gent. Mag. 1780, pp. 215, 363.

P. 353. l. 1, 2. "*Layer*; means the place where he *laid* down. When cattle *lay* down well, &c."] "In these two lines there are two mistakes. Instead of "the place where he *laid* down," propriety of language requires either "the place where he *lay* down,"—or "the place where he *lied* *h* *msel*f down."—Again—instead of "when cattle *lay* down well," the same propriety requires that it should be read—"when cattle *lie* down well." Though the verb *lay* is very commonly used, in London especially, for *lie*—as "where did you *lay* last night?" instead of—"where did you *lie*?" it is, nevertheless, a great impropriety of speech. The verb *lie* is always used in the sense under consideration in our translation of the Bible, the true standard of the English language."—I owe this judicious correction to a correspondent in Gent. Mag. 1780, p. 363 (and see 1781, p. 120)—Another ingenious writer (1780, p. 215.) observes that "*Layer*" or "*Lair*" might be more clearly explained from Junius, and from Bp. Newton's note on Paradise Lost, vii. 456. and from Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, where it is described as "the couch of a boar, or wild beast," in which sense *lair* is used both by Milton and Dryden.

L. 18. For "MSS." r. "printed works, in 12 or 14 volumes, folio, uniformly bound, with some different frontispieces of her own head, or person at length." The turning over of these volumes, I am told, is very amusing, particularly her Familiar Letters.

P. 354. l. 17. r. "book begins," &c. See vol. VIII. p. 247.

L. ult. r. "Nature,"

P. 355. See a further account of Mr. Newcomb, vol. VII. p. 161. He was chaplain to the duke of Richmond in 1734, when he published a translation of "Velleius Paterculus." The first volume of his version of "Harvey" in 1764 was inscribed to the right honourable Arthur Onslow and Sir Thomas Parker, the second to Lady Juliana Penn. In 1756 Mr. Newcomb published "A Miscellaneous Collection of Original Poems, Odes, Epistles, Translations, &c. written chiefly on Political and Moral subjects; to which are added Occasional Letters and Essays, formerly published in Defence of the present Government and Administration." This volume, which is a large quarto, contains an amazing number of small poems, and amongst others an imitation of the Latin poem "In Amorem Tami & Isis," (see vol. IV. p. 114): and "Men and Manners characterised. Being an Imitation of Horace, lib. ii. Ode 16. and a remark that this Ode was lately imitated under the same title, and turned into a libel against the Government by a Scotch Poet." From the circumstance mentioned in the fifth volume of the present collection, p. 81, and from what Mr. Newcomb says above, perhaps the last-mentioned imitation may be ascribed to Dr. Arbuthnot.

P. 357. l. 21.—237. "He was," &c. (to the end of the sentence) should have been omitted.

V O L U M E V.

P. 3. "The learned Scaliger was infinitely fond of this
 "Ode, and of the Third Ode of the Fourth Book, as appears
 "by his own remarkable words in the Sixth Book of his Po-
 "etics: 'Omnes Horatii Odæ tantæ sunt venustatis,' &c.
 "All the Odes of Horace are so beautiful, that they have
 "effectually discouraged me, and all persons of common
 "prudence, from any attempts of the same kind. But I
 "have taken notice of two in particular, than which I do
 "not think Ambrosia or Nectar can be sweeter. One of
 "them is the Third of the Fourth Book, 'Quem tu, Mel-
 "pomene, semel,' &c. and the other the Ninth of the Third
 "Book, 'Donec gratus eram tibi,' &c. I had rather have
 "written Odes like these than any of Pindar's, or even than
 "to be king of all Arragon. The prelate, whose elegant
 "translation we have here adopted, was probably of the same
 "opinion, since he has translated these two odes, and, as far
 "as we know, these two only." I copy this note from Mr.
 Duncombe's Horace. A third Ode by Bp. Atterbury has
 been already pointed out in p. 287. My copies of the two
 abovementioned Odes agree with those printed in the "Bio-
 graphia." Mr. Duncombe's has these variations:

P. 3. l. 4. "Not Persia's Monarch was so blest.

P. 4. l. 3. "Your Lydia's celebrated fame.

4. "Out-shone the Roman Ilia's name.

8. "Could I redeem her life with mine.

11. "Twice would I life for him resign,

12. "Could his be ransom'd thus with mine.

"What

13. "What if *the God*——

15. "What if *my Chloe*——

17. "Though *Phosphor*"——

P. 6. l. 12. For "Forbear" r. "Forbears."

19. "That while I live my numbers please,

20. "If pleasing"——

The version of the famous soliloquy in *Cato* is ascribed to Bishop Atterbury on the authority of the "*Biographia*;" and of ORAL TRADITION in the University of Oxford (as a Correspondent informs me). It should have been mentioned that it is also supposed to have been the production of Dr. Bland, Dean of Durham. — "*Cato*," says Dr. Johnson, "had yet other honours. It was censured as a party-play by a *Scholar of Oxford*, and defended in a favourable examination by Dr. Sewell. It was translated by Salvini into Italian, and acted at Florence; and by the Jesuits of St. Omer's into Latin, and played by their pupils. Of this version a copy was sent to Mr. Addison: it is to be wished that it could be found, for the sake of comparing their version of the soliloquy with that of *Bland*." — I cannot exhibit the soliloquy from the version of St. Omer's; but it may be no disagreeable substitute to extract another version of it, from "*Cato, Tragedia*;" "Autore clarissimo viro Josepho Addison, inter Angliæ nostræ principes poetas jure numerando, omnis amatoriis scenis; Latino carmine versa; 1764;" a translation, which, is, in most parts, faithful and elegant; and the expressions, in general, pure and classical.

"Sic esse constat.... Tu quidem rectè, Plato.

Hæc nempe quorsum blanda spes menti insidet,

Hæc avida desideria et exardens amor

Æternitatis? Hic unde secretus timor

Horrôrque mortis? Quid animus subito pavet,
 Refugitque trepidus, dum olim in antiquum nihil
 Horret relabi? Numen est quod nos movet:
 Div'na mens intus agit. Est Deus, Deus,
 Totos per ar'us fufus, ipfi animo indicans
 Æternitatem. Æternitas. . . . Æternitas!
 O dulcis, ô tremenda! quàm terres—places—
 Per quot meatus, quot per ancipites vias
 Novâsque formas rerum inexpertum rapis?
 Longè intuenti tractus ille oculis patet
 Immenfus, ingens. Debilem at vifum impedit
 Caliginosæ noctis incumbens peplum.
 Hic ergo fiftam. Si Deus mundum regit,
 (At regere pulchræ ipfe ordo naturæ docet,)
 Virtute delectatur: et quicquid Deum
 Delectat, eſſe non nequit bonum. Aſt ubi,
 Quando fruendum? Totus hic quantus patet,
 Succumbit orbis Cæſari. . . . Amb'guis labat
 Mens feſſa curis. Terminum ponet chalybs.

[Enſi manum admovet.]

Mors atque vita ſic mihi eſt poſita in manu.

Ad utramlibet paratus utramque intuo.

Hic vitam adaſtâ morte momento rapit, [Primo enſem,

Mihi ſempiternos ille promittit dies. [deinde librum indicat.]

Animus ſnæ immortalitatis conſcius,

Mucronis aciem ridet & temnit minas.

Tenues vetuſtas ſiderum extinguet faces,

Ætate ſol ipſe gravis imminuet diem,

Natura tota denique annofam induet

Ultima ſeneſtam; at animus æternâ nitens

Vivet juventâ. Vivet. . . . et diſcors ubi

Ele-

Elementa bellum foedere abrupto gerent,
 Et fracta mundi machina supremum gemet,
 Illæsus, integer, capite se alto efferet
 Inter ruinas orbiumque fragmina."

P. 31. This Ode was originally printed in "The True Briton," N^o 43; and in the 62d number of that paper, are some verses by the Duke of Wharton, "On the (late) Bishop of Rochester preaching."

P. 32. Clodius, who procured the banishment of Cicero, was a lewd Roman Senator, and made Tribune of the people. That great Orator was afterwards recalled by Pompey; and Clodius was killed by Milo, a person of Consular dignity; which the Genius of Rome, in the two last stanzas, is here made particularly to point at, in a prophetic manner.

WHARTON.

P. 39. l. 26. r. "th' extended."—l. 29. r. "treasures."

P. 51. Dr. Walter Pope was first admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1645.

P. 73. "William Stonestreet, M. A. of Trinity College, in Cambridge, was Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London, in 1689, and continued so in 1709, for in that year he preached at Lambeth Chapel, Nov. 13, the consecration sermon of Bp. Manningham of Chichester, on Luke x. 16. which was printed in London, 1709, in 4to. I cannot say it is the same person you mention; but I think it probable." *This from Mr. Cole.*

P. 161. l. 20. r. "labours fill,"

P. 162. York-House was forfeited to the Crown by Wolsey's attainder.

P. 164. Note. The motto occasioned these satirical lines:

"Happily plac'd these Lares are
 To feed on viſtos and fresh air,

To

To dine with Humphry's Duke each day,
 And gaze their supper-time away !
 But Ceres, with her *sheaf* of corn,
 Would better Sheffield's house adorn ;
 To which if Bacchus grapes would bring,
 Then might these merry Lares sing."

There was in like manner an inscription on another side of the house, *Rus in urbe*. A third was, *Spectator fastidiosus sibi molestus*, which, another Wag said, was in plain English,

—Who likes not this

My — may kiss.

The fourth (if there was one) is not recollected.--The following epigram, though generally known may also be mentioned:

"*Sic siti lætantur Lares—*

"Pay your debts, and that fair is."

P. 167. Note, l. 6. r. "Trumbull."

P. 169. Mrs. Barton was afterwards married to Mr. Conduitt; who succeeded to Sir Isaac Newton's office in the mint; and by this latter marriage had a daughter, who was married to lord Lempster.

P. 170. twice, r. "Clavering."

P. 172. Mrs. Dunch was the mother of the late Lady Oxenden. Her husband was one of the Kit Cat Club.

P. 176. "Drayton's '*Nymphidia*' has given me great satisfaction. It is a most pleasing effort of a sportive imagination. The charm, in particular, is ludicrously whimsical, and highly laughable; the component parts are put together with great propriety. It is a fine prelude to the *Witches Cauldron* in *Macbeth*, and only exceeded by the stronger genius of Shakspeare. The latter had evidently read "*The Court of Fairy*," and with pleasure and approbation; for he has

condescended to borrow a line from it in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," where honest Puck makes his appearance a second time :

"Thorough" [bush,] "thorough briar."

P. 259—263. *Dr. Birch.*] "Lord Hardwicke did not
 "present him to Depden near Newport in Essex, but allow-
 "ed him to make an exchange with my first cousin, John
 "Cock, D. D. then patron and rector of Depden, who ta-
 "king a disgust on being rifled and gagged by a gang of
 "smugglers, who haunted that neighbourhood, sought for
 "an exchange ; and this accommodating Dr. Birch for dis-
 "tance with other preferments [in London], Lord Hard-
 "wicke was pleased to allow him to quit the valuable rec-
 "tory of Great Horkeley near Colchester, to which he had
 "lately preferred him, for that of Depden, nearly of equal
 "value ; so that upon Dr. Birch's unfortunate death, my cousin
 "Dr. Cock came, of course, into his own living again, and
 "is now possessed of both ; and to repay Lord Hardwicke,
 "in some degree, for keeping possession of Horkeley, has ex-
 "pended, on the parsonage and offices, I suppose at least
 "4 or 5000*l.*" *Here I am again obliged to the kind infor-*
mation of M^r. Cole.

P. 271. "Howard" was probably the Hon. Mrs. H. of Marble-hill (celebrated by Pope, Swift, and others) bed-chamber woman to Queen Caroline, and afterwards Countess of Suffolk—And "Bellenden" the Hon. Miss B. maid of honour, and a celebrated beauty, afterwards married to Colonel John Campbell, the last Duke of Argyle. Lord Chesterfield, in his humorous parody on Chevy Chase, on the prince of Wales's (the late king's) expulsion from St. James's, thus introduces her :

"But

“ But Bellenden I needs must name,

Who, as down stairs she jumps,

Sung ‘ O’er the hills, and far away,’

Despising doleful dumps.”

Her picture, drawn by Lady Burlington, is in the possession of one of her sons. It was, and probably is, at Coom-Bank, Kent, now Lord Frederick Campbell’s.

V O L U M E VI.

P. 17. *note*, read, “ The late lord chief justice, &c. “ afterwards baron Walsingham, and lately deceased.”

P. 50. *note*. With this idea agrees Dr. Johnson’s account of Mr. Richardson; that “ he is better known by his “ books than his pictures.”

P. 41. See a more particular account of Mr. Say, Gent. Mag. 1780, p. 607.

P. 64. Mr. Tollet was fellow-commoner of King’s College, Cambridge.

P. 114. Dr. Davies was a man of amiable character, of a good private fortune, Kingsland rectory being in his own patronage; and was made archdeacon of Derby and prebendary of Litchfield by his friend the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

P. 156. Sir Thomas Burnet was fellow-commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge.

P. 300. *note*. “ The poet intended to be coupled here with Virgil was, doubtless, Silius Italicus. There is, properly, no hero of “ The Thebaid:” nor does Statius lead any one of his seven chiefs “ through hell and purgatory.” Amphiaraus, indeed, through the favour of Apollo (whose priest he was),

and by means of an earthquake, descends in his chariot, alive, into the realms of Pluto, alarming the grieved monarch and all his court by letting in the light upon them: but this cannot be what the writer of the note meant to allude to." K.

P. 313. Isaac Pacatus Shard, Esq. (a polite gentleman, of great learning, and much esteemed) had some good pictures, and a very fine library, in the great house at Peckham (formerly inhabited by a Lord Trevor), which, together with a considerable estate there, was bequeathed to him by his aunt Mrs. Hill.

V O L U M E VII.

P. 10. Mr. Cole, in the letter to which I have been already so much indebted, says, "I have nothing more to add to the article of your relation Mr. John Cleiveland than the following extract from a Weekly Journal in 1645, called "The Kingdomes Weekly Intelligencer," No. 101. p. 811. for Tuesday 27, May 1645. "But to speak something of "our friend Cleveland, that grand malignant of Cambridge, "we heare that he is now at Newarke, where he hath the "title of advocate put upon him. His office and employ- "ment is, to gather all the Colledge rents within the power "of the king's forces in those parts, which he distributes to "such as are turned out of their fellowships at Cambridge "for their malignancie. If the royal party be thus careful "to supplie their friends, sure it is necessary to take some "course to relieve those who are turned out of their houses "and livings for adhering to the parliament."

From a collection of old pamphlets and journals during the great rebellion between 1639 and 1660, and sorted by
Mr.

Mr. Carte, in Sir John Hinde Cotton's library at Madingley near Cambridge.

Mr. Granger and you agree in his being no clergyman; so I have nothing more to say on that subject: but from his having a common place, or sort of short sermon, or exposition, preached or pronounced in the College chapel; and his old print dressing him in a clerical habit, I was apt to conclude that he was in holy orders; though I am aware that it is not unusual for laymen sometimes to perform these scholastic exercises, as well as that clergymen in those times of rebellion and confusion were often obliged to lay aside their gown, and get their bread in other professions as they could. Your dates are all accurate.--"John Lake, D.D. (vicar of Leeds, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester) was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, before he was compleat 13 years of age; and committed to the tuition of the famous Mr. Cleveland, for whose memory he always retained a great reverence, and whose poems, orations, epistles, &c. he and his friend Dr. Drake, vicar of Pontefract (1687) collected into one volume, to which they prefixed his Life and Parentalia, and dedicated them to Bishop Turner, then master of the college." Thoresby's "Vicaria Leodiensis," p. 99 — He is also mentioned in Lloyd's Memoirs, edit. 1677, p. 267, 1617.

P. 12. Another worthy friend does me the honour to say, "Your observation concerning Cleiveland's 'Petition to Cromwell' is exceedingly judicious." I honour him for that petition. It is a fine image of his soul. There is a nobleness of sentiment, and a dignity in the avowal of his principles in it, that would have done credit to Majesty itself. And at the same time a dexterity of 'address' as you remark, and a blameless finesse in the adopting of arguments proper for his purpose, that Tyranny, the most
X-3 "fleeled,

“steeled, could not fail to be soothed and conciliated by.—
 “‘The Rebel Scot’ seems to be the utmost effort of Cleiveland’s
 “genius. And it is truly characteristic of it. His fort
 “was Satire. Nature had endued him with a masculine
 “strength of thought; and the villainy of the times, co-
 “operating with his own integrity and loyalty, made him
 “direct that vigour of sentiment to the fligmatizing of the
 “hypocrites of the age; and the more pointedly to disburthen
 “the forcibleness of his ideas, he laboured, in all the throes
 “of an imagination on the full stretch, after a style, that
 “may not improperly be termed the GIGANTIC, to express
 “them in. This style, unfortunately, became habitual to
 “him; and from lashing The Rebel Scot, and all the leaven
 “of Hypocrisy, Fanaticism, Rebellion, and Murder, he very
 “injudiciously transferred it to subjects of the most innocent,
 “nay, of the most chearful and pleasing nature. This is my
 “idea of Mr. Cleiveland. He had all the savageness of
 “Statius’s sentiments in the ‘Thebaid,’ where the com-
 “plicated villainy of the times he lived in, called for, and
 “required it; a savageness, equal to that of the Neapolitan
 “Poet, in the horrible execration of Oedipus on his two sons,
 “in the first book, or in Tydeus’s more than brutal gnawing
 “of the head of the Theban he had slain, at the very instant
 “of his own death, at the end of the eighth: but when
 “Cleiveland descended to lighter subjects, he NEGLECTED
 “(from HABIT, it should seem, for it does not appear to be
 “from want of ABILITIES, or want of DISCERNMENT) to
 “carry with him all that ease and gracefulness of language,
 “which those LIGHTER subjects DEMANDED, and which
 “Statius so eminently displayed in his SYLVÆ, those exqui-
 “sitely elegant compositions, which I take to be by far the
 “BEST part of his works.—I greatly admire your print of
 “CLEIVE-

“CLEIVELAND. It is by much the best executed of any;
 “and there is an abundant display of the *vis poetica* in the
 “exterior at least. I admire too your distich that encircles
 “his head. His distich on ‘The Rebel Scot’ deserves it richly;
 “and, indeed, every eulogy in the satiric line. For nothing,
 “surely, ever entered into the head of man, more happy, or
 “more justly severe, on that traiterous crew, the Covenant-
 “ters of the North of those days, than the celebrated
 “couplet,

“Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang’d his doom;
 “Not forc’d him wander, but confin’d him home.” K.

P. 49. “Jo. Hall, Dunelmensis, annos natus octodecim,
 Filius Michaelis Hall, Generosi, Literis Grammatic. insti-
 tutus in Scholâ Dunelmensi, admissus Pensionarius (Coll.
 Jo. Cant.) sub M’ro Pawson, Feb. 26. 1645. Regr. Coll.
 Div. Joh. Cantabr. He was afterwards Fellow-commoner. He
 has a copy of verses in English before Philemon Holland’s
 “*Cyropædia*.”—“Of Government as they stand directed in
 Scripture and Reason. Lond. 1654.” Fol.—This I have not
 seen, but have it in a note by the late Dr. Wm. Richardson,
 in one of his publications.” *This also from Mr. Cole.*

P. 59. Thomas Stanley, Esq. was the elder of the two
 writers of that name. Both father and son were of Pem-
 broke Hall, in Cambridge. In a life of the father, by Dr.
 Birch, printed in the “History of the Royal Society,” vol.
 III. p. 443, the history of father and son is in some degree
 confounded. In the new “Biographia,” I doubt not, they
 will be properly distinguished. For the following memoran-
 da relating to the father, I am obliged to Mr. Cole:

“Quidam Tho. Stanley cooptatur in Ordinem Mag’rorum in
 Artibus per gratiam Mar, 12, 1641, una cum Principe Ca-
 rolo,

rolo, Georgio Duce Buck. et aliis nobilibus. Reg. Acad. Cant.—Alibi non invenio.—Tho. Stanley Aul. Pembr. Convict. I. admissus in Matriculam Acad. Cant. Dec. 13, 1639. Reg. Acad.—Fuit igitur Artium Mag. extraordinarius.—T. B.—These manuscript notes by Mr. Thomas Baker, who wrote them at different times. I suppose ‘Convictus prior’ means Fellow-commoner.—“Europa, Cupid Crucified, Venus’s Vigils, with Annotations. By T. Stanley, Lond. 1649.” 8vo. Thomas Stanley has a Copy of Verses on his Friend Edward Sherburne Esq. his translation of Medea, a Tragedy of Seneca, in 1648.—The poems of his friend John Hall were inscribed to him in 1646; and a volume of his own poems was published in 1651.

P. 68. *Matanafius*] It is prefixed to the edition at The Hague, in 1728, signed thus, “H. D. B. A. A. S.” *i. e.* Henricus Dominus Bolingbroke Annæ à Secretis; or, Henricus de Bolingbroke, &c. K.

P. 84. “A glaring mistake has been made in the note, where a correction was intended. ‘1637’ should clearly be ‘1635.’ Let the reader compare the *QUINTÂ sobole* in this page with E. King’s *quintæ jam sobolis parens* in p. 83; and he will see the reason of this. King says, the “queen was now mother of a FIFTH child” in a collection of verses published in 1635.—The NEXT collection, published in 1637, has, for most part of its title—“de quintâ suâ sobole,” hereby giving the lie direct to Edward King: according to whom THIS ought to have been the SIXTH child. But I do not approve of Mr. D’s explanation of the matter; “But one perhaps was dead.”—What was that to the purpose?—Dead or living—the NEXT child that was born, would certainly have been the SIXTH, and so reputed by the writer of
poetry

poetry as well as the cold phlegmatic writer of the "Title of the collection." I imagine the mistake to have been in E. King, who supposed the child he was writing about to be the FIFTH, when in reality it was the FOURTH only.

P. 94. Add to the note on Prior, "The Epigram which Prior seems to have had in his eye is the thirteenth of Book IV. addressed "to Rufus on the Marriage of Pudens and Claudia Peregrina." It is in Martial's best manner; correct and elegant: particularly the compliment, by way of wish, in the conclusion, which I think one of the best turned and happiest in all the collection.

Candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,

Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo:

Diligat illa senem quondam; sed et ipsa marito,

Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus." K.

P. 98. "It may not be unacceptable to observe, that the picture of Job before his book is taken from the likeness of Mr. Wesley, as my late worthy friend Mr. Joseph Bentham, printer to the university, who, I think, was related to him, told me. Dr. Z. Grey told me that Mr. Wesley's father, my brother the Rev. Mr. John Chapman of Moulton in Lincolnshire his father, and a third, whom I have forgotten, were the three prolific clergymen of the Isle of Axholme, who had between forty and fifty children among them." *This from Mr. COLE.*

P. 103. Mr. Crathaw was son of the Rev. William Crathaw. A second edition of his "Steps to the Temple, The Delights of the Muses, and Carmen Deo Nostro" was published in 1670. I know not when the first edition appeared; but it must have been after his death, which happened in 1650. His editor says, "It were profane but to mention

“tion here those under-headed poets, retainers to seven
 “shares and a half; madrigal fellows, whose only business
 “in verse is to rhyme a poor fixpenny soul, a suburb-finner
 “into hell;” and of his author he observes, that “he was
 “excellent in five languages (besides his mother tongue) viz.
 “Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish; the two last
 “whereof he had little help in, they were of his own ac-
 “quisition. Amongst his other accomplishments in acade-
 “mic (as well pious as harmless) arts, he made his skill in
 “poetry, music, drawing, limning, graving, (exercises of
 “his curious invention and sudden fancy,) to be but his sub-
 “servient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand busi-
 “ness of his soul.”—A small volume was also printed at
 Cambridge, under the title of “*Richardi Crashawi Poemata*
 “& *Epigrammata, quæ scripsit Latina & Græca.*”

P. 105. l. ult. r. “vincula jugalia.”

P. 122. Dr. Robert Freind died Aug. 9, 1754. It was
 a brother of his (the clergyman who is mentioned by Mrs.
 Pilkington) that died in 1745. Of this respectable family I
 hope to obtain a further account for the “*Anecdotes of Mr.*
Bowyer.” Mr. Shenstone expresses a satisfaction in possessing
 a name that was not liable to a pun. Dr. FREIND’s was
 open to many. One, which is ascribed to Pope, has been
 given in vol. V. p. 316. Another, on his appointment to the
 mastership of Westminster school, is here printed:

“Ye sons of Westminster, who still retain
 Your ancient dread of Bulby’s awful reign,
 Forget at length your fears; your panic end—
 The monarch of this place is now a FREIND.”

P. 220 note. “On an attentive perusal of Bp. Hoadly’s ex-
 cellent Prologue, I do not see the least obscurity in the lines

quoted, as from "Aureng-zebe," (which, however, will be vainly fought for there *)! Nor indeed could I, or any one else, have SUSPECTED them of being obscure, if a Note had not publicly announced that they were so. See the lines:

"THEY fought t'enslave mankind, but THOU to free

"Whole nations from detested slavery:

"THEIR guilty paths to grandeur TAUGHT to hate

"By Virtue, nor to blush for being great."

Alexander and Cæsar "fought to enslave," &c. "but THOU"—Marlborough—"to free," &c. "TAUGHT" (the PARTICIPLE) "by Virtue to hate THEIR" (Cæsar's and Alexander's) "guilty paths to grandeur, nor to blush for being" (thyself truly) "great." Can any thing be more perspicuous, or more self-evident? But as Dryden (in some of his prefaces I think) mentions his own method of PROVING the TRUTH of his English, when he had any doubts about it, by translating it into Latin—I will adopt his practice: "In bella gerebant ad subjugandum, Tu verò ad eripiendum gravi servitutis jugo genus omne humanum; facinorosum EORUM iter ad imperia MONITUS à virtute odio habere, itemque nullo rubore suffundi quòd consentiens vox Bonorum verè te Magnum esse fateatur." You see this is perfectly LITERAL where the SUPPOSED OBSCURITY is couched; and can any

* The only passage in that play which has any resemblance of them, and might, possibly, furnish the Bishop (if he happened to remember it) with a sentiment more strongly and more poetically expressed than Dryden's, is this:

"Fit to command an empire, You should gain

"By VIRTUE, and without a BLUSH to reign."

AURENG-ZEBE, Act V. Sc. I.

sen-

sentence be more clear? — The Writer * of the Note seems to have taken “paths” to be the Nominative Case, and “taught” the Verb agreeing with it: hence all the imaginary obscurity. You now see “taught” is the PARTICIPLE agreeing with “THOU” in the couplet preceding, and “PATHS” the Accusative Case following the Verb Transitive “to hate.” This renders the construction as clear as the sentiment is noble.” K.

P. 227. Of the whole poem whence Mr. Grose transcribed “the popular legend” twenty copies have lately been printed for private use, as a curious Supplement to the “Memoirs of Hogarth.”

P. 246. *note.* For “Æneas,” r. “Achilles.”

P. 267. James Dalacourt, M. A. born at Killowen, not far from Blarney in the county of Cork. He has produced several works of genius both in prose and verse, particularly the “Progress of Beauty” and the “Progress of Poetry,” which last is admired by the lovers of the Muses. See Smith’s “History of Cork,” p. 430.

P. 309. After line 8, this couplet has been accidentally omitted by the compositor; nor does the poem lose by it, the præterperfect being *mistaken* for the participle:

“Isis, whose erring on the modest side,

“Th’ unkind and ignorant have mistook for pride.”

P. 316. l. 18. r. “How doth the fear of this perplex me,”

P. 360. Mr. William Worts was the son of William Worts, Esq. one of the beadles of the university. The father died 1723-4. The son, William Worts, Esq. of Catharine Hall, was a most distinguished benefactor to the university,

* The note alluded to (though by mistake marked D.) was Dr. John Hoadly’s, who originally communicated the prologue to Mr. D.

died 3 July 1709, aged 31, and was buried in Great St. Mary's church in Cambridge July 8 following. COLE.

V O L U M E VIII.

P. 25. The original titles of the "Two Messengers" are
1. "Plaintes sur la lenteur & la négligence du Mésfager du
"Mans." 2. "Sur l'avènement heureux & inespéré du
"Mésfager du Mans." The title prefixed to the poems is,
"Poésies diverses du R. Pere du Cerceau." The translations of both (the local allusions excepted) are as close to the original as possible. W. J.

Ibid. Le Pere du Cerceau, whose humorous pieces are here so happily imitated by Mr. D. and his friend, is thus characterised in a modern French publication:

"John Anthony du Cerceau, a Jesuit, born at Paris, died
"at Veret in Touraine, in 1730, at the age of 60.

"His "Poésies Marotiques" are agreeable, though much
"inferior to their original*. Some of his 'Pétites Pieces'
"breathe a sprightliness and gaiety, better adapted to the ge-
"nius and taste of the nation, than so many doleful ditties, or
"splenetic philosophical epistles, destitute even of the merit of
"ver-

* Clement Marot. He flourished in the 16th century under Francis I. to whom he presented the two following petitions, which may serve to mark the turn of his genius.

AU ROY, POUR AVOIR CENT ESCUS.

Plaise au Roy ne refuser point,
Ou donner, lequel qu'il voudra,
A Marot cent escus à poinct:
Et il promet qu'en son pourpoinct
Pour le garder, ne les courdra.

Mon-

“ versification. We say nothing of his ‘ Tragédies ;’ which
 “ may truly be pronounced to have all ‘ THE BUCKRAM OF
 “ ‘ THE COLLEGE.’ Very different is the case with his
 “ comedy of ‘ Gregoire.’ This abounds with wit and plea-
 “ santry ; and has since been imitated by several of our dra-
 “ matic poets.

“ Le

Monfieur le Legat l’aboudra,
 Pour plus dignement recevoir :
 J’entends s’il veut faire devoir
 De feeller l’ acquit à l’espargne :
 Mais s’il est dur à y pourvoir ;
 Croyez qu’il aura grand pouvoir,
 S’il me faiët bien dire d’Auvergne.

AU ROY, POUR COMMANDER UN AQUIT.

Plaise au Roy nostre Sire
 De commander & dire,
 Qu’un bel aquit on baille
 A Marot, qui n’a maille :
 Lequel aquit dira
 (Au moins on y lira)
 Telle ou semblable chose :
 Mais ce fera en prose,
 Thresorier, on entend
 Que vous payez content
 Marot, n’y faillez pas,
 Des le jour du trespas
 De Jean Marot son pere.
 Ainsi (Sire) j’espere,
 Qu’au moyen d’un aquit
 C’il qui pauvre nasquit,
 Riche se trouvera
 Tant qu’argent durera.

LES OEUVRES DE CLEMENT MAROT,
 12mo. pp. 425. 418. A Paris, 1579.

M. Menage

“ Le Pere du Cerçeau is also the author of two Histories :
 “ ‘ de la derniere Révolution de Corse,’ and ‘ de la Conjura-
 “ tion de Rienzi :’ both of which are written in an interest-
 “ ing manner. The narrative is peculiarly striking for its
 “ judicious arrangement and perspicuity ; the style is noble
 “ and natural : excellencies much wanted in many of our
 “ historians, who have attained a greater degree of reputa-
 “ tion.” LES TROIS SIECLES DE LA LITTÉRATURE
 FRANÇOISE, tom. I. p. 277. K.

The last edition of our author’s poems, from the informa-
 tion of a friend, was printed at Paris, in two volumes small
 12mo. 1777.

In the “ Republick of Letters,” vol. III. 1729, p. 394.
 I find an honourable mention of this writer : “ The
 “ Rev. Father Cerçeau, who has given us a volume of poems

M. Menage sums up his character in a few words : “ Ma-
 rot étoit bon poëte, mais pauvre ;” and subjoins this epigram
 addressed to him by Beza :

Tam docte Venerem divinus pinxit Apelles,

Illi ut credatur visa fuisse Venus ;

At tantam sapiunt Venerem tua scripta, Marote,

Ut tibi credatur cognita tota Venus.

MENAGIANA, tom. IV. p. 108.

The Abbé d’ Artigny, in a “ Dissertation on the progress of
 Literature,” when he descends to the writers of France, asso-
 ciates Marot with some of the finest writers of that nation :
 “ On regarda désormais—le Burlesque comme un ramas de
 “ plates boufonneries. On permit aux Poëtes de badiner, à
 “ condition que ce seroit sans bassesse, et qu’ils feroient leurs
 “ efforts pour attrapper cet air aisé, naïf, délicat, qui caracté-
 “ rise les Ouvrages de Marot, de Voiture, de Chapelle, & de
 “ Sarasin.” NOUVEAUX MÉMOIRES D’HISTOIRE, DE
 CRITIQUE, ET DE LITTÉRATURE, PAR M. L’ABBÉ
 D’ARTIGNY. Tome III. p. 34. K.

“ in

“ in Latin, and another in French, both written with great
 “ judgement, and in a fine taste; together with very just
 “ and excellent reflections on Poetry, extremely useful and
 “ necessary to all those who would either compose them-
 “ selves, or judge truly of the compositions of others; and
 “ who has lately published ‘ The History of the Revolutions
 “ in Persia,’ &c. is engaged at present in a literary contro-
 “ versy with one of the authors of the ‘ Journals des Sçavans,’
 “ upon occasion of two dissertations printed at the end of the
 “ second volume of ‘ P. Sanadon’s Horace.’ Those two
 “ dissertations relate to a passage in Horace, concerning the
 “ music of the Ancients; together with another passage,
 “ which has hitherto been thought inexplicable by the best
 “ critics; but which F. Cerceau had given us at least a very
 “ plausible interpretation of, though opposite to another
 “ which one of the authors of the ‘ Journal des Sçavans’
 “ had before given; and which Father Cerceau had so far
 “ neglected as not even to mention it, when (on the contra-
 “ ry) he had given great and just encomiums to Dr. Wallis,
 “ &c. This dispute has already not only produced several
 “ dissertations of Father Cerceau, which have been inserted
 “ in the ‘ Memoires de Trevoux;’ but has also engaged this
 “ learned Jesuit to undertake a great work, upon a new subject
 “ hitherto not treated of (unless *en passant*) by any equal to the
 “ task; and which was a work very much wanted in the
 “ learned world. It is a treatise concerning ‘ the right man-
 “ ner of judging the Works of the Ancients, and the proper
 “ Sciences requisite thereto.’

“ As this Father is possessed of the happy secret of treating
 “ the dryest subjects in the most entertaining and agreeable
 “ manner, and of scattering flowers and roses in a soil upon
 “ which others could only produce briars and thorns; this
 “ work

“work must certainly prove as agreeable as instructive.
 “Most of the books that have pretended at all to treat upon
 “this subject, are indeed written in such a manner, that it is
 “very necessary we should have one we can read with plea-
 “sure.”

The following Panegyric on M. du Cerceau, by Gresset in
 his “Lutrin Vivant” *ad finem*, may also be not unacceptable

“Ainsi pensoit l’aimable du Cerceau;
 Sage, enjoué, vertueux sans rudesse,
 Des sages faux évitant la tristesse,
 Il badina sans s’écarter du beau,
 Et sans jamais effrayer la sagesse.
 Ainsi les traits de son heureux pinceau
 Plairont toujours, &, de races en races,
 Vivront gravés dans les fastes des Graces;
 Et les Censeurs obstinés à ternir
 Son art chéri par l’ennui pédantesque
 D’un François fade ou d’un Latin rudesque,
 Endormiront les siècles à venir.”

P. 47. l. 3. *Forwell*] John, D. D. rector of Bishopsbourn
 and Barham.

P. 54. *Sevenoak’s rector*] Thomas Curteis, D. D. since
 deceased.

P. 97. l. 21. Perhaps better “each beech.”

P. 111. l. ult. *add*, “B. A. of Christ Church.”

P. 191. The real author of this excellent poem has been
 thus incontrovertibly pointed out since it was copied in this vo-
 lume: “The Editor thinks himself happy in having so
 “fair an opportunity of acknowledging, that the verses,
 “published in his name, in the Oxford Collection on the
 “Death of the late Prince of Wales, in 1751, and which,
 “he may now say without vanity, were justly esteemed one

“ of the best compositions in that Collection, were written by
 “ MR. BLACKSTONE; who at that time exacted a promise
 “ of secrecy; which promise the Editor now looks upon
 “ himself as absolved from; and feels a sensible satisfaction
 “ in restoring to the right owner that applause, he has so
 “ long received without any pretensions. And he flatters
 “ himself this further acknowledgement will atone for his
 “ having so long permitted this to have remained, generally,
 “ unknown; more especially as, on those occasions, it is by
 “ no means unusual, or reckoned a discredit to a young man,
 “ to have his name prefixed to the production of another per-
 “ son.”

Mr. CLITHEROW, in the *Preface to*
 BLACKSTONE'S Reports.

P. 238. George Sandys died 1643 at Bexley, in Kent, in which church he lies buried without any inscription; but in the parish register is this entry: “ Georgius Sandys, poeta-
 “ rum Anglorum sui sæculi facile princeps, sepultus fuit
 “ Martii 7, Stilo Angliæ, an. Dom. 1643.” Ath. Ox. vol. II. p. 46. His account of Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, has been confirmed by succeeding travellers.

VOL. I. p. 278. There is a full-length picture of Sir John Davis in the hall of Soame Jenyns, esq. at Botolph Claydon Hall in Cambridgeshire.

VOL. II. p. 156. l. 3 from bottom r. “ Mœnia.”—p. 157. l. 31. r. “ irrorans.”—p. 159. l. 9. r. “ vestigia.”

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